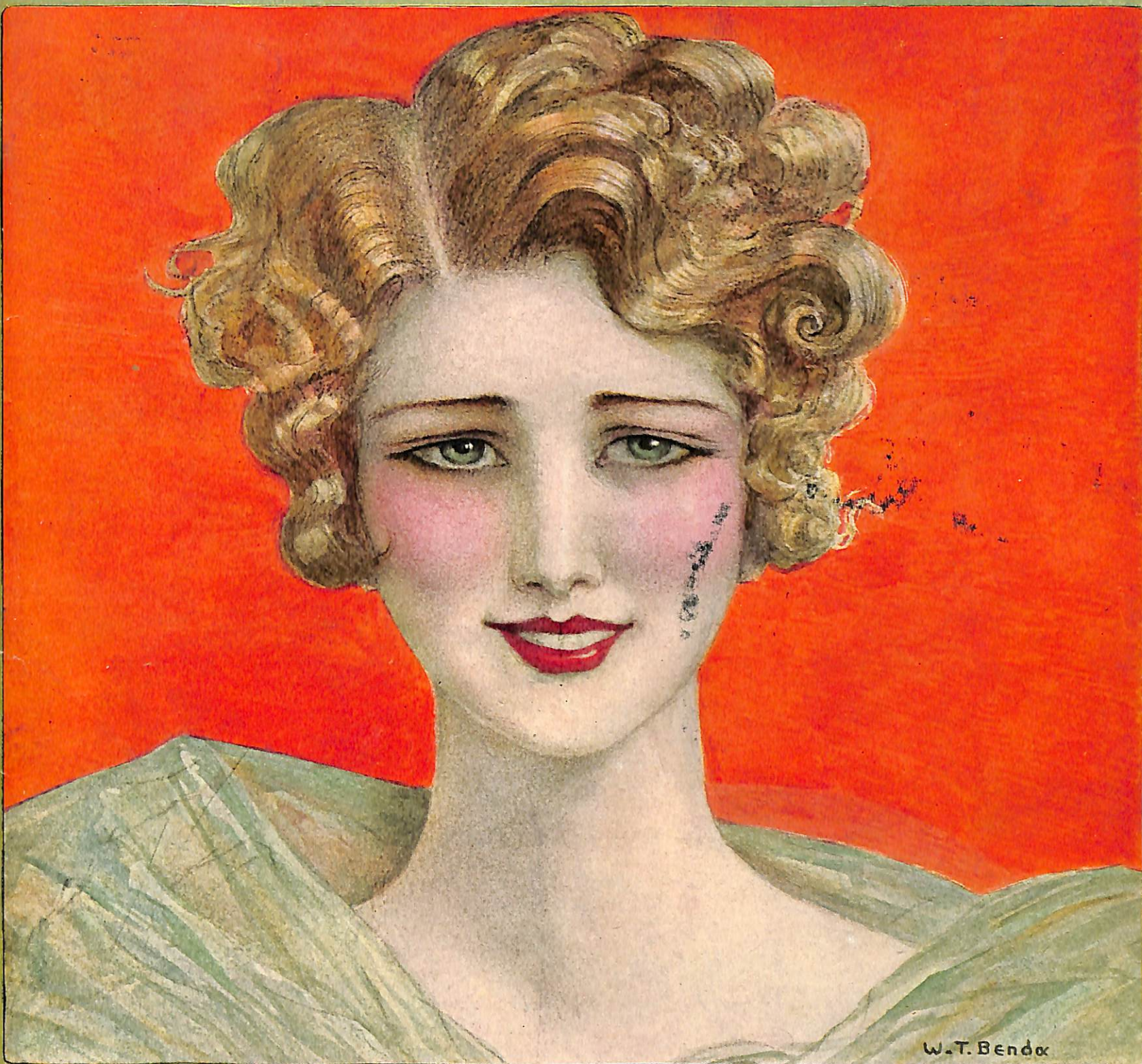


NOV.
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
Discusses SPORTSMANSHIP

RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET • ROBERT McBLAIR
RUTH HAWTHORNE • LEROY SCOTT
MONTROSE J. MOSES • AND OTHERS

Handwritten ledger entry from Washington's Cash Book:

Sundry Exp. D^r to Cash — 50.70

27 Conty. Exp. gave to a distressed mason — 1.00

7 do. p. M. Roberts for Stationary, books & — 52.70

3 House Exp. p. Rich. Keatinge, a month's wages — 17.00

7 Conty. Exp. D^r to Cash — 2.00

gave to a distressed mason by the name of Fitzgerald — 2.00

16

30.94

Below: The George Washington Masonic National Memorial at Alexandria, Va., erected by the Masons of the United States to perpetuate the memory of George Washington and his glorious Masonic spirit.



A fragment of a page from Washington's Cash Book recording two of the innumerable occasions on which he gave financial aid to destitute Masons. The original is one of the prized, historic treasures in the possession of Hope Lodge No. 20, Washington, D. C.



Extract from Charter granted by Act of Congress March 3, 1869.

Membership shall be limited to Master Masons, and the business and objects of the Association shall be to provide and maintain a fund for the benefit of the member, his family, widow, orphans,—provided, however, that the Association shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and their beneficiaries and not for profit—.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was initiated in the lodge at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on November 4, 1752. On March 3, 1753, he was passed a Fellowship, and on August 4, 1753, he was raised to the degree of a Master Mason. The records thereof are still in the possession of the Fredericksburg, Virginia, Lodge.

In 1788 Washington was made Charter Master of the Alexandria Lodge No. 22 of Virginia, and at its first election he was elected to succeed himself.

The story of George Washington's life proves that he ever lived up to the high ideals of the Masonic Fraternity and in true fraternal spirit he was ever ready to aid his Brother Masons, especially the distressed and destitute.

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Afraid of My Own Voice But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

SUDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I had been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my

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In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

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- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such

amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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Our New Serial "JAZZLAND" by Samuel Merwin
Begins in our Next Issue

THE EDITOR is happy to announce a serial by so eminent and popular an author as Samuel Merwin—especially a novel of such vital importance, dealing as it does with the invasion of "Jazz" (and all the word implies) in the small town, and its effect on the lives of modern youth. It is a swift-moving, keenly analytical tale, with characters that survive in memory. *Jazzland* by Samuel Merwin, beginning in the December Issue.

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The roadhouse "Jazzland" not only invaded the old town—it reached into every home and "jazzed" up the lives of youth.

Our New Serial
"JAZZLAND" By Samuel Merwin
Begins in our December Issue

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NOVEMBER, 1927

WHAT I THINK OF
PELMANISM—By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that preventable inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were Pelmanizing in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By failure I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student discover himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is exercise not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hid-



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is not an automatic device. It will not 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

den power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is not an automatic device. It will not "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods, and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN LINDSEY.

NOTE: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

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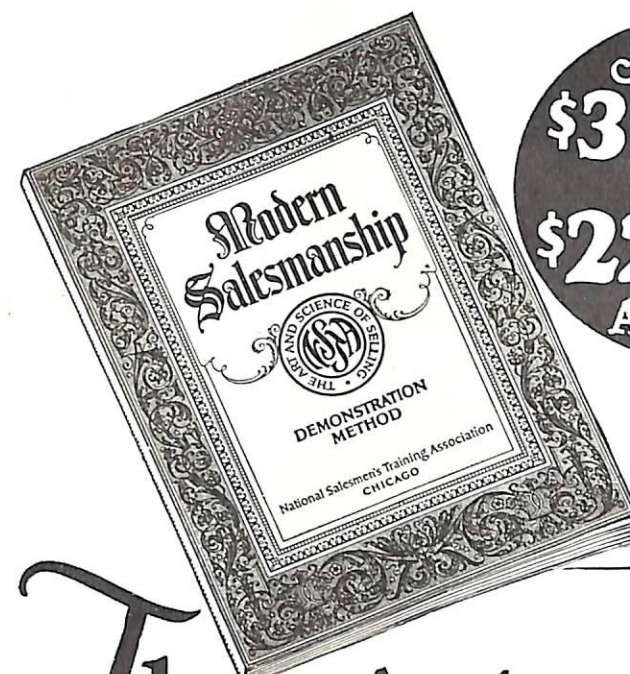
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NOVEMBER, 1927



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Truth is stranger than fiction! And the true story that happened to V. H. Harelson proves it! His experience is not only intensely INTERESTING—but it will prove a revelation and positive inspiration to every ambitious man who reads this page.

Not long ago—three years to be exact—Harelson was working as a clerk in a grocery store. His salary was \$30 a week. (Today he looks back with a laugh and calls it a "paltry sum.") But it was no laughing matter in those days—because it meant skimping and petty economies that are bound to irk ANY ambitious man. Naturally he was keenly dissatisfied—but like so many other men caught in blind-alley jobs, he didn't know how to get out!

And then one day something happened! A certain book fell into his hands. Between its covers he discovered a certain force that eventually led him to rewards beyond his fondest expectation. Inspired to action and with his feet firmly guided to the first rungs of the ladder to Success, Harelson made \$5,000 his next year. The following year he boosted his income to \$7,500! And last year HE CLEARED A TOTAL OF \$22,500!

SALARY INCREASES—200% TO 900%

A lucky accident? Not a bit of it! Harelson is not alone in his achievement of success after reading this remarkable book. OTHER men who have increased their salaries amazingly after reading these vital facts are numbered in the thousands! For example, C. W. Birmingham of Ohio read it and his salary raised from \$15 a week to \$7,500 a

year. Wm. Shore of California made \$3,000 his first 5 months. R. B. Hansen of Ohio commenced earning over \$10,000 a year. And O. D. Oliver of Oklahoma, who used to earn \$200 a month, now makes as much as \$1000 in a single week!

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Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick



Sturdy legs, happy smiles—the result of simple foods at regular hours.



(Above) The school lunch box must be attractively packed with health and vim.

(Left) Balanced diets, eaten in happy surroundings, are necessary for the growing child.

Planning Meals for the School Child

AMONG the many hundreds of letters which come to my desk, the most frequently repeated inquiry from the correspondents of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE is: "What shall I feed the baby and children?" From small town, from city, from country, mothers write in their problems and difficulties in knowing what to feed, when, and why. It is for this reason that I take some of the November space to give a general answer to so many correspondents, and have had prepared a special leaflet on "Feeding Through Babyhood" which will be sent to all who write for it.

Let us begin with Susie, who is just six, and started school in September. She is so proud that she "goes to school," and carries a lunchbox. Susie, like every other growing child, must have three vital needs satisfied: (1) she must keep the machinery of her body growing; (2) she must get power or energy to learn lessons and to play; (3) she must have a surplus left for new bodily growth. How shall we feed her to accomplish these aims? Susie cannot skip a single meal without real danger, since she has no food reserve: if she is not fed, her growth stops and she will be stunted, not only physically but mentally. Examinations by health officials show that countless Susies are undernourished, that they are eating, but not truly "fed." Such pupils are often sleepy or backward, or their vitality is lowered and they thus become easy victims to the many diseases to which childhood is heir—diphtheria, coughs, colds, even tuberculosis which is based on undernourishment.

The first rule of child feeding is—the child must have regular meals at regular intervals. This sharply affects breakfast—no school child must be allowed to miss breakfast, and enough time must be allowed for it so that it is eaten without haste or fear of being late. Breakfast at this age should consist of a warm and thoroughly cooked cereal with top milk, a warm cup of milk or weak cocoa or postum, a mild stewed or baked fruit and preferably whole wheat bread and pure unsalted butter.

In the case of all young children 9-10 years old, it is a splendid plan to provide a mid-forenoon lunch of milk, cracker, and the juice of an orange. Experiments have shown that even this light snack at 10.30 A. M. is valuable for small children who must adjust to new conditions of excitement, play and routine. If such a lunch is not provided by the school (as it should be) then an extra sandwich, apple or orange

should be put in the lunchbox and eaten at recess.

Susie—and Willie also, must be fed two groups of foods in special abundance: (1) growth foods like the proteins, and (2) energy foods like the starches. That is, the child must grow, and also provide for a muscular activity out of all proportion to the stature or height. Watch children play "run-sheep-run" and then do not wonder at the extent of the childish appetite. Now milk is by far the best and ideal protein food for all childhood. The slogan "a quart of milk a day for every child" is one that must be made a real practise in every home and by every mother. With a quart of milk to go on, Susie will not require meat until after she is eight years old. Milk may be drunk plain, have weak cocoa added, be used in an egg-nogg, in junkets, and with all kinds of cereal and dishes. Milk contains calcium of which Susie's teeth and bony structure is being formed—plenty of good milk—and good teeth are sure to follow.

Next, eggs are ideal childhood foods because in the egg is placed the materials for the growth of the chick. Its sulphur and fats, its albumen will make sturdy muscle and tissue. Eggs may be given coddled, scrambled over hot water, beaten raw into soups, or in egg-noggs. Now for the energy foods. A potato, baked in the skin of course, is the simplest and best way in which to offer starch at the substantial meal of the day. Mashed or creamed potatoes will do but fried potatoes, as any fried foods, should be "not suitable" on the child-

hood bill-of-fare. Macaroni and noodles are even more digestible, and have added food value. These can be rotated with the true cereals such as wheat, oatmeal and rice, both for the noon or the evening meal. Other energy foods much liked by children are raisins, dates, figs and the natural sugars of molasses and honey. These will satisfy Susie's sweet tooth much better than commercial candies. Raisins of the seedless, puffed variety may be soaked overnight, given a slight simmering and used as a wholesome and laxative sauce. Dates or raisins may be cut and added to cereals or puddings in place of cane sugar which tends to create digestive disturbances.

And now for the vegetables: so much has been found out, so much has been written that now everyone knows that Vim, Vegetables and Vitamins all go hand-in-hand. Practically any green or watery vegetable (with spinach, lettuce and tomatoes heading the list) is suitable if properly prepared. And this is where the mother needs real dietetic and culinary skill: the vegetables should be steamed in a waterless cooker and all their vitamin-content liquor or juice be saved and eaten. One such vegetable should be used generously at the main meal. If deliciously prepared, none should be allowed to be refused. Too frequently a child is allowed to have a food aversion because he was not tactfully trained into liking it. No food should be spoken of disparagingly, no quarrels or lack of harmony spoil the table.

Fruits are also daily staples, especially the milder fruits and oranges, the perfect fruit of childhood because of its mild laxative salts, its lime content and its high percentage of natural sugars. Prunes, apples stuffed with marmalade or raisins, and baked bananas, fruit salads served with a dressing made of the fruit's own juice and a little sugar—these may be included in the diet.

The mother whose child must carry a lunch-box has a real responsibility in seeing that the box contains food, not froth and inferior stuff. There should be two hearty sandwiches (protein) such as peanut butter, or mashed egg, one light sandwich as of jelly or fruit butter, a fresh fruit as orange, apple or ripe bananas or their equivalent in a stewed fruit carried in a small jar. Sweet chocolate, raisins, or prunes stuffed with peanut butter or nutmeat will satisfy the sweet tooth better than candy. In cold weather an individual thermos bottle of cocoa, milk or soup may be carried.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 66]

To help you in your holiday entertaining you should have the new leaflet

"HOW TO SET THE CORRECT HOLIDAY TABLE"

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Shrine Service Editor
THE SHRINE MAGAZINE,
1440 BROADWAY,
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"I Was Never So Embarrassed!"

Just when I wanted to be so proud of you, you sat there all evening without saying a single word"

"AREN'T you a bit harsh?"
"Not in the slightest. Couldn't you think of anything to say?"

"No, I couldn't. How was I to get in on that kind of a conversation?"

"And what did you expect them to talk about—business?"

"Really, Ja—"

"Oh, I'm so ashamed! I wanted to be proud of you, Ted. You are cleverer and more successful than any man who was at that dinner tonight—but you acted as though you were afraid to open your mouth."

"I was, dear! What do I know about that philosopher they were talking about—what was his name?—Nietzsche. I couldn't even follow their conversation, half the time..."

"You should read more. It's pitiful! Why, you didn't contribute one idea or opinion all evening. I was never so embarrassed!"

"I'd like to read more, but you know how much time I have!" He helped her into the cab, then turned to her with a smile. "But you made up for both of us tonight, Jane! You were wonderful! How did you ever find out so many things to talk about?"

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Jane glowed, flattered by her husband's praise. "Do you really think I made a good impression on those people, Ted?"

"I should say you did!" he laughed. "You seemed to know about everything. Well, you have plenty of time to read."

"Is that so?" she retorted. "I have even less time to read than you. I found all that information in Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

BUYING or selling stocks or bonds "for a quick turn" holds all the glamor of a mirage for the desert traveler but in many cases that glamor fades as quickly as the phantom picture. Such transactions are not necessarily speculative. They need not even be dangerous but unless they are surrounded by proper precautions, the chances against success are likely to be slim.

Instant action is a prime factor in trading successfully for a quick turn. He who hesitates not only is lost; he loses. Few persons are in a position where they can obtain instant action. They are unable to spend the business day between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. in the customers' room of a brokerage house.

One of the chief reasons why seats on the New York Stock Exchange sell for over \$225,000 each is because possessors of the privileges of the floor do not have to wait even to telephone before they can buy or sell any active stock. Such men can get into and out of the market a dozen times a day, taking advantage of every flicker upward or downward.

Although the danger of delay may be obviated, the quick turn traders nonetheless are under the handicap of a psychological delay. More money has been lost by trying to squeeze the last drop of profit from a transaction than from nearly any other cause. But no one wants to pick a winner and close out the transaction before full advantage of this sound judgment is realized. On the other hand, fear of oversteering the market has induced many investors to close out before they had secured more than a fraction of possible profit.

Many investors think that if they could only get real inside information on stocks, it would be a simple matter to make money in the stock market. Such is not the case with regard to quick turns. It is fine to have inside information, but it must not stay inside. That is to say, if an investor is given facts which might tend to cause a stock to advance, they are useless to him unless other traders and the public shortly become aware of those same facts since it is the buying of outsiders which causes the stock to advance.

Officials of large companies in possession of all the inside facts frequently misjudge the effect of those facts on the stock market. For example, there was a pool organized to trade in the shares of a big independent steel company. The directors of the company did not realize what the condition of the concern plus this pool influence could do and started to sell too soon. Before they knew it, they had lost control of their own company.

Inability to keep a secret is almost as much of an asset in Wall street as ability to keep one. Many a trader has been given inside information in the hope and expecta-

tion that he would broadcast the intelligence. One of these whisperers has never forgiven one big trader because, on one occasion, he religiously kept the secret and although the information given him was correct, the stock failed to respond and no profit accrued to any concerned. There is only one way to buy or sell for a quick turn with safety. That is to study the position of the company involved in all its angles. If the stock is lower than its position, earnings and prospects warrant, buy it and close it out when it reaches what you deem its proper level, no matter whether it seems headed as high as the ceiling of the stock exchange. If a stock is selling higher than it should, sell it and take your profit when it touches its normal level.

When this procedure is followed, buying or selling for a quick turn ceases to be a speculation and becomes investment. It is only by such analyses of stocks that danger can be avoided. Sound, solid facts about a corporation are more valuable than all the inside tips in the world and to what quotations will be in the near future. With such facts at hand it is possible for the investor to form his own unbiased judgment and arrive at his own decisions instead of having another make up his mind for him. The investor who arrives at his judgments in such a manner can operate with comparative safety provided his trades are sufficiently protected to carry them past any momentarily adverse reaction and give the real facts a chance to work.

The investor who operates otherwise for a quick turn is likely to find himself in the position of the old horseman who, after a disastrous day at the track, declared the odds against any horse should never be less than four to one.

"For," he said, "perhaps the owner does not want him to win; perhaps the trainer does not want him to win; perhaps the jockey does not want him to win and perhaps the horse cannot win."

An investor who has secured solid facts and analyzed them at least knows whether his stock can win and can protect himself with regard to the intentions of those controlling it.

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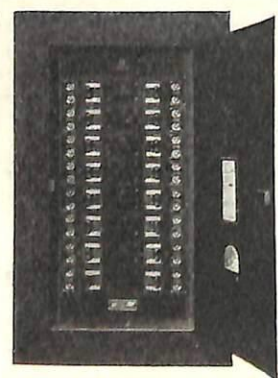
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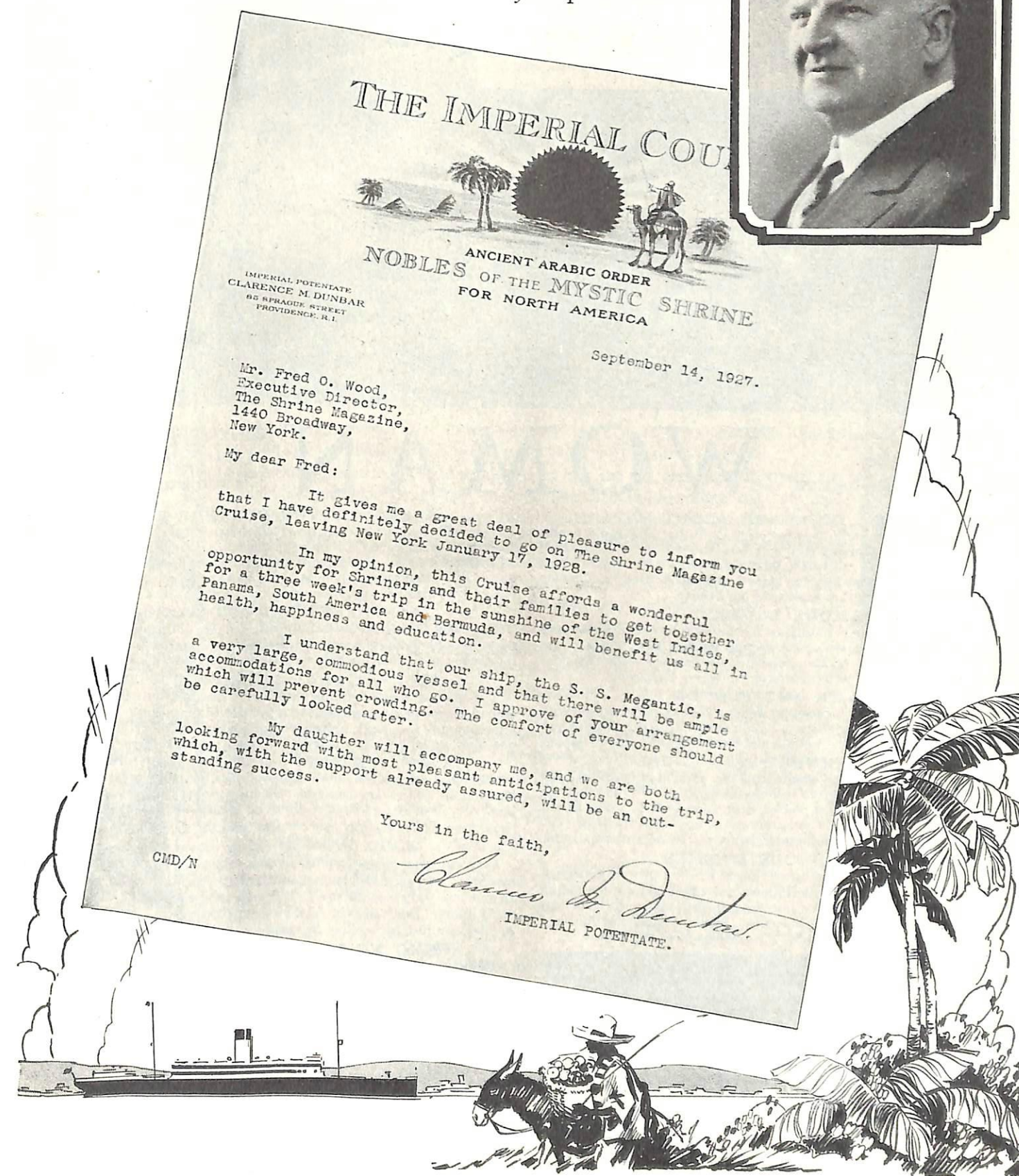


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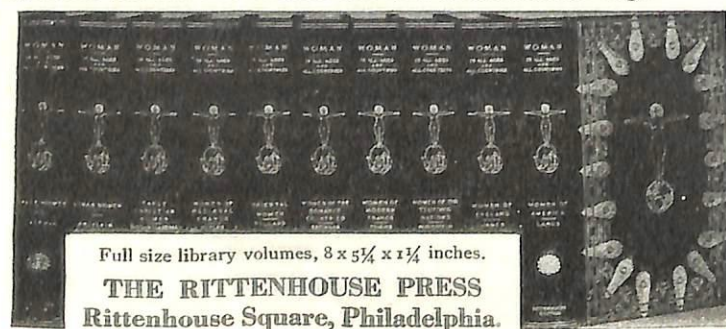
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1927

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

Summer gone, autumn past and now we look forward to the long winter months, not as our forefathers did with the hardships which they had to encounter with old grease lights and fireplaces, their log cabins and snows of a long winter, but with comfortable homes, warm, well lighted, with the many fraternal and social gatherings of color and splendor.

Those pioneers who made this great country which we are privileged to live in were happy in the thought that they had enjoyed the warm weather, that they by hard toil had filled their barns and pantries with crops to keep them through the cold weather, and as true Christians they gathered together on the great family day to offer their thanksgiving and prayer for the bounties bestowed upon them during the year. They went in family groups, father and son going on with firelock guns to make the way safe for all the members of their families, and then in due reverence kneeled before the throne and offered their adoration to the Deity. Today we celebrate in other ways, some going to church as in the old days, and others enjoying the day as they like best, but all sooner or later on this great Thanksgiving day joining with their families to break bread and in a silent way, but just as reverently offer thanks to God for the blessings bestowed upon them during the past year.

In dear old New England we, too, celebrate the old traditions in much the same way with our gatherings and reunions of families when the sons and daughters with grandchildren pay due respect to home and church.

Once I was away with a Shrine party and how lonesome we were when a telegram was read, "We are just sitting down to dinner. We miss you so much. All send love," and then that great body of true Shriners sent a wire to each home, "We are sorry to have taken your husband today. We are all thinking of you back home and send love to all." How much brighter it made the day. Just a thoughtful kindness done at the right time. So may we as Nobles do something of a kindly act on this day. May we make the burdens of some family a little easier to bear and assist in some way to make the day better for those who are not so fortunate. This will make your and my day better and richer. May your granaries be filled to overflowing and your pantries yield much to an overflowing table, and may God's richest blessing be bestowed upon you and yours on this the great day of Thanksgiving.

"Es Selamu Aleikum"

Yours in the Faith,

Chas. W. Dwyer
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

MAKESHIFT

Jasper bolstered up a sagging town—people, houses, everything—even his own love affair didn't escape

THE church choir, sitting in the Tackett parlor to rehearse, and waiting for Jasper Tackett, was getting restive. Irma Sands, over by the window in the patent rocker, frankly yawned.

"Go out and stir him up, somebody," she said. "I can't sit here all night."

Elly Weaver, who taught English in the high school, tripped over young Derry Baker's sprawled leg on her way to the hall door.

"I wish you would make yourself a little smaller," she said to him. "You're always right across my path. Stop sitting on your spine."

The handsome youth hoisted his legs into the air, and lowered them over one end of the sofa. Elly opened the door into the hall.

"Listen," she whispered, her hand enjoining silence.

Jasper Tackett was in the kitchen, putting cement into a cracked iron sink; and Ed Goggin's wife, Annie, down on her knees washing the Tackett floor—she came once a week for that purpose—was putting Jasper questions in a steady stream. Goggin was away at sea, and Mrs. Goggin had fears for him.

"You think he's all right, Mr. Tackett?"

"Certain of it. Why wouldn't he be?"

Jasper's head was under the sink; and his voice was muffled.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Don't you worry about Ed."

"How's anybody going to help it?"

"Stop it," Jasper ordered.

"You're sure he's all right."

"Certain sure. What port did he sail from?"

"I think it must be New York or Baltimore, and he some thought he would touch at Liverpool," Mrs. Goggin said more hopefully.

Jasper said, "He's all right, I tell you. Liverpool is a good harbor."

He could be heard getting up off the floor, and dusting himself.

Elly drew back from the hall-door.

"They bring their troubles to him as if he was some kind of clairvoyant," she whispered indignantly to Derry. "And then right away he feels responsible."

"You can't stump him either," Derry reminded her. "Trust him to piecen it out."

Piecen it out. There it was in a nutshell. There was a principle among the Tacketts that went by the name of makeshift and Jasper Tackett was packed with it to the gills. It wasn't so much that you never did a tap of work more than you literally had to, as that you never went at anything from the ground up, so to speak; you never bought a new broom, you never asked for five more cards. If a thing leaned, like, say, the Tackett poggy factory, then prop it.

"While she cracks, she holds," old Hiram used to yell on his way to the Banks in a run-down fishing-smack, which leaked just enough to keep her timbers sweet. But she overdid the thing at last, and he was lost in her.

The principle had its accidental triumphs. Thus, Hiram's old buggy, with the dished and wobbly wheels—a makeshift if ever there was one, with fished shafts and spliced harness—unquestionably made easier wheeling than a new rig would have done. Tight wheels, old Hiram truly said, bounced all over the stones in the road, where loose wheels, more accom-



Illustrations by
John A. Haelen

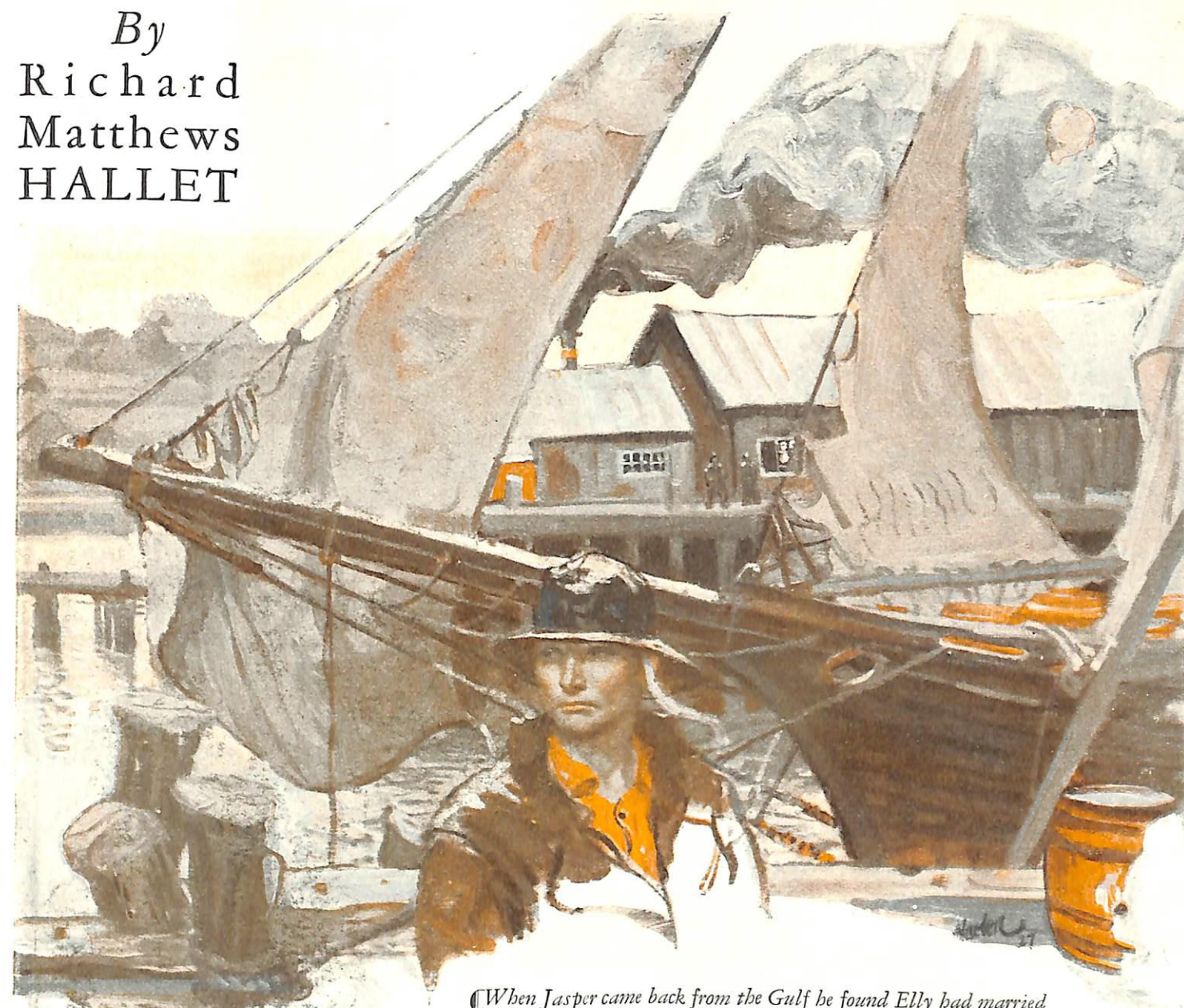
modating, leaned past them, in and out, and only scraped their sides.

So again with the Tackett house. It was over Mill Cove way, a big rambling weather-beaten ark, all jogs and afterthoughts, and just about the color of a hornet's nest. When the kitchen floor buckled under Mrs. Tackett's weight, Jasper, under Hiram's orders, propped it in the one place where it would do any good, and that happened to be in front of the furnace. Even Hiram admitted that there were "considerable many pillows" down there after that. He would have been forced to dodge coal into the furnace by hand, there certainly wouldn't have been room to swing a shovel; but providentially the furnace had "et itself out on them" by that time, its coils leaked, and the Tacketts were forced to fall back on an assortment of discarded stoves.

That left the cellar cold, frost got into the bones of the house, and gave a rainbow heave to the floor boards in the dining-room. To get the table to hold hard under the thrust of knives and forks, a copy of the plays of Shakespeare had to be slipped under one of the legs. But if Shakespeare had never written a line, the Tacketts wouldn't have been permanently at a loss. The refrigerator in the woodshed with a brick under one corner would have given them the right model of a makeshift.

Makeshift. Jasper Tackett had the Tackett principle ground into his very bones. All the other Tacketts were gone now; yet nothing, not even Elly Weaver's jibes, could pry him away from that house; and he kept the same grip on the old ruin

By
Richard
Matthews
HALLET



When Jasper came back from the Gulf he found Elly had married Derry Baker. Derry, no longer the debonair rich man's heir, had lost confidence and Jasper couldn't shut his eyes to it.

of a Tackett fish-factory. The menhaden had died out, got frost-nipped, or shifted feeding grounds, and the factory had been idle for years; but there was a rumor now that Jasper had braced it, and meant to turn it into a toy factory until the menhaden should come back.

Jasper's red head looked in on them cooly. "Here you are at last," Irma Sands exclaimed. She stood up, a striking blonde in a red dress and steel-colored stockings; and green earrings gave a decorative touch to her gold head. She and Derry were a dancing team; they had had offers to go on the stage professionally, it was said; but Irma was persona non grata to old Baker, and lately she had felt Derry slipping through her fingers. The old man ruled him; and the old man's only wish for Irma was that one of those Italian spiders would bite her and force her to dance herself to death.

When the two men stood up to sing, Irma's secret comparison was to Jasper's disadvantage. He was like a fisherman with patched sails, workaday, dependable; while Derry was clipper-built, a yacht with sanded decks, glittering brightwork, lacquered spars, snowy canvas. Not perhaps such a good seaboat in heavy going, either girl would have admitted; but then Derry, the chances were, would never know what heavy going was. Old Henry Baker was rich, and had lines out everywhere; and Derry since getting out of school, had been simply "in with his father." He would be taking over the reins before long now; and only this afternoon he had told Elly of a certain kind of English house he meant to build with slate shingles

of jade green and twilight blue. At Elly's suggestion, he gave it half-timbered walls, Shakespearean touches.

If only Jasper had dreams of such houses. But Jasper's dreams were embarrassingly wholesale; he dreamed as a king might dream who has the welfare of a whole people on his conscience. And then houses were the last things he would dream of, since the Tackett house satisfied him so entirely. There it was, the roof over his head, the predestined roof; but as yet he shared his fidelity to its cracked hearth only with the big yellow Tackett cat Nemo.

During rehearsal, Elly played, and Jasper and Derry were either side of Irma who sang soprano. She was a pretty thing, Jasper thought; but there was something a little petulant, perfidious even, in her eyes; shadow-devils in the deep-cut corners of her mouth. Something wishful and wilful there, that wouldn't be easily denied; she was an appropriative soul. Her voice, while technically good, seemed to lack warmth, and underneath her softness she might be iron-hard. She played with the beads at her throat watching Derry sing his tenor solo.

"Let me have that double flat again," Derry said, and bent toward the music, his cheek very close to Elly's. A moment later the four of them tried again, but something was wrong, the music was bewitched. Jasper's voice, like a thirty-two-foot diapason, Elly said, towered over everything; and they were forced to hush him down. He didn't take his music seriously; or perhaps it was only that he was wanted in so many places at once, that he could never be sure of appearing

in the choir, even on Sundays. Only Elly's influence held him at all, Irma conceded that.

"You'll surely come Sunday morning at ten o'clock?" Elly urged him; and he said he would be there without fail, if the parties he expected to look over the toy-factory didn't show up.

"Do you really think you can turn that old shebang into a toy-factory," she asked. "It looks as if it would collapse in just a puff of wind."

"I've strengthened it a new way," Jasper said. "It's strong as Adam's off ox, right now."

Elly Weaver shut the piano abruptly.

"Sunday morning then at ten o'clock."

"Are you coming my way, Derry?" Irma said very casually.

"Which way are you going?"

She had to commit herself.

"Over-town."

"I'm headed for the cove," Derry said. That meant that he would go with Elly.

"Let me slip out of this boiler-suit, and I'll take you over in the car," Jasper said to Irma.

And then almost before the house door could shut on them, Irma, full to the throat with her burning need of utterance, said abruptly and candidly,

"Butterfingers."

"How?"

"You want her, and still you'll stand by and see her slip, slip into another man's life."

"Slip?"

"Can you just echo me? Slip, yes. But you're so weatherwise. I suppose, no matter what bait offers, you won't strike."

"Maybe, I've seen too many poor fish poke blown in my time," he countered playfully. He helped her into his rattle-trap of a car, and when the engine permitted, she said hotly,

"I don't want to be strait-laced, but when a man has been seen everywhere with a girl, even reading to her in the afternoon, over on the edge of the darkwood township . . ."

"I'll tell you about that," Jasper said confidently. "I went out with an ax over my shoulder, looking for a horn-beam tree. Elly was the last person in my mind. I was thinking, 'If I find that horn-beam, I'll start a factory for making whiffle-trees,' and I looked up and there she was, back to me picking violets. So she had this book of poems . . ."

"You just won't meet it," Irma said bitterly. "I know you so well in this mood. Underneath maybe you're not taking it so lightly."

Jasper didn't answer that; and Irma kept a baffled silence all the way into town.

Derry Baker, going for the cove on foot with Elly Weaver, asked her lazily,

"What do you think of Jasper's house?"

"It's just too creepy."

"How does it stack up with ours?"

Ours. The unbuilt impossibly alluring, merely dreamed of house.

"Oh, I don't know," she said carelessly.

"But you still do think old houses are a handicap?"

"A frightful handicap, if you do your own work," Elly said. "The floors are splintery, they just don't keep the cold out, and dirt sifts in everywhere. And even if you want to alter houses like that and have the money for it, you find you almost can't, when you actually try."

"Why not?"

He turned his head to blow smoke, and brought his eyes back to hers.

"Well, for one thing, you can't always disturb the strengtheners," Elly contended.

"They're getting round that now by the use of steel girders."

"It's not only that. An old house gets set, like an old person, it just resists innovation somehow. It just does. You can't argue with it."

"You can't argue yourself out of it, once you're in it," Derry put in.

"You'd think it was one of these parlor-and-bedroom lobster traps, with a stocking entrance, from your description," Elly said, but the look she threw her escort was a guarded one. She actually wanted Jasper; but the drift of his activities made it seem unlikely that, in the near future, at least, he would be able to concentrate his fidelities on any one woman. If he ever should, she felt, she would be the woman; but that was nothing more than an assumption. A foreboding like a cloud-shadow, passed over her soul. Would she always tolerate that wide compass of his sympathies, his inability to say No when people came to him for help? Would he ever learn not to scatter his fire?

She slipped away from Derry at the Cove, and going to her room, began to look over a bundle of her pupils' themes; but she found she wasn't taking in the substance of them. She changed her dress, lingered in front of her mirror, thinking hard and dragging a comb through her hair. She could have Derry of course; there was another man, a summer man, who was writing her; and then—Jasper. It was like driving three



horses abreast; life was a race, a runaway, that could be steered but not stopped. Or it was like a fairy tale and you made it up as you went along.

This was more or less Shakespearean, and brought her back to Shakespearean houses. She sprang up, and as if to get away from herself, went over-town. Going past the bank building, she saw Jasper's big shoulders pressed against the plate glass of the trustee's room overhead. Old Henry Baker in his shirt-sleeves, and smoking a corn-cob, was across the oval table from him. That was Derry's father, and with his lips bulged around the pipe stem, and the lids half dropped over his grey eyes, he looked like the incarnation of the money power. It was as easy to ask him for five thousand, or fifty thousand, as five hundred, if a man had security. But what security had Jasper?

Elly went into the Gracie Sisters' hat-shop and standing back of that flight of women's hats in the display window, timed her going out again to coincide with Jasper's from the bank. Had he squeezed anything out of old Baker? She couldn't tell from the bland expression of his face.

"I'll take you home," he said; and she got into the car. Its mud-guards were like frayed beetle's wings; one of them



"What a mess you made of it," Irma thrust at him. "And what wouldn't you give now if this was Elly in your arms!"

"You say that, but you don't mean it."

"I do, though."

The car spluttered, and stopped on a rise from which they could look back and see the town beginning to show a crescent of lights along the shore of the inner harbor. Jasper got out and began to fiddle with wires.

"I wouldn't want to see 'em come to grief," he stated simply. "I first saw the light here."

"You're like a cat, I verily believe. Places mean more to you than people."

"Not more than some people," Jasper replied; but he had lifted the hood and wasn't looking at her. "I tell you, Elly, I'll bring the old pogy plant to life if I have to go red-snapping to the Gulf this winter to do it. By another fall I'll have a hundred hands hard at it in that old shebang."

"By another fall."

"You'll see."

And then Annie Goggin came over the rise, slack-twisted, with the burden of a big wash done up in a tablecloth. She planted herself square in front of Jasper, sobbing.

"My man's in Liverpool," she cried at him.

"I told you it was a good harbor there," Jasper said.

"He's got left behind," Annie sobbed. "The ship sailed away and left him. He's cabled for a hundred dollars to get him home again. Mr. Tackett, where under heaven is that hundred dollars coming from?"

"Haven't you got it?"

"Nary part of it. And you told me—he was all right."

"Isn't he?"

"He'll starve to death."

"Oh, no."

"He will, there in a foreign land. There's no jobs there; and he never could seem to get anything to do right here where he was known. He

can't approach people."

Jasper pulled at his nose.

"I guess we can find the money somewhere," he said comfortingly.

Find it? He was the kind of a man who would borrow in order to get an opportunity to loan on no security.

"He's got the whole two thousand of them on his conscience," Elly despaired.

Jasper went away that winter to the Gulf, red-snapping; and when he came back in the spring, Elly had married Derry Baker. Old Baker had given his son hints none too obscure that Irma wouldn't do; and Derry had been afraid that if he antagonized his father, he might forfeit everything.

"She's light," he told Derry; and he didn't refer to her weight, nor yet to her blonde characteristics.

Old Baker died, and the auditors, looking into his affairs, found to their surprise that his estate had passed with him. That myth of his financial stability was all that had kept him going these last two years.

"It proves my contention," Lotta Sanderson told Irma, "that it's better for a woman who values her peace of mind to marry a brain than a bank account. There's Derry with a

was roped on with marline stuff, and the radiator always leaked.

"Did you land him for the toy-factory?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What this town needs," he told Elly severely, "is one or two more men to think in terms of pay-rolls. Pay-rolls do more good than preaching."

"Conceit is worse than consumption," Elly reminded him. He laughed.

"I don't say my pay-rolls. Right now I couldn't board half a dozen hens. But you see how it is. The ship-yard is as good as snuffed out. There won't be any new contracts let there, and some good men, young ones, are leaving town. Young blood draining out. That won't do. If they had been willing to rebate taxes on that contemplated shirt-factory—and I advocated that . . ."

Elly's abrupt little laugh halted him.

"That would have come to a bad end because shirt waists for women have gone out."

"Toys won't go out, unless children stop coming."

"I think," Elly said deliberately, "that if a place has to be propped up by one man's efforts, it better had go by the board."

wife on his hands, and he doesn't know which way to turn. He's never had to lift a hand."

"There's things enough he could do," Irma said.

"Yes, if he was single," Lotta answered, understanding the allusion. As Irma Sands' dancing partner, he could earn his salt possibly; but all that was in the discard. Working with his hands was perfectly foreign to him. He couldn't screw on a nut without stripping the thread, he couldn't hit a nail without crippling it. His uselessness, he began to find, was pretty nearly perfect; he lost heart, and all that easy confidence of the son of a rich father slipped away from him. He was going down by the head, and even Jasper, busy as ever, with the new toy-factory going full blast, with fifty hands turning out little wooden ships, couldn't shut his eyes to it. When the old crowd got together for a picnic at Morton's Head, Derry and his wife weren't there, he saw.

"Derry's working on the roads," Irma Sands told him, and Elly couldn't get a housekeeper.

Her baby wasn't big enough to bring along, it seemed. Jasper felt, and not for the first time lately, a queerness steal over him. A sense of something gone devilishly wrong; and through his own fault. He looked far across blue water at a sweep of cleared land growing up to hay with cloud shadows chasing over it. The air was wonderfully sweet; the wheels in the toy factory were all spinning; but he had a dislocated feeling, as if his soul was no longer in the middle of his body. He barely heard Lotta Sanderson complaining in her child's voice that the benches under the pines were too damp to sit on.

Irma linked his arm in hers.

"CAN'T we find a plank or two somewhere?" she was asking him. There was a guarded ulterior something in her voice. She made a mystery of everything. Actually, that second in the full sun, she had thoughts of shipwreck, of her limp body being borne out of the surf and laid under a palm on a remote island; lowered there in the arms of a bronzed sinewy being who would breathe back the breath of life into her with his own breath. This being in the male shape was not a construction of her fancy, however. It had the shape of Derry Baker.

Jasper helped her along over the rocks toward the drift-line where they found a sun-dried spongy plank.

"You take one and I'll take the other," Irma said.

Jasper picked up his end. But Irma's high-heeled shoes began to handicap her. Jasper took the whole plank under his arm; but even this was not enough. Irma had got herself into a risky corner; the chasm at her heels was fringed with hissing weed. It was a ten-foot drop, surely, and she felt her knees quaking.

"It's nothing. It—it will pass," she whispered, and put a hand over her eyes. A big sea-washed tree root, horrific as an octopus was within reach, but she didn't lay hold of it. The ledge shadowed her completely; neither of them, for that matter, could be seen from above, and with the sun out of her face, Irma looked attractively pale.

"Either go ahead or come back," Jasper cautioned her. The little fool had always had a dizzy head. She fell back, and Jasper, shifting his plank, took her in the hollow of his free arm. Something was beating in the air all round them, like the wings of an emotion, a spirit struggling to get off the sultry earth, and failing only by inches and heart-beats. The analogy with shipwrecked was practically perfect, too; he clung to that plank as if to keep her head above water. He didn't quite succeed. Irma turned her head; he saw the movement of her eyeballs very close; then, without quite shutting her mouth, she planted her lips against his, and didn't take them away at once. Ultimately, though, she did.

"I imagine they'll be asking for this plank," Jasper said.

"I just take the liberty to give it to you for Elly," Irma said. Jasper saw that her kiss, deliberate, impassioned, was like a note got on a tuning fork to strike a pitch. The song he knew well enough; it had nothing to do with those anthems the choir had rehearsed.

"What a mess you made of it," Irma thrust at him. "And what wouldn't you give now if this was Elly in your arms."

"That'll do for that, young woman."

"I'd like to see you choke me off. Have you heard the latest? They've been warned out of that house they're in, the

rent hasn't been paid for months, and there's no prospect of it. Another week, and they'll not have a roof over their heads. They'll come down to living in the fish-houses, I guess."

"I offered him a job with me; he wouldn't take it," Jasper muttered.

"Elly wouldn't let him take it. She wouldn't be beholden to you. Still, that was before she had her baby," Irma said, with a power of suggestion in her tone.

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I'm leaving town. I've got a job in Boston, and there's got to be somebody to keep an eye on them. I don't know how. It's got to be done without hurting their pride. Jasper, it's partly my fault too. If—if anything should happen to Derry, you wouldn't see her come to want?"

He felt the burn and sting of that knife in his flesh. He wouldn't see her come to want, no. But then, the trouble with him originally had been that he didn't want to see anybody come to want. That night, as he was turning the bank corner late, he heard Annie Goggin's bitter voice, as if dropped out of the thick of the horse chestnut tree that screened her window. She was in her bedroom, and a disgraceful wrangle was going on there. The burden of it was Goggin's accusation that Mrs. Goggin had been going out to dances by herself, and getting in after midnight. Goggin, through Jasper's cash, had been retrieved from an unsympathetic Liverpool. He slept daytimes, and worked nights for the electric light company; Jasper had got him that job; and the man's check on Annie's conduct was therefore negligible.

The rumor was, he now said intensely, that she had left her baby asleep in a bureau drawer, open just a crack, enough to let in air, but not enough to make the yells, if and when they occurred, objectionable or even audible to the neighbors. Was there any truth in that, Goggin savagely inquired?

"What of it if there is?" Annie Goggin replied. "I won't—I simply won't—like some—cart a baby into a public place in my arms."

Goggin began to bluster, and his wife in a bitter, low indignant voice tried to hush him up. He simply had no conception, she sobbed miserably, of how far his voice carried.

"Suppose the house had caught on fire in the meantime?" Goggin insisted relentlessly.

Well, suppose it had.

"More than once I've felt guilty on account of just bringing another human being into the world to suffer as I suffer," Annie Goggin's voice trailed away.

Here Jasper came to himself, and walked rapidly away. He had been eavesdropping, no discount about that; and his face burned. He had done neither of those people any service by putting them in touch again. And was it possible that something like this was going on behind Elly's barricade? In general, what a fool he had been to try to be the salvation of a lot of people who didn't want to be saved. Now he was finding that he couldn't get the home people to work in his toy-factory. They represented to him that they were out-door men, ship-carpenters, road-builders, fishermen, who couldn't be crowded behind walls without ruining their health.

THUS he had been forced to import a new breed of factory hands, and change the complexion of his world in spite of himself. He had benefited nobody but himself, and what had been the benefit to himself except a growing bank account? The Tackett house, the cat Nemo, were the only constants in his life; yet when next morning he met Elly on the street, something in her eyes made him say, "Elly, I'm glued to the factory nowadays. I've got a cot there, and I don't go back to the old place once a week. I don't suppose you and Derry could see your way clear to living in the Tackett house this summer, could you? You know how it is, a house that isn't lived in goes to pieces fast. Boys get into it for one thing. I thought if you—as a favor to me—"

He grew confused; the offer, he saw by her expression, was too bitterly ironical, but he couldn't know that she was thinking of Derry's comparison of the Tackett house to a trap of the parlor and bedroom type.

"I'm afraid not," was all she said. "It's a bigger house than I feel able to take care of."

"You do look a little peaked," he muttered, crestfallen.

"I'm perfectly well, thank you."

A week later, in spite of everything, she was living in the Tackett house. Jasper had repeated his offer to Derry, and



Derry had no real alternative. Jasper, going past the house at night, would have the heart-choking sensation of a man forced to abandon ship. But now at least he had a pretext for looking in on Elly now and then, since some of his effects were stored under the eaves. Everything was going wrong for Elly now. Derry would be out nights, generally, till all hours; he was dancing with Irma Sands again. Jasper worried about that.

"Little fellow keeps you tied, doesn't he?" he said to Elly one morning, coming down out of the attic with two or three old cod-lines.

"You'd think so."

"Look here, I was thinking—coming along—it popped into my head—why couldn't I housekeep a little now and then for you and Derry to go out together."

"You?"

"Me, yes."

"Elly," Jasper asked, "do you want him back?" "No," she answered. And Jasper had a rush of all his thoughts of her together. That flower-like beauty burned as bright in her as ever, heightened now by a slow flush.

"Man alive . . ."

"You get something down the wrong way?"

"No, only—it's so dying funny."

"What's so dying funny about it?"

"You of all people minding a baby. Gracious, the house could burn down, and you never know it, once you get your nose into a book."

"Oh, come now."

"Here, then, let me see you hold him once."

Jasper took Elly's baby in his arms. He felt queer, standing there in the Tackett kitchen in that attitude.

"Don't think you can't breathe," Elly said. "He won't crumble in your arms. So you'd [Continued on page 86]

ALBERT PAYSON A Falling Market

TERHUNE offers two reasons why we have developed into BAD LOSERS

THIS is the way I figure it out; and if you think it over long enough you will see I am right as to the start of the trait we call Sportsmanship:

When Man had learned to stand on his hind-legs and had changed his cave for a hut, presently he found himself up against an infinitely tougher proposition than the World War and the Income Tax, combined.

I wonder if ever you happened to consider a few of the problems, other than food and home, that were his. Here was the worst of them:

He had learned speech, and thus he became able to receive and communicate facts and ideas. Then some crafty prehistoric man hit upon a way of deceiving others as to these same ideas and facts. He did it by lying.

He saved himself from the results of his misdeeds; he won fame for valorous exploits never achieved by him; he set fellowmen against one another. He did it all by telling lies.

So clever and easy was it that the habit gained wide popularity. It was no longer possible to find out what was a fact and what was not. Chaos threatened.

Games had been invented—"knuckle-bone" and a rude form of dice being the first recorded apparatus for them. Somebody studied out these games; and he found he could win by trickery more easily than by playing square as did his comrades. He could win all the stakes and bamboozle those who had not the wit to cheat.

In athletic contests, it was the same. Instead of the oldtime brutal foot-to-foot clash, some wily chap found it was easier to overcome by guile; and to smash a man who had slipped or fallen or an opponent whose attention he had been able to distract.

Thus, honest strife seemed doomed. The unfair man seemed destined to be world-champion.

In short, the dishonest, the wily, the crooked man was in a fair way of winning the rulership of the world. The plodding and straightgoing Majority were becoming powerless in the hands of the shift and unscrupulous Minority.

Then did the Majority band themselves together and cry unto Olympus for aid against the peril that was strangling everything decent and honest out of life.

And their dire need begot for them a shiningly glorious fetish, which they named "Sportsmanship."

First of all, Sportsmanship decreed arbitrarily several rules which the honest Majority henceforth forced grimly on the crooked Minority. Here are a few of these Commandments:

"Thou shalt not lie. For a liar shall be branded and despised and discredited by decent men; until the penalties of his offense shall outweigh a millionfold their profits. Thus shall Mankind, for sheer shame, tell the White Truth.

"Thou shalt not cheat. For a cardsharp or he who is dishonest in any other form of game shall be looked upon with a blasting scorn by all decent men; and he shall be debarred by them from all games. His brand shall be well-nigh as burning hot as the brand of Cain.

"Thou shalt not use unfair means to prevail against thine adversary, in footrace or in boxing-bout or in wrestling match or in any other form of physical contest. For he who is found to do this shall be thrust forth from the company of up-right contestants and his name shall become a byword and a hissing.

"Thou shalt not ensnare fish nor bird nor beast by trickery; but thou shalt give thy prey an even break for his life and freedom. Thou shalt pursue him by rule or not at all. He that dynamiteth a pond, and he that salteth a deer run for weeks and then lyeth in wait at the salting-place or dazzleth his quarry by flashing lights, and he that limeth twigs and feeding places to ensnare birds, and he that slayeth bird or beast that is sitting still—he shall be scourged forth from the ranks of true Sportsmen.

"Thou shalt play fair in all things. Thou shalt not rejoice openly at thy victory. Thou shalt not berate nor belittle him who overcometh thee. Thou shalt win modestly and thou shalt lose in cheerfulness. Thou shalt take no unfair advantage.

"So, by obeying these mandates, shalt thou earn and wear the sacred name of Sportsman; and this title shall be dearer to thee than gold or fame; and it shall be unto thee a glowing garment of Honor."

Thus was the Code of Sportsmanship drawn up, to save the Majority from the dishonest Minority; and to prevent truth and fairness and clean sport from dying out.

The world's first great Problem was solved. A splendid start was made. An ideal was set up—an ideal which never wholly can die from off the face of the earth.



(Drawings by J. Conacher

Steadily, year after year, century after century, Sportsmanship waxed.

It taught the victorious joust of the Middle Ages to spare his fallen adversary.

It taught the barons of England to force upon their tyrant king, John, the signing of the Magna Charta which gave the common people a fighting chance for liberty and livelihood.

It flared high in Chivalry. It lent a luster to the Crusades. It inculcated fairness. It was a right glorious thing.

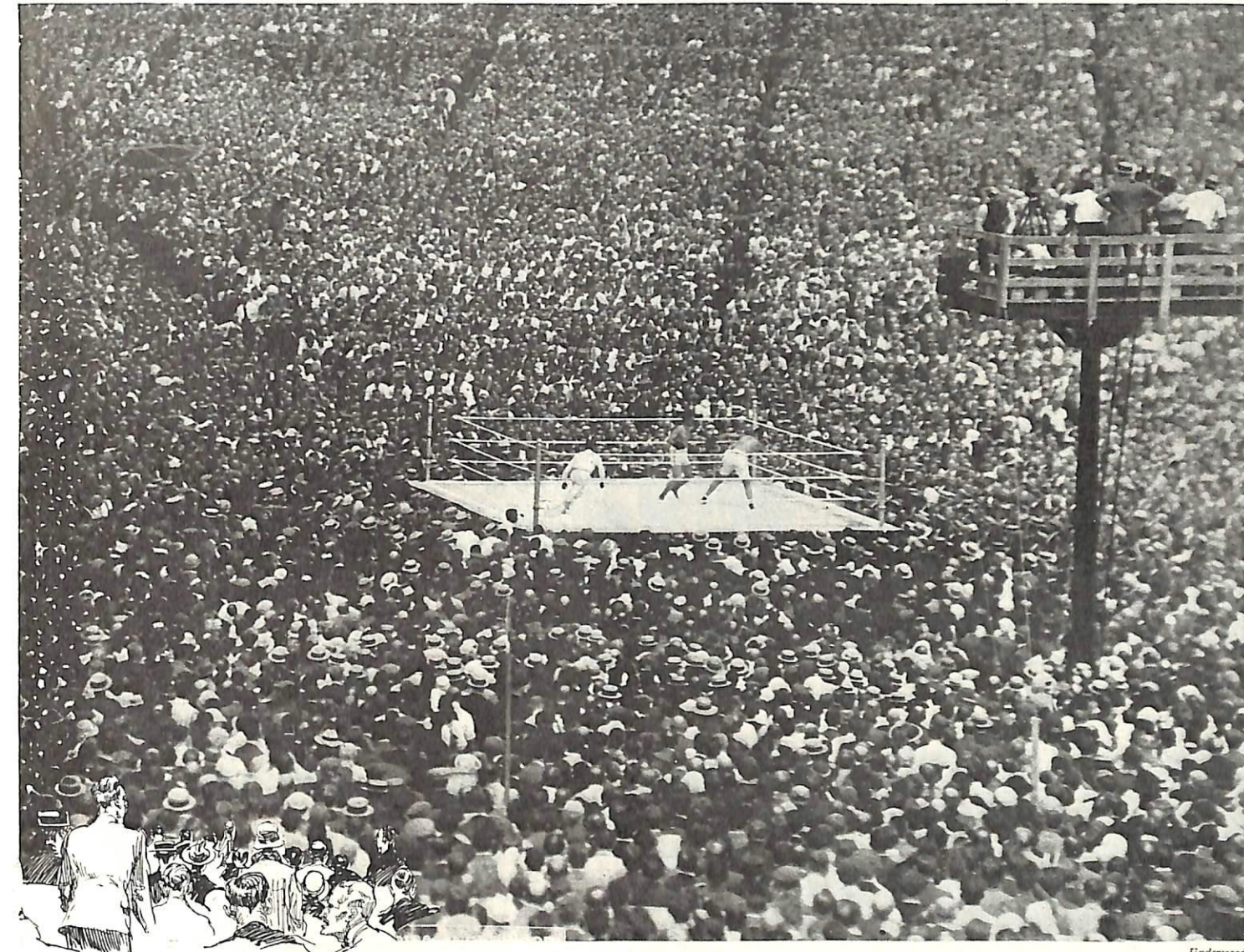
Then, at last, came the World War; a viciously scientific conflict, ultra-modern in method and in weapons. In more primitive wars, the cavalry charge and the hand-to-handness of most battles had given fine scope for Sportsmanship.

But how can Sportsmanship breathe poison gas and listen to Big Berthas, and wallow in maniacal international hate, without losing some of its gorgeous vitality?

One guess is as good as another, perhaps. Or mine may not be even as good as most. But that is my answer to THE SHRINE MAGAZINE editor's query to me, as to why Sportsmanship seems to be on the decline.

I believe the War started it downhill. I may well be mistaken. But there can be little doubt that, for the moment, it is undergoing a slump. On every hand one sees glaring instances of it.

for SPORTSMANSHIP



Last Spring, when the gallant French transatlantic flyers, in the White Bird, met blind disaster somewhere on the gray Atlantic, a yell went up from France that the United States was partly responsible and that our Weather Bureau had held back climatic information which might have been of aid to the birdmen.

So noisily insistent was this accusation that the President of the United States felt in honor bound to deny its truth.

There is international Sportsmanship for you! One nation's people furiously accuse the officials of another nation of trying to bring death or failure to competing flyers.

Again, I may be wrong. But I do not believe any civilized nation's populace could have made such an unsupported charge against another nation's Sportsmanship, in the slow old days before the War.

So much for national and international Sportsmanship; and let's come down to the Sportsmanship of the Man in the Street—in our American streets, not in those of other countries.

I am mighty sorry to say that the Man in the Street, taken in the mass, has so little Sportsmanship that it is half-invisible. Take him where he flocks thickest—around the prize-ring at one of the really big fights; and watch him there.

Two men are battling in the arena. If the fight happens to be fair, both are trying their best to win. So instead of rushing wildly at each other with flailing arms and leaving fatal openings in their defenseless defense, they advance with caution, we will say, trying each other out, studying each other for possible weaknesses as you or I might study a cross-word-puzzle.

What does the crowd do? When I say "crowd," I mean the collective Man in the Street. Does he say to himself:

"These two scrappers have a lot to lose and a lot to win. They're professionals. Presumably they know their own game. We'll sit back and let them play it as seems best to them."

Not he! The mutual caution of the "trying out" bores and angers him. He wants action; violent and incessant action. He wants blood, not skill.

So up from him and his fellows go the multiple booing and cries of "Fake!" which fighters dread; and a hundred more hostile vocalizations planned to spur the boxers into livelier if ill-judged activity.

In the course of the bout one man weakens under his assailant's hammer-blows. Gasping, reeling, hopelessly beaten, in anguish, yet he puts up as brave a defense as he can.

What is the sportsmanly reaction of the onlooking Man in the Street? Does he say to himself:

"That's a grand exhibition of pluck! He knows he is going to be knocked out. He's a wreck. Yet he won't quit. He is fighting with the last shred of strength left in him. It's magnificent. Let's cheer him!"

Does he say that? Never yet have I heard him say it; though the number of prize-fights I have seen is uncountable. Instead, he and his fellows are on their feet, screeching deliriously to the winner to "go in and finish" the half-dead loser.

It is far more common today than it was fifteen years ago; though always it has been too prevalent.

In baseball, it is much the same, along a different angle. A player, who has won popular idolatry, has an off-day. Perhaps he is so sick that he belongs in bed rather than on the field.

Gamely he plays his level best. But today his best is not good enough.

Have you listened to his former adoring rooters at such a time? Again that bellow of abuse is commoner today than it was in 1910.

Always, until this past year, I have rejoiced that at least one major sport has been kept ice-clear in its Sportsmanship. College football has seemed to me the cleanest and most above-board of all contests; and the spectators have shown pure breeding.

Onlookers have cheered their collapsing and down-and-out team, to the very end; as wildly and with as much loyal ardor as ever they applauded a winner.

They are true to their team, in defeat, as in victory. There is no smirch of doubt as to the squareness of the players' endeavors to win; there is no scandal afterward as to a sold game.

Non-collegian non-sportsmen who go to these contests are



The murky unsportsmanlike squabble between Princeton and Harvard a year ago spread a smear over the most sportsmanly of all public contests—college football.

myself the pain and injury of a beating. But Honor forces me to sail into you and to do my ineffectual best to resent the slap and the affront, before I am smashed to helplessness.

Commonsense says that that is a crazy thing for me to do. Honor and Self-respect say it is the *only* thing for me to do.

I have never been able to understand why two such excellent things as Sportsmanship and Commonsense should be so diametrically opposed to each other. There's a catch in it, somewhere. A wiser head than mine may be able to puzzle out the answer.

Now I shall proceed to show my own lack of Commonsense and perhaps (though I hope not) of Sportsmanship as well; in giving what seems to me another and very real reason why Sportsmanship is declining:

It is only within the past few years that women have taken any active part in public sports. The champion woman tennis player, the champion woman swimmer, the woman who exhibits in wholesale quantities at dogshows, etc.—these are of a new growth. Many of these women are models of perfect Sportsmanship. Many are not.

The women who are not good along this line are not to be blamed as are unsportsmanly men. Not because they are women; but because of their total lack of ancestral preparation.

Three thousand years ago, our male ancestors were competing in races and in boxing and wrestling and hunting and fishing; and for three thousand years before that. Through the ages they were learning fairness—because they got themselves into trouble when they weren't fair. They were learning to lose gracefully and to win modestly; because they were laughing stocks if they groused over a lost contest or crowed over a triumph.

The centuries banded a pretty thorough lesson in Sportsmanship into them; a lesson which taught them a Code and became part of their natures.

What were women doing, all those six thousand years; up to the past half-century or less? They were tending the children, keeping the house, washing and mending and cooking. Not one of them in a thousand took part in any athletic sport.

Thus, Woman enters the Sport arena with a handicap of six thousand—or possibly six million—years. In a tiny handful of time we expect her to learn all the sport-ethics which we men took scores of centuries to acquire.

We can't blame her, if she has not been able to learn at once a lesson which so many of us men are deficient in, and which Man has been studying since the days of Genesis.

If Tilden or Richards had slammed down his racket and

peevishly refused to play a championship match, as did Mlle. Lenglen, he would have been hooted off the courts. If other men had done the unsportsmanly things they would have received like treatment.

Just the same, I believe the existence of such unsportsmanliness is a mighty bad thing for Sportsmanship in general.

Personally, I have found less true Sportsmanship among our general run of dogshow exhibitors than I have found in any other form of sport. And there are infinitely more women engaged in the dogshow game than in any other sport. True, many of these women are models of sportsmanship.

But again—many are not!

I believe the latter's presence has had its ill effect on the whole trend of sport. I may be quite wrong; but I have given the dogshow theme some slight study; and I have sought to trace to its muddy source the mass of petty bickering, backbiting, jealous hatreds, sharp advantage-taking and the like.

Naturally, the Sportsmanship which is a magnificent public gesture is tenfold easier to achieve than is that which none but the hero thereof can ever realize and which must go without its consoling meed of applause.

But there is a mightier breed of Sportsmanship than this magnificent public gesture.

Two men whom I knew, in my college days, were in a race for the most important Scholarship prize of the year. Both were poor. Both depended on that particular Scholarship to enable them to go on with their class. They were not friends. Indeed, each had a vague dislike for the other. Let's call one of them Smith and the other Jones.

There was nobody else worth mentioning in this Scholarship race. Both Smith and Jones were miles ahead of any other possible competitor. All of us knew it lay between those two. There were wagers among us as to the result.

The night before the competitive examinations, Smith vanished. He did not show up for three days. Naturally he was absent from the exams, and Jones won the scholarship with entire ease.

Smith, on his return, admitted sulkily that he had gone on a spree, the night before the contest, and had stayed drunk for two days thereafter. His haggard face and lifeless manner bore out the tale.

As a result, during the few weeks longer that he was able to remain in college, he was shunned and was the object of universal contempt. A man who had offered him a good summer position heard of his disgrace and canceled the job.

It is not wholly pleasant for even the oldest and wisest of us to know that we are looked on with disgust by those around us. For a sensitive college boy like Smith, it must have been horrible. I think he must have been relieved to sink out of



Miss Betty Nuthall, the charming English tennis star who took a smiling defeat at the hands of Miss Wills. She evidently has inherited the English love of sports for sports' sake.

sight, when the college term came to an end. Many years later, I blundered by chance on the facts of the case.

Just before the examination, Smith had learned that Jones's father, (an oldtime college professor to whom scholastic excellence was an obsession) was dying; and that the old chap was hanging on to life by sheer will-power until he could die with the glittering knowledge that his only son had won the coveted Blankenblank Scholarship. It was a mighty craving with the dying man.

Smith took the next train to his brother's farm. He swore the brother to secrecy and then told him the story. He remained at the farm for three days; returning then to college with the lie about having been drunk.

When Smith died, ten years afterward, the brother deemed himself freed from his promise of silence; and he told the story.

Yes, Smith's deed was silly, perhaps, and maudlin and all that. But to me it was splendid Sportsmanship. There was no applauding gallery to atone to him for his generous self-sacrifice.

There was nobody and nothing to say: "Well done!" except his own white conscience. And, in spite of all the copy-book maxims, the solitary applause of one's con-

science is a somewhat cold comfort, at best, when all the world is against one.

Will you let me tell you what I consider the cleanest act of Sportsmanship I have seen recorded?

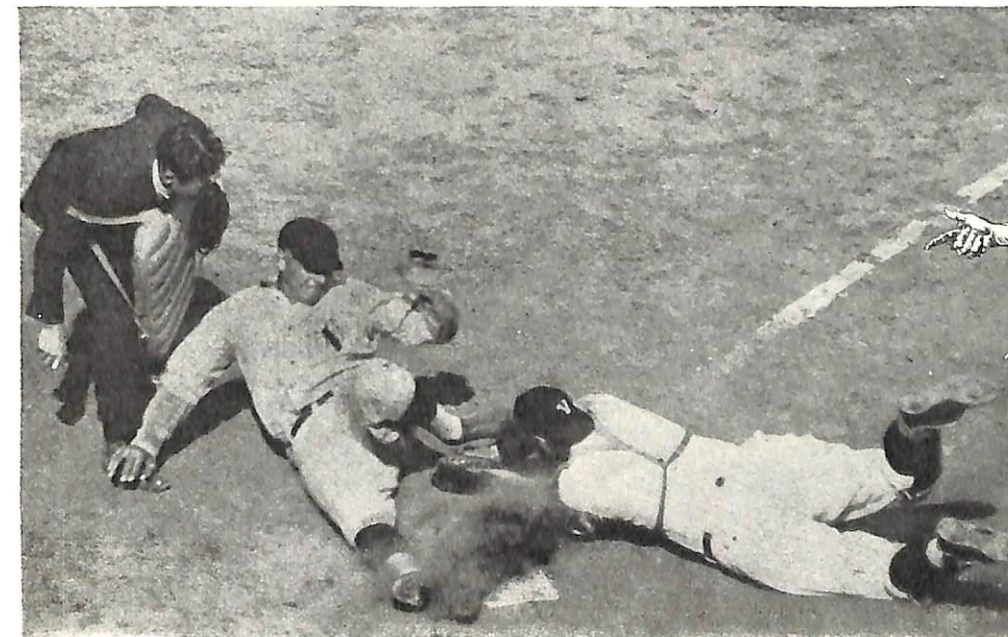
Of old, when a malefactor was tortured to death, his friends who had money enough could bribe the tormentors to give him a draught of heavily drugged wine, to dull his sufferings and to make the end come more quickly and peacefully.

On Calvary a Man once hung tortured on the Cross. On either side of Him hung two down-at-heel sneakthieves, friendless and penniless. Men of wealth who worshiped this Man in secret—possibly Nicodemus or Joseph of Aramathea—bribed the guards to raise to His lips on a sponge a draught of drugged wine; to lighten His torment.

His two fellow-victims had no such alleviation. Moreover He had taken the sufferings of humanity on His shoulders and He would abridge none of those sufferings. So He put aside the drink which would have deadened the agony; and He chose to share to the utmost the tortures of His two companions in death.

If that was not the purest supreme Sportsmanship whereof sacred or secular history gives record, then I am no judge of the trait.

School and college are the nurturing-grounds of Sportsmanship—these and a few homes. When it gets out into a non-scholastic and home-forgetting world, [Continued on page 65]



"Out!" Every fan who witnessed this game felt himself a better judge than the umpire as to whether the player was out.

either in such minority as to have no effect on the spectators' general tone; or else they are awed by the overwhelming presence of Sportsmanship.

But a year ago, came the murky unsportsmanlike squabble between Princeton and Harvard, as to alleged discrimination in rough play, etc.; a squabble which was hauled through the press in all its babyish details.

A sloppy smear was spread at last over the most sportsmanly of all public contests. The Sportsmanship of college football was tarnished.

By the way—this may or may not be a digressive slant, but to me it has always been an interesting paradox:

Did you ever stop to think that Sportsmanship and Honor and Self-respect (all meaning the same general thing) are at absolute variance with so-called Commonsense? For example: We'll suppose you are larger and stronger than I am. You walk up to me in the presence of several people and speak insultingly to me. Then you slap me across the face.

Now, think it over and you will realize that Commonsense ought to tell me that a few harsh words are unimportant and that a slap in the face does not hurt very much. Also, if I resent the insult and the slap, you are going to thrash me.

Commonsense demands that I go quietly away and save

Jenny

By
Ruth
Hawthorne
Illustrations by
Everett Shinn

(It took the combination of Love and Hate to change a little Slavey into a Personality)

(Melisande, looking angelic but with eyes averted, interrupted. "Oh, Jenny, you know you dropped that dress on the floor. I saw it happen!" she said.)



MISS ROSE, the head of the showroom, held the rose tissue dress closer to the light. There was no doubt about it. The metal threads down all one side of the skirt were unmistakably pulled. Not much, but just enough to spoil the perfect hang of what had been a perfect dress. She glanced out of the corner of her eye at Jenny. Jenny was standing quite still, her grey eyes shining almost black in her white face. She made Miss Rose think of a kitten she'd seen once in the subway, standing just like that in the corner, its eyes enormous and blazing with fright but never moving. The thought annoyed Miss Rose.

"Jenny! Don't stand there looking as if I were going to beat you. I hate people who are afraid of me."

"No, ma'am. I'm not so—frightened."

"Well, if you're not you ought to be!" Miss Rose forgot about the kitten and remembered that she had a responsible position with authority. "It's simply outrageous. Letting a good dress like this get all frazzled out. I don't know what Miss McCready would say if I told her." Miss Rose tried to straighten out the threads. No use. "Do you know what she'd say?"

"Yes, ma'am." Jenny tried to make her voice do more than whisper. "No, I mean, no, ma'am."

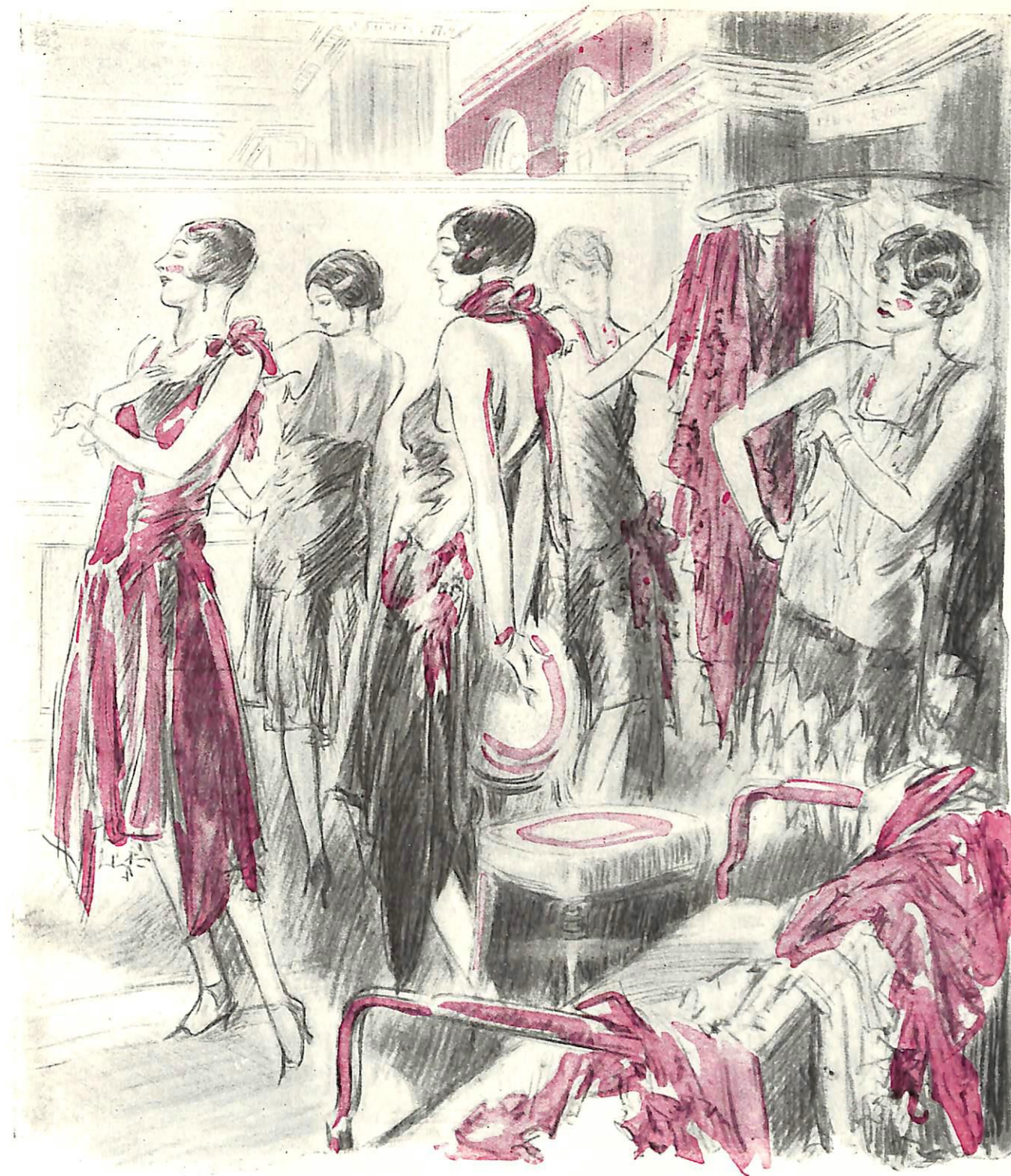
"She'd say, 'Miss Rose, why have careless people about the place?' Miss Rose was enjoying herself now. Imitating the great Miss McCready was one of Miss Rose's pastimes. "She'd say, 'Miss Rose, really, it does seem to me that for twelve dollars a week we could employ some conscientious person to take charge of the model room and hang up the clothes with some consideration.'"

"But, please, Miss Rose, I tell you I am conscientious. I don't know how this could have happened. Really, I'm ever so careful."

Jenny hated herself for letting her voice get all wobbly. It made her sound so guilty.

"Oh, Jenny, why argue with Miss Rose like that? You know you dropped that dress on the floor this morning and the threads caught on that rough place under Imogene's chair. I saw it happen myself."

Melisande raised her beautiful golden head. She didn't look at Miss Rose. She didn't look at Jenny. She just looked out into space as she spoke, as if she really didn't have any business to be in such an earthly place, where heads of show-



rooms, even such superior showrooms as that of Miss McCready, Inc., and errand girls had scenes over rose dresses. Then she went back to filing her nails.

"So, Jenny!" said Miss Rose. "It was your carelessness!"

"Honest, Miss Rose, I—" began Jenny.

Melisande dropped her nail file.

"Oh, please, Miss Rose," she said, as she stooped to pick it up, "please don't let yourself worry about it any more. You've got so many important things on your mind. I'm sorry Jenny adds to your worries. And I thought she'd be such a help or I never would have asked you to give her this job."

"Miss Rose, I tell—" Jenny stopped. Her voice was gone. Getting mad always did that to Jenny. Her voice would be there one minute and the next it was gone. She turned to Melisande, but what was the use? Melisande just looked at her in a cold, sneering sort of way and started for the door. As she passed Miss Rose, Melisande put one lovely long white arm across Miss Rose's shoulder.

"Come into the showroom with me," she murmured, in her soft way. "There is something I want to ask you about the way to wear that new broadtail wrap. I don't think I get the best out of it."

"All right, dearie, I'll show you." Miss Rose gave a last look at Jenny, standing by the great rack of clothes. "And as for you," she said, "do try to be more careful. You'd better stay late tonight and see if you can get those threads back in place with a fine needle."

They were gone. Jenny wanted to cry, but she didn't have time. There were all the dresses to be looked over, to be sure that no harm had come to them in the frantic business of putting them on and taking them off by the six mannequins in the afternoon showing, and there were Imogene's shoes to be cleaned, and now, what with the fixing of the rose dress, it would be terribly late before she got home and her mother always worried if she wasn't prompt. So Jenny just wiped her eyes and went to work. She tried to shut her mind away from what possible reason Melisande could have had for telling Miss Rose that she had seen her drop the rose dress. Maybe Melisande herself had caught it in a doorway or something. Anyway, she was always doing things like that to Jenny.

And Jenny had never been able to do anything about it. She knew why, too, which only made it worse. She was afraid of her. Afraid of her sureness, her unfailing ability to

twist everyone in her world around by one gesture of her long white fingers just as she had diverted Miss Rose from too deep inquiry into the cause of the damage to the rose dress by appealing to her for advice.

There had been a time when Jenny had adored Melisande with all the ardor of her romantic little soul because she was so cool looking and beautiful. She wasn't Melisande then. She was Myrtle O'Toole, and she lived upstairs over the grocery store next door to Jenny. But once, when they were both in the eighth grade, Myrtle had poisoned the goldfish by putting ink in the water because it made it such a pretty color and had somehow managed to convey to the teacher that she had only done it because Jenny had suggested it as a good tonic and the goldfish hadn't seemed well.

Jenny had tried to explain, but the teacher had preferred Myrtle's version of the sad happening to hers.

After that Jenny made up her mind not to have another thing to do with such a viper, but it is difficult to ignore completely anyone who sits next to you in school, who insists on walking back and forth to church with you.

THEN, to make matters worse, when Jenny's father died suddenly, having walked off a scaffolding by mistake, Mrs. O'Toole had suggested that her Myrtle get Jenny a job at Miss McCready's. Now that her poor father was dead and buried Jenny couldn't expect to go on with a fancy education. Myrtle had given it all up because her father had taken to drink, and look where she was now! She'd been working only two years and already she was the favorite model in the most exclusive dressmaker's in New York, and always called Melisande. Not that Mrs. O'Toole could hold out much hope of such a radiant future for Jenny, Melisande was tall and slender and golden haired and gracious, while Jenny—well, she was just little Jenny with grey eyes and black hair and a funny little nose.

Jenny said she didn't want any job that O'Toole girl got for her, and her mother told her she was an ungrateful hussy and if she let her evil disposition and wicked envy of the beautiful Myrtle O'Toole come between her and a good job, and them needing the money so bad, she was a fool as well. She made an attempt to tell her mother that it wasn't envy, it was hatred, the kind of hatred that is based on some black curse of a fear that makes you want to kill someone but leaves you without even the courage to run away from them. But her mother said she couldn't make head nor tail out of her notions and if that was all the good education was doing her she'd better go to work the next day. And that was how Jenny came to be errand girl in the morning and lady's maid to six mannequins in the afternoon at Miss McCready's, Inc.

The morning part Jenny loved. Walking down Fifth avenue, and darting in and out of the great shops and wholesale places, matching this piece of silk, and getting, by great strategy, that last length of gold lace in the country from that girl at Linnstine's—there was life, exciting and full of romance. But in the afternoon, when she had to take dress after dress from its hanger and fasten it up and get glasses of water and powder backs and button shoes, she was miserable.

For Myrtle O'Toole had become truly the Princess Melisande. So much will a name do for anybody. She sat back in her chair, and it was: "Here, Jenny, bring me my silver stockings" or "Child, you must keep this train off the floor". So by the time six o'clock came and they left Miss McCready's, looking for all the world like six of her best customers, they left behind them a weary little figure who sometimes, when she got down to the floor to straighten out the many pairs of shoes, was just so tired that she couldn't get up right away.

Now that Tom had come into her life it seemed to Jenny that she couldn't bear it any longer. For Jenny loved Tom, and Tom was bewitched by Melisande, and Melisande was not one to scorn the attentions of anyone and most certainly not a rising young man named Thomas Clancy, who sold silks for one of the wholesale houses.

It had all been so splendid when Tom was only a clerk behind the counter. Then Jenny had had him all to herself, for it was plain to be seen that he never thought much of the fifty other little girls who rushed up to him every morning with requests for three more yards of that new beige crêpe.

He never noticed them until he had given Jenny every attention, and once he kept them all waiting while he took her to the elevator and rang the bell. Jenny could never decide whether that was the day she fell in love with him, or the

time he advised her about the lining of her spring coat. She had wanted to get some brilliant red silk because it looked so gay and just like the geraniums in the window boxes at Miss McCready's, but Tom had leaned over the counter and said to her, very firmly:

"Now, girly, you can't have it. It's a good color and all that but it's too thin for a lining. Why, you'd sit it out the first time you wore it. No, I won't let you buy it."

Such masterful words could mean only one thing. Tom loved her. And from that moment Jenny's days led up to and away from Tom's counter. What did it matter if Melisande nagged her and bullied her every afternoon? She saw Tom every morning, and his smile was something to live for. And then came the terrible day when Tom told her over a bolt of pale green chiffon that he wouldn't be there tomorrow morning. Jenny's heart stopped beating.

"You won't be here?" she managed to gasp.

"No. I've got a raise and I'll be going around on my own from now on."

Jenny wondered what she ought to say, but how could she say anything when her head felt like a big sponge with no water in it?

"McCready's is one of the houses on my list, so I'll be seeing you up there hereafter, Miss Jenny."

"That'll be very nice, Mr. Clancy," said Jenny, "but I guess you won't see me much. Miss Rose always sees the salesmen, and I'm out most of the morning." She tried to make her voice sound as if she didn't care a bit.

"Well, I guess I'll manage to see you somehow." And Mr. Clancy gave her to understand by the mere smile on his face that now he was a salesman on commission he might manage to do a great many things.

Jenny had walked up Fifth avenue to Miss McCready's trying to look at it all in a cheerful light, but deep down in her heart she had a feeling that all was over between her and Mr. Clancy. And how true her foreboding had proved to be!

Mr. Clancy had come to see Miss Rose the next Monday morning, and Miss Rose was home with a headache that day, and so who should take her place, just to tell the salesmen that Miss Rose wouldn't be there, but the golden haired Melisande? And who but Melisande would have fixed it so that the very moment the doorman came to tell her the salesmen were waiting, she should happen to have on the orchid colored chiffon dress with the deep purple roses that everyone told her—and quite rightly—she looked a picture in?

Jenny watched her through the little grating in the bookkeeper's office as she swept in from the showroom and then hesitated at the door, one hand on the woodwork and the other slightly pointing toward her heart. She raised her upper lip a little—just like a rabbit, Jenny thought—and gave her eyebrows that haunted expression that Jenny knew she had copied from the pages of that English magazine.

ALL the men stood up as Melisande entered, and Jenny, from her post of observation, could see Tom catch his breath.

"Ain't she beautiful?" whispered the little girl who helped the bookkeeper. "Just like a queen."

Melisande left the protection of the door frame and swam, for Melisande never walked, she always swam, to the center of the room. Then, in the tone which she used in mentioning the plat du jour every Monday when she went for her weekly lunch—Miss McCready paying for it—at the Ritz, she told the assembled salesmen that Miss Rose was ill, but would they all please come in next Thursday? Even the most hardened of them were seen to be moved. One by one they all filed out. All except Tom Clancy, and he, whom Jenny had seen again and again knock out cold that detestable girl from Linnstine's with a single word, he Tom Clancy, stood there, blushing to the very top of his forehead.

"Yes?" said Melisande.

"I'd like to leave my card for Miss Rose. You see, I'm the new man from Dorn's, and—and—"

"Oh, Mr. Clancy!" said Melisande, after a glance at the card. "I will make special mention of it to Miss Rose. So good of you to have called."

Jenny said a prayer to her patron saint to keep her from letting the little girl who helped the bookkeeper realize that her heart was breaking right then and there that minute, for the look on Tom Clancy's face as he stood in front of Melisande was that of David the first time he saw Bathsheba. Jenny

knew that all was over for her now. Love and laughter had passed her by. All that was left was to work hard and maybe some day she'd grow up to be Miss McCready's partner, and then, with the help of the dear saints, she would have the privilege of throwing Melisande right out in the street. That is, of course, unless Melisande had already resigned to become Mrs. Clancy.



"The crouching figure had on the missing rose tissue dress and the rose coat. 'Myrtle O'Toole, wake up this instant!' said Jenny. 'You'll be murdered if Miss Rose finds you here!'"

As the weeks passed by Jenny was forced to admit that Melisande's becoming Mrs. Clancy might be a certainty, all right, though it could not be said that Melisande was looking at it in the light of anything but a good business proposition. Jenny had heard her discussing it more than once with Imogene.

"You're a fool not to nab him while you have the chance," said Imogene one day, when Melisande had come back from lunch with Tom and was complaining about his apparently not knowing that taxicabs were anything but street ornaments. "He may not be any gilt-edged spender, but I bet he's got it tucked away in the Harlem First National."

"Well, if he hasn't now he will have. I suppose I may as well take him now I've got used to him. He's no thriller, though, God knows!" And Melisande laughed a laugh that made Jenny's soul writhe.

That was the day Jenny gave Melisande such a wound in the foot with a buttonhook that she squealed right out loud. Jenny managed it, too, so that no one, not even Melisande thought it had been anything but a sad accident.

It was of all these things that Jenny was thinking as she straightened up the model room after cleaning Imogene's shoes. She even succeeded in getting [Continued on page 77]

((Right)—Has the fashion of "Davy Crockett" changed? Watch the screen for the same thing today.



((Above)—Anna Held, figuratively speaking, was the Queen of the stage '90's.



((Above)—Vesta Tilly, a generation removed from Elsie Janis.



((Above)—Lynn Fontanne's drama "star" shines at the Theatre Guild.

((Right)—In the days of Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" every man wished to play opposite Ethel Barrymore.



"WOLVES! What can save us?" "The strong arm of a Backwoodsman"



((Above)—The Music Hall face of Fay Templeton.



((Above)—Carmencita was a rare variety in Variety.

Photographs from Albert Davis Collection



((Above)—Amelia Bingham, in "The Climbers", was the talk of the Town.



((Above)—Lydia Thompson in full dress, who started all the talk about the ballet's scant attire.



((Above)—Does this music sheet of the "Fabulous Forties" suggest Irving Berlin or Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"?



((Above)—When one speaks of Mary Garden one thinks of slender Melisande. She brought to Grand Opera rare qualities of good acting.

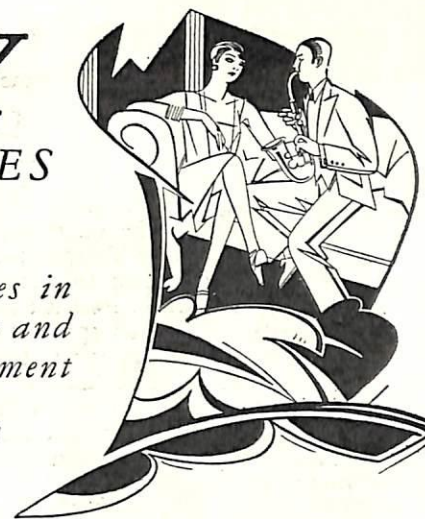


HISTORY

AS TOLD IN PICTURES

Our Changing Theater
A series of articles which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES



HOWEVER much the theater may have improved within recent years in its scenic decoration, in the quality of its acting, and in the intellectual content of its plays, I wonder if there is as much wholesome merriment on the stage today as there was of yore. Though we may have many more theaters (and better ones, too) and though there are many more people really interested in the dramatic art than there were yesterday, I wonder if there is as much loyalty to particular playhouses and to particular players as there was before the younger generation of Revolutionists entered the theater, shook its fist at the Commercial Manager, laughed to scorn love scenes acted to tremulous music, and banished to oblivion the green spotlight on the villain's face. I wonder if, since the day of Vaudeville's Father, Tony Pastor, there has not been less whistling on the streets of songs brought to fame by special singers of the stage.

In my theater lifetime I can recall the crowds around the stage entrance in New York to see Maude Adams come from the Empire Theater; they don't do that for Lynn Fontanne, though I think she's a better actress. I recall lines of anxious ticket speculators and purchasers camping out all night, or sending messenger boys to fill their places while they went to bed, in order to be first at the box-office for Sir Henry Irving or for a special "star" performance of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, or James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering. They don't do that for the Theatre Guild.

Now, I'm not cracking up the theatrical past as marvelous (in many respects it was stuffy, rantish, chromo), but I do say that in the midst of all its art-throttling commercialism, there was some real art to be found and there was more jubilant going to the theater than there is today. For all the reticences, the inhibitions, the faded sentiments, the hush of mooted topics, there was not the downright vulgarity in the music halls of Koster and Bial, of Weber and Fields, that there is today in musical comedy. With the nudity and limb-y limberness of our revue choruses, we haven't any of the Goldoni satire of Edward Harrigan anywhere on our stage today; we haven't any of the Aristophanic vitality of Weber and Fields' extravaganza (with the funmakers Lillian Russell, Dave Warfield and Willie Collier). Revues do not seem to review as exuberantly as they did. But they are more artistic.

We seem to be trying to extract a national music from elements of jazz. But the hurdy-gurdy doesn't give Berlin, and as the handle turns we don't seem to get "Yiddle on your Fiddle" or "Alexander's Ragtime Band" as we were wont to get "Throw Him Down, McClosky" or "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" When I'm in a hotel and listen to the noises which sometimes rise up from the kitchen, where the rattling of dishes keeps me awake, the dishwashers are silent now; they don't seem to be up-to-date in the song game. More likely do I hear "Silver Threads Among the Gold"—a reversion to the '70's. I'm wondering whether Sigmund Spaeth's "Read 'Em and Weep" is true in its thesis that this volume of old-fashioned lyrics will serve to recall the songs we forgot to remember. Harrigan, with "The

Babies on Our Block", "The Little Widow Dunn" and "The Mulligan Guards" was much nearer the mob rhythm and the mob sentiment than any of the Alabam contortions.

The theater has tried in these recent days to be subtle; the actors have become Freudian. You can see the change in the very faces of the players. The hero type has become different. The drooping mustache of Lester Wallack accorded well with the attitudinizing romance of the old time actor whose acme of effect was when he could thrust his arm in the door to keep the wolves from the clinging heroine of "Davy Crockett", and, while they gnawed, recite the Scott ballad, "Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the West"; or who loved to halt the action of the play to sing "Lord Bateman was a Noble Lord."

Science has allowed the stage, in these modern times, to become more subtle than of yore, for lighting furnishes the actor, the scenery, the inner content of the play—all three—with the very juice of life, through which—all three merged into one—we get a greater sense of life than could ever be extracted from the crude sets representing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Augustin Daly's "Under the Gaslight". We have even shown on the stage of our day that modern life has become mathematical; that it is riveted more or less to the steel structures we have erected pile upon pile.

So we have such a jazz opera as "Skyscrapers" and such expressionistic plays as "R. U. R.", the "Insect Comedy" and "Processional" (which are in print and which we may read). In trying thus to make the theater more subtle, to dig deep down into the inner being of modern life, the dramatist has forsaken what the earlier dramatist oftentimes gave much better—the story. The narrative quality of the play was one of the chief excellencies of the English Drama Renaissance of the '90's. We have today much more fluent dialogue than formerly, but Pinero far excels Sidney Howard or Eugene O'Neill in the close-knit of a story.

It seems to me that with all our reform in the theater, the inner joy of the theater was more pronounced, its entertainment quality was much more to be determined, when the public knew less about the working of the cardboard playhouse, knew less about how the wheels went round. In many ways our amateur actors have had the illusion of theatergoing taken from them by knowing what goes on behind the curtain.

When we come to consider our actresses, I think our emotion is every whit more effective, more subtle than it was in the day of Mary Anderson and Clara Morris. But the modern play does not "star" the player any more; therefore the name of Katharine Cornell or of Lynn Fontanne is not as generally known as were the names of Lillian Russell, Amelia Bingham or many others. Survivors of the "star" system, like Ethel Barrymore and Margaret Anglin, hold their own by right of their acting, not because of a "star" system. This betokens improved taste and improved standards on the part of the theater public. For they don't go to the play solely to see a beautiful figure or because the "dressing" is the latest, but because the play's the thing. In the Frohman era, the matinee adorer went to see Maude

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

Adams, William Faversham, James K. Hackett and Julia Marlowe for their own sweet sakes.

While we are pleased today when we find the names of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell and Laura Hope Crews on our programs, we are quite as eager to judge what manner of play it is. In days past, we knew what were the distinguishing characteristics of a Mrs. Fiske, of a Marie Tempest; even if the play was bad, we knew these actresses to lift the poorest play to our satisfaction. We won't let such things get by today.

The theater is just as speculative as ever, even though there have been high endeavors to free art from the counting house. An actor is known over a small area today. It is the movie artist to whom the theater world belongs. Who does not know Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks? And a host of other movie stars are known as players were known yesterday. But unless the radio carries the actor's voice across continent, he must content himself with restricted travel. For many a year the road has been dead. The bulk of theater entertainment known to Broadway does not travel, and when it does the companies are poor and the real stars are not starring. Our theaters in the large cities are built on expensive real estate and must be made to pay. If Shakespeare fails, then rush on a musical comedy; if that fails, then let's have a "leg" show of the revue order! There are no longer any loyalties to individual theaters, such as in days gone by one showed to Wallack's or Daly's or Charles Frohman's Empire in New York, to William Warren's Boston Museum, to old Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Mention these houses to old playgoers and their faces flush in memory. A theater is not now identified with a particular form of entertainment. But the old forms persist in new dress.

THE minstrel orchestra has given way before jazz; the minstrel song breathes still in the "coon" songs of Al Jolson. The old society dramas of Mrs. Mowett, who wrote "Fashion", of Bronson Howard, who wrote "Saratoga", are dressed in better fashion in the plays of Clyde Fitch and Langdon Mitchell (and even these are dated). The old ten-cent melodrama invades the movie houses; the music hall, with its glories of Carmencita and Vesta Tilly, may still be seen in vaudeville.

But with all our revolution, we have let slip valuable matter from the theater of the past.

If one should really want to epitomize the present Theatrical Age by a phrase, one could justly say that it was the Era of the Paint Brush. The artist entered the theater and threw out of the "wings" and "flies" all the old paraphernalia of the boxed-in stage set. He said there was something more to a play than merely doors on hinges, books on the shelves and pictures on the wall. There was a spirit to the play, there was an inner content, a mood. He laughed to scorn the semblance of real trees in a production of Shakespeare's "As You Like It", and he twisted a little gauze to suggest a tree. In all of this he asked the audience to use imagination. And this was the last thing on earth the old time scenic artist asked an audience to do.

The artist brought his paints, his palette into the theater and said he would have nothing to do with archaeology. Henry Irving used to be the arch-fiend of the latter science. He spent a fortune to be sure that the sword he carried as King Arthur or as Macbeth, that the pageantry he created in his "great scenes" were true to history. The artist of today claims that all this is unnecessary meticulousness. And so he proceeds to do things with Shakespeare, discover in Shakespeare what had never been thought of before.

Not that the artist in the theater helped in a revival of Shakespeare. There has been a shameful handful of such revivals these past years. But John Barrymore's Richard III and Hamlet were produced in the new spirit of mood. And Granville Barker, over in England, showed what freshness could be infused into Shakespeare by a brilliant departure from tradition. The curious thing about the Bard of Avon is that you can distort him for every age, and he will still be great. And the scenic artist of the new school has

pointed to a live rehabilitation of the plays. But somehow the Shakespearean actor is a rare bird. He is almost as rare in America as the nightingale. And all for want of practise. You can't expect a player, used to dress clothes (despite the Hamlet in dinner coat, or the recent Twelfth Night in negligée) and small talk to declaim the rounded numbers of the Shakespearean lines as though he were used to it, when he rarely has the opportunity to practise in such rhythms. That has been the fault of our present age in the theater. We gave up stock companies long ago, except the "summer stock" experiment, and by so doing we lost the invaluable opportunity of subjecting the player to variety. It is the fashion for the manager to squeeze long life out of a play: five years of "Abie's Irish Rose"—a hundred nights of "Hamlet". Such regular diet sickens the actor's spirit. Hence our stage is full of good acting in small flashes. But the sustained note is wanting. We have no really great players in the accepted sense today.

And Shakespeare depends on proper reading of the lines. I don't care how you dress his plays. The dress suit Hamlet was perfectly understandable. When Hamlet came on to the stage smoking a Camel cigarette, he was like a college boy spouting philosophy. That's perfectly possible. When Polonius entered, attired in yachting tweeds, or in white buckskins, he merely made me feel that on Wall street might be just such an impossible father uttering platitudinous advice to his children. While I prefer my Shakespeare in the colorful tones of the accepted Shakespeare environment, I am perfectly willing to cut the Shakespearean cloth to the Butterick pattern, or have the Queen Mother dress in the latest short skirt fashion, and bob her hair. For after all, the spirit of the play is what counts. And that's exactly what the scenic artist declares and desires us to believe. And that's what makes this, in a way, the Era of the Paint Brush. Because the Paint Brush tries to suggest the inner spirit and cares not whether the collar is a ruff or a Piccadilly!

We do not see on our stage the strata of life Harrigan gave us, and Herne dealt with so realistically in "Margaret Fleming" and "Shore Acres"; though Sidney Howard's "Ned McCobb's Daughter" suggests it. Nor do our lighter players seem to make the "hits" they did in the early nineties. There are those old timers who still remember Maggie Cline singing "Throw Him Down, McClosky," May Irwin singing "After the Ball," Lottie Collins asking the gallery to help out with "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye".

THE fact that there are no longer any youths who dream wildly of Anna Helds and Lotta Fausts does not mean that they wouldn't dream of them if there were any. Loyalties seem to have shifted to the screen. Girls stay awake dreaming of Meighan and Barthelmess; audiences rise if Douglas Fairbanks comes into a hall. But we have no right to assert that we will never again have Lillian Russells. There was a day when Adah Isaacs Mencken, in startling tights used to play the wild horse drama "Mazeppa"; of her they said there was only one Mencken, while Dickens and Dumas sang her praises. There was a time when "The Black Crook" was supposed to be the last word on "legs", but the Winter Garden and Ziegfeld are singing another tune today. The fact of the matter is that the Glory of the American Girl has been the object of all the spectacular in the American Theater from earliest times. Even in the "Black Crook" days people excused the vulgarity of tights and lauded the art of Lydia Thompson. Is there not in each generation of theater managers a striving for a new thrill? All generations of theatergoers are alike in this: the technical perfectness of a thing is long remembered, and oftenest emulated.

But, despite my belief that the theater today is fifty percent better than it was Yesterday, there is something wrong with our playhouse in these years of Revolution. We are wasteful of what is really good; our best is not sufficiently protected. We do not remember from one hour to the other. As theatergoers we are as nervous as the electric signs which bedizen Broadway. The newest, the next thing distract attention.



((Left)—Managers believe it takes a thousand dollars to dress a "show girl."



((Above)—In the "Gay '90's", the famous beauties of the original Floradora Sextette set hearts aflutter in skirts.



((Right)—The spangled beauty today (Marilyn Miller) in attenuated tights.



((Above)—The famous Pair—Weber and Fields, the fun makers of the '90's.



((Above)—This group of "Black Crook" beauties upset the modest past!



((Above)—Fritzi Scheff brought to light opera Metropolitan Opera ways. Her voice was suited to musical comedy.



((Maggie Cline as she sang "Throw Him Down, McClosky.")



((Above)—Harrigan and Hart sang of New York's streets in the '90's.



((Above)—When Lillian Russell was "airy" and "fairy."



((Above)—The Stage hero of today is Freudian, like John Barrymore.



((Above)—Montgomery and Stone in the 1900's were a team preeminent.



((Left)—Romantic actors possessed the swagger of Lester Wallack.

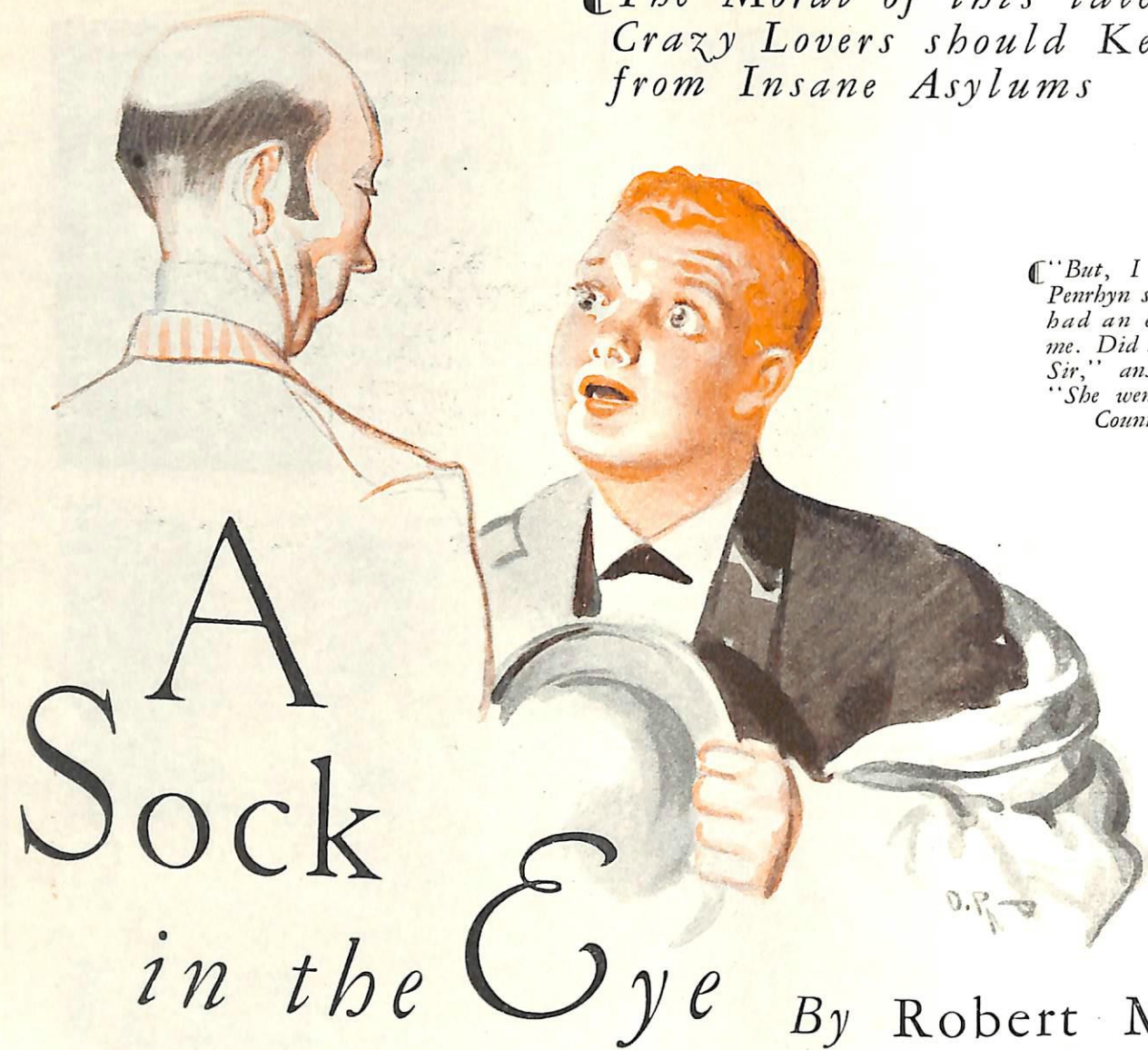


((Right)—Drooping moustached heroes, like Salvini, were the fashion then.



((Above)—Youth on the stage in the '90's epitomized by Henry Miller.

Old Photographs by Albert Davis



*(The Moral of this tale:
Crazy Lovers should Keep away
from Insane Asylums)*

*"But, I say, Hastings,"
Penrhyn said dazedly, "she
had an engagement with
me. Did she, er . . ." "No,
Sir," answered the butler.
"She went to dinner with
Count von Swaff."*

A Sock in the Eye

By Robert McBlair
Illustrations by David Robinson

IT JUST isn't done, that's all; and when a thing isn't done, it isn't done. You could forgive Mr. Penrhyn Fisher Fish the later regrettable episode in the sanitarium, for after all it took place behind closed doors. And you would be inclined to forgive everything in view of the fact that the lovers finally were united in Paris. But one doesn't sock a Count in the eye on the dance floor of such a night club as the Colonnade.

It seems—to be brief—that Penrhyn had made an engagement to call for Polly Ripper at her father's five story white marble house on East Sixtieth street at eight o'clock. This would give them time to drive in Polly's roadster out to The Chanticleer Inn on the Boston Post Road for a leisurely dinner accompanied by an iced bottle of Pedro's asta spumonte. At eight sharp, Penrhyn's stocky figure ran up the terraced steps, between the clipped box hedges. He pressed the ivory button in the ebony bell frame, and the door was swung open by the imperturbable Hastings.

"Ha! Hastings," greeted Penrhyn Fisher Fish cheerily. "Miss Polly is not at home, sir," said Hastings. "What?" inquired Penrhyn Fisher Fish. The imperious mouth and the child-like blue eyes hung open in his round, red face as he stood there with the shoulder of his dinner coat half out of the overcoat shoulder.

"Miss Polly is not at home, sir," repeated Hastings. "Hasn't she come in yet?" For the fraction of a second Hastings, who never hesitated, hesitated. Spring was in the evening air. From the garden the French governess' Maltese cat was calling piercingly to its mate. From the low precincts of Madison avenue a hurdy-gurdy was twirling into the dusk the notes of "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby." Hastings had a moment of weakness. Besides he liked young Penrhyn.

"She went out to dinner, sir, with Count von Swaff, sir," replied Hastings, and closed his lips firmly. He could have said much more.

"She went out to dinner with Count von Swaff," repeated Penrhyn in a daze. "But, I say, Hastings! She had a dinner engagement with me. Did she, er . . . that is . . ."

The eyes of the butler and the eyes of Mr. Penrhyn Fisher Fish met and, for a moment, clung.

"No, sir," Hastings answered. After all, a good job is not lightly to be risked just because the red hair, and the freckles across the snub nose of a young gentleman caller remind you of your sister's brat in Cornwall.

"Thank you, Hastings. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Fish, sir."

Hastings watched the drooping shoulders go down the terraced steps, and with that alacrity of clairvoyance which comes to a butler in moments of inspiration, permitted himself to review and interpret the events of the last few hours. Most men would have found nothing significant in the fact that John Ripper, the underwear king, had been entertaining Count von Swaff with tea and whisky in the gold-and-silver room. But then most men would not have been standing in the hall just outside the gold-and-silver curtains.

"You understand then, Count von Swaff," Mr. John Ripper had stated, "that the total of the settlement is agreed upon, the details to be arranged by our lawyers jointly, and that any premature publicity will kill the whole deal."

"Quite," the Count fluted in tenor agreement.

"If it got to Polly's ears, for instance, that I was arranging this, she'd kick over the apple cart."

"Quite," said the Count, shaking the ice in his glass.

"And it's understood as a part of our agreement that you guarantee your title to be authentic. We might as well speak

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plainly about this; there's been an awful lot of 'phoney ones."

"Quite."

"All right, then. It's a go. We'll sail tomorrow and here's your passage money. There's nothing like salt water and moonlight to put this sort of business over. It'll be a good thing, too, to get Polly away from—Say! That reminds me she was going out with him tonight. I'm not going to take a chance on any slip up now. Tell you what we'll do. I'll throw a party. We're packing up here, for the summer, but I can get the Colonnade. That'll keep her busy tonight, and tomorrow she'll be busy shopping and packing. I'll pick an early boat."

"Quite."

"By George, there she is now. That's her car. You talk to her, and arrange to get her away from the house before that Fish boy comes. I don't care how you do it, but do it. Damn it all, it's up to you to be of some good!"

"Quite," said the Count. "Oh, quite, quite, quite!"

It was a fortunate thing for Mr. Penrhyn Fisher Fish's peace of mind, as he descended the terraced steps, that he had not overheard this conversation. When you have loved a girl for months; when you have reason to believe that your poverty will change shortly into affluence and enable you to open your lips on the subject of a roof and groceries; when a Count arrives on the scene and she breaks a definite date with you and doesn't even give you notice—well, you are apt to do as Penrhyn did. He turned around on the pavement and stared despairingly at the white marble monument to Mr. John Ripper's ability to get what he wanted.

"She can't put that over on me!" gritted Penrhyn Fish.

For a wild moment he was tempted to jump the hedge and climb the ivy on the side of the house to Polly's bedroom window, which was open. The large blue bulk and the gleaming buttons of a strolling policeman interrupted this fantasy. Penrhyn pulled his hat over his eyes and walked over to Madison avenue.

On the sidewalk a swarthy individual extended a greasy hat while behind him an accomplice ground from the inexhaustible interior of the hurdy-gurdy the lilting strains of "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby." Penrhyn cursed them both, deeply and for many generations, and plunged down the street, not pausing until, after five blocks, he had entered the lobby of a bachelor hotel. A few minutes later, leaving the elevator, he burst into the room of a large dark-skinned young gentleman in a flowered bathrobe, who was reclining on the cot-bed, reading.

"They are all alike, Toddy," Penrhyn dropped into the lone chair and gazed mournfully at Dr. Toddy Wilson, interne at the Nightingale Sanitarium for Nervous

Cases. "I went there to get her at eight o'clock. Had a definite date. And she had gone out with that Count von Swaff."

"I remember him at the Junior League. Tripe. Like the rabbit in Alice in Wonderland. Well, Penrhyn, you must remember that the choice lay between him and you."

"You've got to help me, Toddy!" cried Penrhyn.

"I've told you a hundred times to talk turkey to her."

"How can I, when I haven't got a cent?"

"Didn't the President tell you the Board of Directors would probably take that fool invention of yours? If they do, they'll be fools enough to pay you plenty."

"Yes, but if they don't? Where's the telephone book? I'm going to call the Chanticleer and find out if she's there."

"That's where you and she go, isn't it? She wouldn't let him take her out there if she had just stood up you."

"The Colonnade!" cried Penrhyn.

"Probably," assented Toddy Wilson. "But if you call up, Henri will tell her you called. Why don't you go around there?"

"All right. Come on, quick."

"But I'm not dressed. Don't pull me like that!"

So the rumor was unfounded that Mr. Penrhyn Fisher Fish was under the influ-

ence at the time he socked the Count von Swaff in the eye.

Dr. Wilson and Mr. Fish walked at once from the bachelor hotel on East 55th street to the Colonnade which was on 59th street and arrived there perfectly sober, although Penrhyn Fish's countenance was a paper white.

"Are you sure you want to go in?" puffed young Dr. Wilson with a foot on the Colonnade's granite step. For answer, Penrhyn Fisher Fish entered the vestibule and pressed the electric bell. The glass and iron door was opened by a wizened little man in evening clothes.

"I was wondering when you would arrive, Mr. Fish. Mr. Ripper sent over his own—ah—mineral water, and the young folks are enjoying themselves." As Henri afterward explained on his knees to Mr. Ripper, he assumed that Penrhyn Fish, who came there so often with Polly, was of course an invited guest.

"Good evening, Henri." The name Ripper had renewed the turmoil in Penrhyn's blood. If he heard, he did not comprehend the rest of what Henri had said, but handed his coat and hat to the cloak-room attendant, and climbed up the wide stairs.

Penrhyn, trailed by Toddy Wilson, reached the dance floor at the head of the stairs, just as a clatter of applause was greeting the climacteric wail of a Congo saxophone. The sound reminded Penrhyn of the Maltese, sad and lonely, by Polly's doorstep. A tear sprang to his eye, not for the Maltese, but for himself. And perhaps it was the tear which prevented his seeing Polly in the maze of dinner coats and bare shoulders until she was standing before him, erect and bright-eyed.

"I see!" she said to Penrhyn. Her red mouth curled and her gray eyes glittered.

"Polly!" cried Penrhyn, and caught her wrist. Polly's slim and dainty figure in the scant apple green dress froze in a haughty dignity; the boyish golden head was proud.

"Leggo me!" she said simply. It seemed strange to see her so hostile, while around her white neck hung the cheap carved-ivory locket he had given her for Christmas.

"I see!" cried Penrhyn, for he had sighted over her shoulder the glint of the monocle in the eye of Count Hans von Swaff.

"Tripe!" added Penrhyn Fisher Fish in a dreadful voice.

"I think you're crazy!" replied Polly furiously. "First you deliberately break a date, now you deliberately try to insult a distinguished . . ."

"Distinguished!" Penrhyn interrupted. "Ha!"

"You've been mixing 'em!" Polly turned to sweep away, but Penrhyn pulled her back. This happened twice before Polly stood and glared.



(Polly was supporting Count von Swaff with her arm, and looking as only a girl can look whose father has just been bitten in the neck by a count.)

"What was that you just said?" shouted Penrhyn wildly. "What is this? One of these Ask-me-anothers?" "No. You said I broke a date, when it was *you*." "It wasn't!" "It was!" "You called up and said you had to go out of town." "I didn't do any such thing!" shouted Penrhyn. "You didn't? Why! . . ." Polly pivoted on her silver slippers and looked at Count von Swaff. The Count ceased twirling an infinitesimal yellow mustache. He tried to step back, but escape was blocked by a solid ring of giggling guests. The Count had come from a long and exalted line of marriers for money. Instinct, the infallible, advised him what a scion of his ancestors should do. He did it. He plucked off his monocle and gave it a polish. "Count von Swaff informed me," said Polly, "that you telephoned you had to go out of town." "That piece of . . ." Penrhyn took a step toward the Count and doubled his fist. "It wasn't, ah, exactly, er, me, ah," ventured the nobleman in a high voice. "Mr. Ripper told me to."



He had stared raptly into those violet depths and had poured out the true and unexpurgated account of how he had almost completely cured his falling arches.

It is possible that Penrhyn might not have struck the Count even after this unmanly alibi. But just at that moment the saxophone emitted a Maltese wail and the orchestra, as one man, burst forth into "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby, No, Sir, Don't Mean Maybe." Penrhyn obeyed an overmastering impulse and socked the Count a good one, right on the eye.

Mr. John Ripper, while this convulsion had been brewing, had been sitting immediately behind the wall of giggling spectators, but he had not heard a word. His vis-à-vis at the table was the beautiful Mrs. Haddyn Gilmer, who hoped that her husband would be awarded the commission of designing and constructing the golf course on Mr. Ripper's new Florida estate. For an hour he had stared raptly into those violet depths and had poured out the true and unexpurgated account of how he had almost completely cured his falling arches. His sentimental nature had started him on a more violent tack just as the Fish-von Swaff incident was reaching a climax.

It was at this enthralling moment that Penrhyn socked the Count. The wall of spectators had broken and dispersed at the signs of impending violence, and the Count was catapulted backward by the impact and missing Mrs. Gilmer and the table, landed plump upon Mr. Ripper's stomach. Mr. Ripper, imagining that he had been attacked by a peculiarly violent spell of acidosis, grasped himself about the middle. And Count von Swaff, finding his delicate frame now gripped by a pair of powerful arms, did the thing that the instincts of self-preservation and noblesse oblige would naturally have caused him to do. He writhed around, with a frenzied yawp, and bit Mr. Ripper in the neck.

"Take it off," cried Mr. Ripper. "Help! Fire! It's drinking my blood!"

Followed a brief period of confusion of which no one has ever been able to give any account at all up to the moment when Polly Ripper appeared at the head of the stairs supporting Count von Swaff with her arm.

"Out of my way!" she demanded of Mr. Penrhyn Fish, who stood belligerently at the top step sucking a knuckle.

"Polly!" Penrhyn cried.

But Miss Ripper looked at him as only a girl can look whose father has just been bitten in the neck by a Count.

"You have disgraced me, and you have disgraced yourself," she said. "I never want to speak to you again."

She helped the Count down the stairs, got him into his coat and out of the front door without even a backward glance.

"He shan't have her!" Penrhyn moaned. "I'll kill him!"

But Toddy dragged Penrhyn down the stairs and assisted by the willing Henri got him into his coat and out into the dusky street.

"Nice party!" remarked Toddy acidly.

"This is no time for harshness, Toddy. Come with me to my rooms. I'm broken-hearted."

"That's what you said about that Russian girl."

"No, Toddy!" said Penrhyn as they mounted the stairs to his rooms. "This is different. There's the telephone!"

He dashed up the second flight. Toddy Wilson, laboring more leisurely, followed him presently into an unlighted room and barked his shin on a chair. While he cursed softly a metallic rattle from the telephone resolved itself into intelligible sounds.

"I just wanted to tell you . . ."

"But Polly, darling!"

"I just wanted to tell you what a *beast* I think you are. Doing a thing like that just when we are sailing."

"Sailing! But, Polly, dar—"

"Father and I are sailing tomorrow at noon on the Leviathan. Do you think it's nice for me to have a man with a black eye . . ."

"The Count is going?" Penrhyn wailed.

"Of course the Count is going! And I hope the next time—I hope the next time you know a girl . . ." She hung up.

"And that," said Penrhyn, heavily, as he switched on the bridge lamp, "is that! But she called me up, Toddy!"

He cried, brightening suddenly. "You heard her, didn't you? She called me up!"

He jumped up and began striding up and down the room, making alarming noises.

"Toddy, I've got it! The Count is sailing tomorrow. What's more, he's going by himself, you hear? And you have got to help me arrange it."

Toddy's large frame shrank visibly. "What is it now?"

"They have attendants at that place of yours to take care of violent cases, haven't they?"

"Certainly."

"I mean, they would overpower anybody and tie him up until he had been given an examination and so forth?"

"Yes, if he were dangerous. But, my dear chap—"

"Listen, Toddy. Suppose I send Mr. Ripper around there the first thing in the morning. They'd tie him up, I mean until after the boat sails with the Count, if he was cuckoo, wouldn't they?"

Young Dr. Toddy Wilson sidled toward the open door.

"Penrhyn, I've got a good job. Good night."

"But you wouldn't have to figure in it! You could just tell them that a violent case was expected, and you could go out for a walk."

"What you need," said Toddy Wilson seriously, "is a bromide, and a good night's rest."

"You've got to listen, Toddy." The round red face was eloquent in its expression of pleading. "If I can get the Count away without Polly, I'll have a chance. The Radio Corporation's board is going to pass on my patent this week. The minute they act favorably, I can raise the money to go anywhere Polly goes. I've already got a passport. But if you think I'm going to let her go off with him now, feeling sorry for him and everything!"

"You get a good night's sleep," advised Toddy earnestly. "I'll call you in the morning." And before Penrhyn Fish could stop him, Dr. Wilson slipped out and slammed the door.

The deserted inventor paced his apartment far into the night, finally to undress and crawl grimly into bed. Came the dawn, painting with its rosy beams the mole upon a red-



Wild with joy Penrhyn broke into a complicated Charleston, and just then the guards led by Pat, spitting into a horny palm, ran out of the Sanitarium doorway and got him.

dish eyebrow, but Penrhyn slept heavily on. Came a quarter of ten, and the shrill jangle of the telephone summoned him from sweet dreams of love and wealth to the tribulations of mortal existence.

"You going to try that funny business?"

"Yes, Toddy. Listen . . . I'll call up the old man at his office and tell him Polly is at the sanitarium, seriously injured in an automobile accident. I'll tell him they may try to keep him from seeing her, because she was run down by one of the hospital internes and they are afraid of a damage suit. That'll make him raise Cain at the place. Then I'll call up the sanitarium, and tell them that this is the police department and they must be on the lookout for a big man with a cold eye and a tusk mustache who is running around to all the hospitals claiming his daughter has been run over. I'll tell them he's a very dangerous type, you see?"

"So you're going ahead with it?" asked the telephone.

"Sure; it's perfect. That'll force them to miss the boat, because I'll call up the Ripper house and leave word for Polly that her father is at the sanitarium and for her to come at once. The Count will go off without them. That's all I want. Now listen, Toddy. You don't have to be responsible for any of this. All I thought you might do is to stick around and sort of 'sic' the attendants on if they are scared of him."

"He will find that you are responsible."

"I don't care if he does or not, after I stop them from sailing. I can tell him afterward that some interne at the hospital, a friend of mine, was kidding me, and that I took it seriously about Polly being hurt, and called him up."

This was the situation at ten minutes of ten. At ten minutes of eleven Penrhyn was in a telephone booth, armed with a handful of nickels. Five minutes later he had learned that Mr. John Ripper was in his office, and he had left a message with Mr. Ripper's male secretary, who seemed to grow very excited upon its receipt.

Excitement is often contagious. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Penrhyn Fisher Fish, beads of chill sweat upon his freckled brow, was praying Central to hurry up with that Sanitarium call.

"Is Dr. Wilson there?" he finally quavered.

"Dr. Wilson reported this morning," replied the girl at the Sanitarium switchboard. "But about ten o'clock he complained of feeling ill, and went home."

"The dirty sneak!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, this is the police department," Penrhyn cried desperately. "A man is coming there pretty soon asking for his daughter. He is a very dangerous lunatic. He thinks his name is Ripper. That's right—R-i-p-p-e-r. If he comes there, tie him up, you hear?"

Penrhyn was trembling in every limb when he hung up the receiver, but there was one more call to make. And here he

got a lucky break, for it was not Hastings but the first footman who answered when he called Polly's house.

"Yes, sir; Miss Ripper is in, sir. She is just starting for the boat, sir. Who shall I say is calling, sir?"

"N-never mind. Just tell her that her father has been injured and taken to the Nightingale Sanitarium on East Fifty-fifth street. It's a case of life or death!"

"Y-yes, sir! I'll tell her at once, sir."

Penrhyn Fish's legs wobbled like those of an old man when he emerged from the telephone booth. He looked in the mirror by the cashier's desk. His hair had not turned white, but he observed to his horror that he had donned a gray sack coat over his blue pants and vest and had forgotten to put on a tie.

Penrhyn darted from the restaurant, slunk around the corner and leapt up the stairs to his rooms. The telephone was ringing when he entered.

"Is this Mr. Penrhyn Fisher Fish?"

"Yes, sir. I mean, yes, ma'am."

"This is the Mr. Fish, is it not, who submitted a patent for the loud speaker to the Radio Corporation?"

"Yes, yes. That is, I mean to say, yes. Yes, indeed."

"Well, Mr. Fish, I am Mr. Morgenant's secretary. The board met last night, it seems, and Mr. Morgenant would like to discuss the terms of a contract with you."

"Oh!" cried Penrhyn Fisher Fish. "Oh!"

"What is the matter? Are you in pain?"

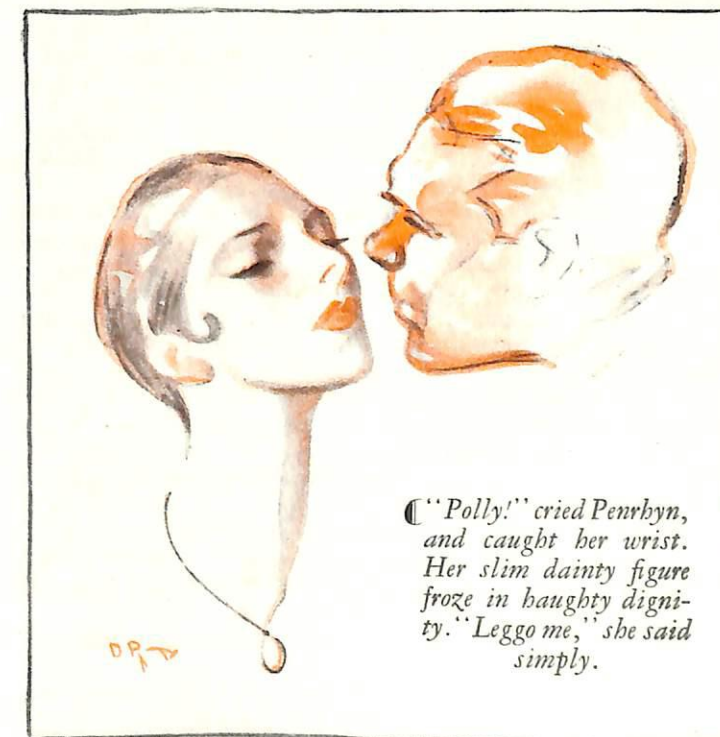
But Penrhyn Fish had cast the telephone from him. "I could have gone to Europe with them!" he was moaning.

And then, of a sudden, he leapt upon the telephone, which was talking quietly to itself on the floor.

"Hey, central! Central! Give me Mr. Ripper's office, quick. Number? What number? . . . Hello! Is this Mr. Ripper's office? Is he there? Gone!"

Penrhyn, confronted by the threat of a catastrophe which he himself had created, took but a moment to decide that he would have to reach the Sanitarium and explain things before Mr. Ripper got there. And he could do it, for Mr. Ripper had to come all the way from Forty-second street, whereas he need traverse but a matter of six or seven blocks.

To think, in such a situation, is to act. Penrhyn reached the bottom of two flights of stairs in about four leaps; he made the three blocks to the corner of Madison and Fifty-fifth street in a matter of seconds. Here he increased his



"Polly!" cried Penrhyn, and caught her wrist. Her slim dainty figure froze in haughty dignity. "Leggo me," she said simply.

speed, remembering that Mr. Ripper had a good five minutes start. When he reached the entrance to the grounds of the Nightingale Sanitarium he was entirely blown. His hat was gone, his sweating face was burning, his lungs were scraped, the flaps of the tieless soft collar stood up about his ears. But he noted cheerfully, from the signs of watchful waiting at the Sanitarium doorway, that Mr. Ripper had not shown up.

He recognized that the muscular man raking imaginary dead leaves from the lawn beside the entrance of the large brick building was one of the waiting attendants; and there were significant figures inside the dark cool corridor. As Penrhyn tripped lightly in, a woman in a nurse's uniform jumped from behind the receiving desk and hurried away.

"Hey!" called Penrhyn. "Wait! I want to talk to you."

"About who?" A large blue-jowled man in a white coat had appeared silently from nowhere at Penrhyn's side.

"About Mr. Ripper," said Penrhyn, feeling a touch of goose-flesh. "Hey! What you trying to do?" For the large man had grabbed him by the wrist.

"It's all right," said the man. "You just be quiet, and everything will be all right."

IN ANOTHER moment, not only Polly, but her father would be there. He would have to get things straightened out, and slip quietly away before they arrived. They would have missed their boat, they wouldn't know who had caused them to do it, the Count would have sailed, and if they took a later boat, he himself could sail with them. A beautiful prospect, and yet two other large soundless white-coated men with unattractive faces had materialized and were converging upon him.

"Now you let go me and listen," commanded Penrhyn.

"Get busy, Pat," growled the blue-jowled man. Pat rushed forward with shaggy eyebrows raised, his fanged mouth emitting garlic fumes, and Penrhyn, with a desperate squawk, socked him. Looking surprised, Pat stood stock still, and Penrhyn took advantage of the lull to kick the blue-jowled man on the shin and jerk his wrist free.

"I've got no time for this sort of thing," he told Blue-jowl severely. "I came here to tell you that Mr. Ripper isn't crazy; and I've got to leave before he comes."

"Crazy as a June bug!"

"Who?" asked Penrhyn.

But Blue-jowl's answer was lost in the noise accompanying a volley of shooting stars which began performing before Penrhyn's fascinated eyes. While Penrhyn watched the acrobatic constellations he had a dreamlike intimation of shuffling feet, of opposing forces and of garlic fumes. His head began to hurt, the stars faded, day returned, and like an overtone to some convulsion of nature, he heard a voice, which he somehow recognized as Pat's, howling: "Leave me at him agin, I tell you! Loose me, Doc, and leave me at him agin!"

Penrhyn looked about him and his blood ran cold. He was lying on an iron cot, in a white-walled room off the corridor. A restraining sheet covered him up to the arm pits, and he found that his arms, when he tried to move them, were secured by linen bands to the sides of the bedstead. A young gentleman with a mustache, addressed as Doc, and the attendants, were thrusting Pat from the room.

Penrhyn gave way to a perfect trance of horror. For from down the corridor he heard the music of a familiar voice. And it was joined by a sea-lion roar.

Penrhyn closed his eyes and lost himself in prayer. "If you keep those people out of this room . . ." this was the first condition of the compact which he offered the Almighty. In return, he agreed to cut out cigarettes, cease drinking, and lead a life by which in comparison the life of a Saint would be a blotted page. When he opened his eyes, however, he found at the foot of his bed, not only Mr. John Ripper and Polly; but the Doc; and, to make his cup overflow, Count Hans von Swaff.

"Good afternoon," said Penrhyn with dignity.

Mr. Ripper seemed to swell even larger inside his cutaway. Penrhyn felt a little alarmed for him at the way the cold gray eyes stuck out and the mustaches twitched.

"Dementia præcox with delusions of persecution," the Doc diagnosed readily.

"Oh!" Mr. Ripper released a long breath. "In that case perhaps he can't be blamed. Seemed funny he would get himself

into this pickle. But of course when they are crazy . . ." "Good we got him before something serious happened," said the Doc.

"Quite, quite," agreed the Count. "Well," boomed Mr. Ripper briskly. "We might as well be going, if that's what it is. We've missed our ship, but before I left the office I had reservations made on the Olympic sailing at two. I suppose you'll keep him tied up?"

"Rather!" answered the Doc positively.

"You people aren't talking about me, are you?" cried Penrhyn Fisher Fish. He had been endeavoring to catch Polly's eye. She was very lovely in the severe dark green traveling suit, and he observed that his cheap ivory locket still hung round her neck. But the sense of Mr. Ripper's words sank in. For Polly turned her blonde head toward him and in her gray eyes he saw fear and aversion.

"Listen, Mr. Ripper!" Penrhyn's desperation threw aside reserve. "This is what happened. I didn't want Polly to go off on the boat with the Count. I—I guess I was jealous. So I telephoned to you both, figuring you'd come here and miss the boat and the Count would go without you. I telephoned the Sanitarium that you were crazy and to hold you. Then, this morning, I discovered that the Radio Company had taken my patent, and I could afford to go to Europe with you. So I rushed down here to tell them not to bother you, and they tied me up, thinking I was you."

Penrhyn ostensibly was addressing Mr. Ripper, but his eyes were on Polly, who suddenly burst out weeping.

"Oh, Penrhyn! How could you do a thing like this!" She turned away and leaned her head against the nearest thing, which happened to be the Count's shoulder. The Count smiled until, over her ear, he caught sight of Penrhyn's glare, whereupon he began to whistle nervously.

"Listen, young man," Mr. Ripper shook a long finger. "You try to come on that boat with us this afternoon, and I'll have you arrested and jailed."

"Shall I let him up?" asked the Doc.

"Why, of course!" Polly almost screamed.

"I'd prefer to keep him a day or so for observation," said the Doctor. "That's safer."

"Quite," added the Count, and then, seeing that Penrhyn was being loosed, he scuttled out of the door. Mr. Ripper followed sedately after him, leading Polly by the arm.

It was with a dull eye and a heavy heart that Penrhyn Fisher Fish arose from the restraining sheets, muttering bitterly.

"Keep an eye on him, Pat," murmured the Doctor. But Penrhyn gave no heed. His stocky shoulders sagged in the torn gray coat as he dragged along the walk to the street. Mr. Ripper and his secretary in the limousine were waiting for Polly to start the red roadster, in which Count Hans von Swaff was sitting in state. For a final touch of mockery, the very hurdy-gurdy of the evening before wheeled up to the sidewalk.

Polly, leaning over the door, was scribbling with a silver pencil on a sheet of paper. As Penrhyn came near, she lifted the ivory locket off over her sleek blonde head, wrapped it in the paper and—in front of the Count; in front of Mr. Ripper and his secretary—threw it at Penrhyn's feet.

"That's yours!" she cried sharply.

PENRHYN stooped and from the granolithic walk picked up the little package. Beside the locket lay a platinum and diamond ring, in the unfolded paper. And the written words were:

"Penrhyn, darling. You've just got to come with us, or I will die. Sell this if you need any money."

At this moment a hurdy-gurdy burst into, "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby; No, Sir, Don't Mean Maybe." It was more than Penrhyn Fish could stand. "Whoopee!" he yelled, and broke into the joyful gyrations of a complicated Charleston, involving the wildest use of arms and ankles.

It was then that the Doc, peering out of the Sanitarium doorway, spoke in the accents of a slighted expert whose judgment has at last been vindicated.

"He's off again, boys," said the Doc. "You'd better go get him."

And the boys, led by Pat spitting into a horny palm, ran out right willingly and got him.

A Reg'lar HORATIO ALGER HERO

By Fred C. Kelly

Over the Unromantic Road of hard work this boy achieved his dream of a Castle in Spain

EVERY time I meet Mr. Augustus Nulle, managing-director of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, I think of the Horatio Alger stories I used to read when a youngster.

Nulle, like an Alger hero, started scratch and has succeeded by honest, painstaking effort rather than by short-cuts.

Indeed, a career such as Nulle's is a great annoyance to any of us who would like to find an excuse for not amounting to any more than we do. We always like to say: "Oh, well, he just had good breaks of luck."

Disliking arduous toil myself, I am always reluctant to recommend it to others. Yet Nulle's life does seem to indicate that for one who would get ahead in the world, work has much to be said in its favor. Of course, work may not be suitable to all temperaments, but it has been useful to Nulle.

Just fancy growing up within sight of one of the most famous hotels in the world, always thinking how wonderful it would seem to be the big boss of such a place—and later achieving that very thing! There in brief you have Nulle's career.

Nulle was born about forty-four years ago in 36th street, New York, literally within a stone's throw of the home of William Waldorf Astor, where ten years later the Waldorf was to provide, as George C. Boldt, its original head, was credited with saying, "luxury for the masses."

Nulle went to work when he was fourteen years old in a real estate office, but he went right ahead and finished his course in high school by attending night classes. You see he was a kind of Horatio Alger character right from the start.

He studied stenography and when eighteen years old was earning a fair living in the real estate office, but he kept thinking of the big hotel that he had seen built just around the corner from his home. Nothing else would satisfy him but becoming a hotel man. He didn't know exactly how to start, but one day he walked briskly into the Waldorf-Astoria and asked for a job as stenographer or in whatever capacity he might be useful.

He learned that they didn't happen to need a stenographer in the hotel itself, but that there might be a chance down in the basement where Mr. Boldt was conducting a cigar and importation company. There he did succeed in landing a job. He gave up his old place on Saturday night and took the new one Monday morning.

The work didn't take all his time. Instead of glorying in having spare moments in which to view the passing throng or discuss frivolous topics with his fellows, Nulle let it be known to one and all about the premises that he would welcome more work.

At that time, monthly bills of the hotel's customers were all written out with pen and ink by bill clerks in the main office. They did this when they found time and the result was delays in getting the bills out—with still more serious delays in receiving checks in payment. When the young stenographer down in the basement offered to help by addressing envelopes, there was much general rejoicing about the offices and his work greatly expedited collections. Incidentally, the job was equally valuable to him, for he became familiar with several thousand city accounts—the names and credit standing of that many persons in or near New York City.

Now, it is all right to meet up unexpectedly with oppor-



Underswood

tunity, but the surest way to do so is to lurk about where opportunity is likely to be. Perhaps Nulle had it in mind that in volunteering for extra work he was exposing himself to a meeting sooner or later with his Main Chance.

Be that as it may, one day Thomas Hilliard, Mr. Boldt's right-hand man, wished to dictate an important letter and Mr. Boldt was using his stenographer. Hilliard went through several offices looking for help and finally reached the cigar company's office in the basement. There he met a smiling young man who said that he was a stenographer and would gladly take down the letter. A little later, the young man delivered at Hilliard's office a letter correctly spelled and punctuated, neatly prepared, perhaps better put together than Hilliard could have done. Thereafter, when he had a letter to write, the proprietor's assistant sought the stenographer in the basement.

Not long after that Mr. Boldt's secretary fell ill and Nulle got the job. You see, he had been standing at the right place at the right time.

Nulle had a desk just back of the bill clerks and cashier. In those days, if the head waiter did not know a customer who signed a meal ticket, the waiter had to go to the bill clerk to learn if the customer had credit. This meant considerable delay, for the customer had to be detained, as diplomatically as possible, while somebody looked up the account.

The new secretary, however, knowing all the names on the credit list, got into the habit when he heard the waiters making an inquiry, of shouting "yes" or "no" according to his recollection of a customer's credit rating. This resulted in considerable speeding-up of service in the restaurants, and in better business. Soon afterwards Nulle became Credit Manager.

When the Boomer-du Pont Corporation bought control of the Waldorf-Astoria a few years ago, Boomer, the president, made Nulle his executive assistant. Only little more than a year ago, with the title of managing director, Nulle became head of the big hotel—the job that he had dreamed about when he had played about the neighborhood and saw the hotel built.

He is modest and self-effacing and this shows even in his dress—usually gray clothes with ties [Continued on page 85]

MYSTERY HOUSE

By LEROY SCOTT

(With the Murderer at bay, the beautiful Beatrice staggers Peter in a new rôle)

ARNOLDO, perceiving at last that Beatrice's amazing commands to him were spoken in deadly seriousness, slowly raised his hands, for the moment gagging over the words of stupefaction that would not come out. "Beatrice?" breathed the staggered Peter. "Beatrice?"

Then Arnoldo's words came, furious and chokingly hoarse. "Beatrice—what's this foolishness about?"

It was Peter that Beatrice's shaking voice answered, though eyes and pistol remained on Arnoldo. The voice was a bit steadier now, but it sounded a very thin voice, almost a dead voice.

"Peter—I've known you were Peter all along—from the afternoon you made your first call here as Mr. Delacroix."

"What!" exclaimed Peter.

"What!" exclaimed Arnoldo.

"I also have been playing a part, Peter—a very bad part." With a great effort she was striving to explain, as composedly as she could, a complicated matter in the fewest possible words. "I have had to act guilty, so you would suspect me and follow me; I intended you to follow me, to listen. And I have had to act hard, so that Arnoldo would think I was harder even than he was—so that he would not be afraid to tell me his part in those old murders, if he had a guilty part—and so you could overhear the truth."

"Beatrice!" breathed Peter, fairly stupefied by this new Beatrice swiftly taking shape before him.

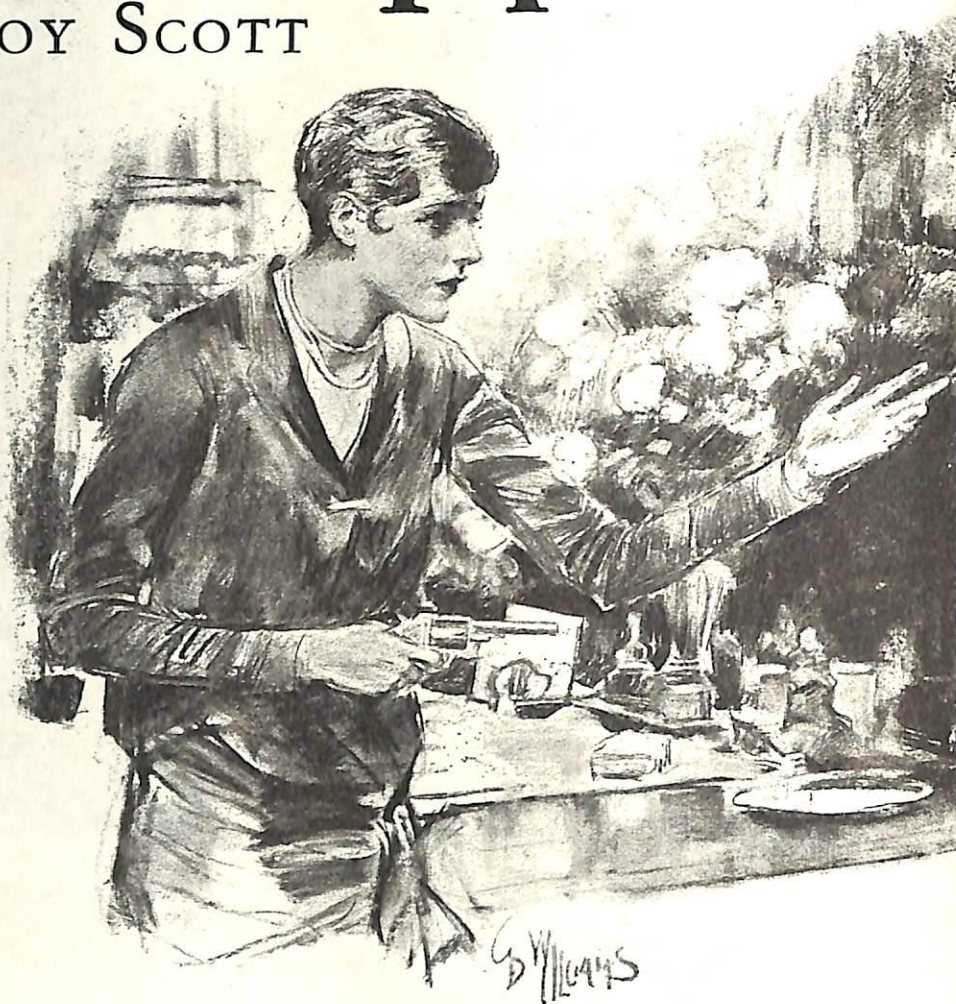
"I have known your every move, Peter—just what you were trying to do from the very start. And from the moment you entered this room, and long before, I knew just what your plan here was tonight. You see—you see—almost from the beginning—Dr. Grayson and I have been working together."

"You and Dr. Grayson!" ejaculated Peter, beginning to have a glimmer of the truth that lay behind some of the events that had puzzled him.

"Then you've been a traitor to me all along!" accused Arnoldo in choking fury.

"Not for one moment have I been a traitor to you, Arnoldo," she replied in that strange, strained voice that was now almost toneless. "I have acted a part, yes—but I have not done one thing—not one thing—which would have injured you had you been an innocent man. I was only after the truth." And then with a burst of emotional intensity: "Can't you both see my predicament—see that I simply had to know the truth? My husband was accused of murder! A man who had been my husband was accused of that murder! And I myself was also suspected of being implicated in that same murder. I had to know the truth for the sake of my own soul—and the only way I saw by which I might get at the truth was to act a part that would deceive you both!"

So great was Peter's awed amazement at this enlarging picture he was gaining of the different Beatrice, that for the mo-



ment he could only stare at her; the surprise to him of her true character, her motives, the part she had played, temporarily eclipsed all other results of his battle of wits with Arnoldo. Before this there had been a pounding and a rattling at the second door. Beatrice now backed towards the door, keeping her pistol on Arnoldo, and unlocked it. Grayson, Jackson and the two county detectives fairly tumbled in, Maida and Larry Kane just behind. At this reinforcement the pistol dropped from Beatrice's nerveless hand, but instantly the two officers were at Arnoldo's side.

"You put it over, Peter—Jackson and I heard every word of Arnoldo's confession!" Dr. Grayson cried joyously, gripping Peter's hand. He turned quickly to Beatrice, took her in his arms, and kissed her. "You were wonderful, Beatrice!—wonderful!"

SHE clung to him and sank shudderingly against his shoulder. "Oh, it was terrible to go through with," she breathed.

Jackson seized Peter's hand and regarded him with a gaze in which wonder was mingled with blazing admiration. "Peter Buchanan—and still alive!" he cried. "I think I overheard enough to understand your whole scheme. It was almost crazy in its brilliant daring—but I think it was the only method of detection that would ever have cleared up that old mystery!"

"Thank you," murmured Peter mechanically.

Since the entrance of Grayson and the others the trapped Arnoldo's gaze had been fixed in feverish calculation on Peter. He now turned to meet the eyes of the man who for him was the personification of the law's ultimate exactions. Now that a supreme crisis was upon him that called for the command of all his undoubted brilliant faculties, his unbridled emotions of a few moments before had been curbed, his



(Beatrice was addressing the dazed Peter, but eyes and gun remained on Arnoldo. "I had to make you think me guilty in order to make Arnoldo confess." "So you played the traitor!" hissed Arnoldo.)

wanted composure, his polish of manner, his bearing as a superior, had returned to him. Even at this moment, though under arrest, he managed to create the effect of the haughty, coolly defiant medieval prince in the power of presumptuous vassals.

"At the present moment, Mr. Prosecutor," he said to Jackson, "I have nothing to add to, and no comment to make upon what you may claim to have overheard. However, I can promise you that you will have no trouble with me when you remove me from here. May I therefore ask that I be excused from being handcuffed by your men?"

There was nothing unusual in this request, coming from a powerless prisoner who was making no struggle; and it was common enough to grant such requests to prisoners of position such as Arnoldo's.

"Leave the handcuffs off, Morgan," Jackson ordered the detective.

"Thank you, Mr. Jackson," Arnoldo said formally. And then slowly, his feverishly brilliant eyes penetratingly on Jackson: "I suppose, Mr. Jackson, you are already seeing my trial as one of those super-sensational affairs that the newspapers gorge the public upon, an affair on which you are going to ride high to glory!"

"It is not my doing, Mr. Dodge, that your case offers perhaps the most sensational material for the newspapers of any murder case within my memory."

"So I am to make another Roman holiday for the newspaper mobs," Arnoldo went on slowly, with his feverish intensity. "So I'm to be led captive behind your chariot of triumph, Jackson—and after the prolonged orgy of the newspapers—I'm to be led in further triumph to the chair of execution."

"What are you driving at, Dodge?" demanded Jackson.

Arnoldo made no reply. With no preliminary move that

would have given warning of his intention, he leaped like a flash upon Peter, and with his greater weight bore the unprepared Peter crashing to the floor.

"Damn you, Peter," he snarled, "you brought all this on me!"

In his fury he went at Peter as though he would rend him apart. The whirlwind attack was over in a moment, but when the two detectives dragged Arnoldo off, and Peter struggled to his feet, Peter's clothes were a semi-wreck although his face was hardly marked.

"Put the handcuffs on him!" roared Jackson. Arnoldo's big hands were now clenched fists, but he no longer objected and the handcuffs were snapped on. "So that was the big idea of not wanting to be handcuffed, Dodge—to have one last crack at your brother!"

"You always were a fool, Jackson!" Arnoldo replied, again poised and contemptuous. To Peter he turned with a sardonic smile: "You're not the only one who can stage a little hoax, Peter dear!"

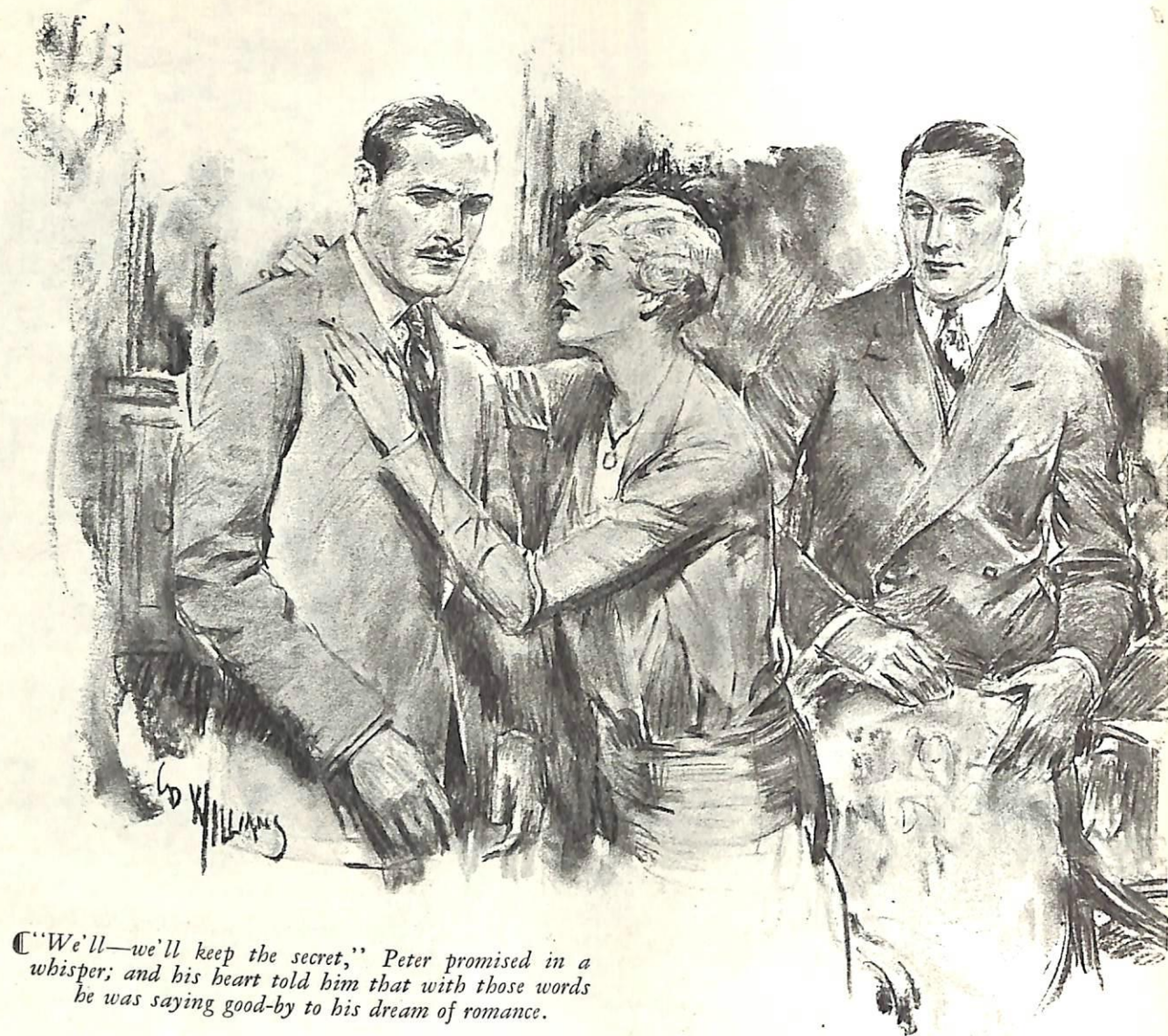
And then to Jackson, mockingly, his eyes glittering: "So you'll make me into another Roman holiday, will you! So you'll drag me in triumph through the newspapers for the mobs to stare at! Like hell you will!"

Before any could suspect the purpose behind his words, Arnoldo's handcuffed hands flashed to his face, one big fist to his mouth, and his head tilted backward. There came a choking, gasping cry of agony from him; then the handcuffed hands flung an object at Peter's feet.

"I still take the last trick!" he gasped. "Thanks, Peter, for the loan of your second bottle!"

Then Peter saw that the object Arnoldo had thrown at his feet was a little bottle. He clapped hands to the pockets of his vest; they were empty.

"That was a fake attack," cried Peter to them all, "and his



"We'll—we'll keep the secret," Peter promised in a whisper; and his heart told him that with those words he was saying good-by to his dream of romance.

real purpose was to get my bottle of carbolic from my pocket!" "I've beat you—to it, Jackson," Arnoldo panted in short breaths, "and that Roman holiday—you'll have to call off—and—"

His legs buckled under him, and he sank to his knees; then he pitched to the floor. Even as he fell Dr. Grayson was beside him with the little black bag which he had brought along equipped to rescue Peter in case in some lesser way than this his plan went wrong; but stomach pump and all Dr. Grayson's efforts had no effect on Arnoldo. Within twenty seconds after the poison passed his lips Arnoldo was unconscious; at the end of three minutes Dr. Grayson arose. "It's all over," he quietly announced to the group stunned by this swift culmination.

Peter looked dazedly down at the handsome face of the man who had so hated him, and had come so near making a wreck of all that life could hold for him.

"It's the best end for me, and for the state," added Jackson soberly. "He was so eager to go out without providing another Roman holiday for the newspaper that he didn't stop to think that in law we had none too good a case against him—little except his own confession—and that a man cannot be convicted of first degree murder upon nothing but his own testimony."

"But Tony here?" asked Peter.

"No court will accept Tony as a witness," said Jackson, "and no court will punish him for what his master hinted that he did. But he will be committed as dangerous to some institution for the rest of his life. Is he badly hurt, Dr. Grayson?"

"A pair of broken shoulders; he'll be all right again. I'm going to ask you, Jackson, to call up and rush another doctor in for Tony. And for the present I'm leaving you to handle the rest of this affair alone. This death means that there are

some new developments in family matters that must be talked out at once, and I think I belong in that talk rather than here. So you'll excuse us all, Jackson."

Dr. Grayson opened the door and ordered Peter, Beatrice, Maida and Larry from the scene of the swift tragedy into the genial living-room. Here Dr. Grayson put his two hands on Peter's shoulders.

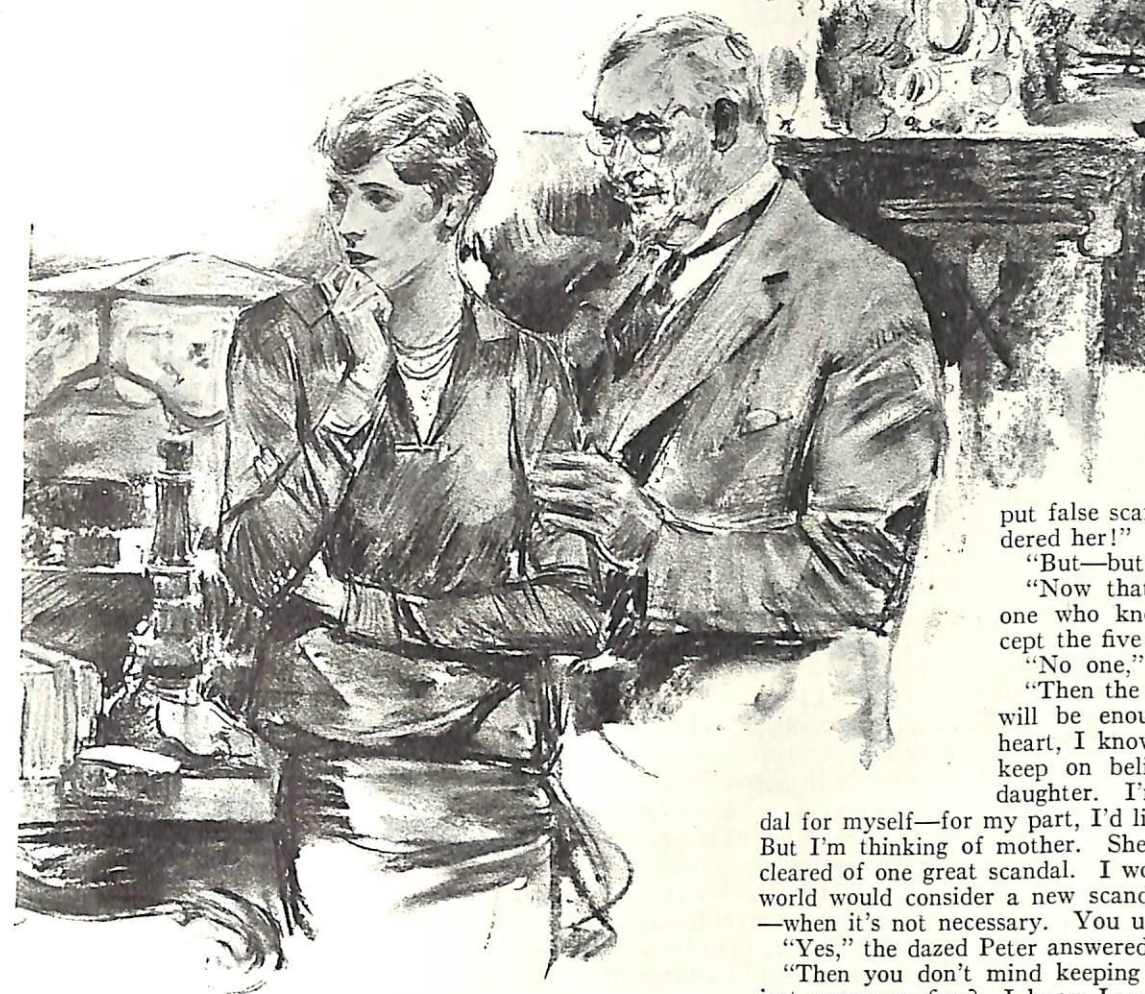
"At last that part is all over, Peter, and you've won out," he said with paternal gentleness. "At last you can be your own self—you are able to start life all over, with a clear record, almost as if you were a new person. I'm sure all of us here are very, very glad about it."

Indistinctly he heard the concurring murmur of all their voices, in which no voice had identity. Almost from the moment that Maida had come upon the scene in the library his eyes had sought her out, and he had noted that during what followed she had kept a stare of breathless awe upon him. Peter's gaze now fixed upon Maida's face: the face yet wore that staring, awed look of one to whom something has happened that is still beyond the mind's grasping.

"Yes, you've won out, Peter, and each of us wants to thank you and congratulate you," repeated Dr. Grayson. "Maida, you're first."

Peter was still too dazed by it all to speak with his lips as Maida moved slowly toward him, but his emotions were fairly shouting within him. He had won, yes! But as yet he had won only in that half of his plan which dealt with the solving of a mystery. He had not yet won in that half of his plan which aspired toward love, toward the romance which had been denied him. But now that his name was cleared, now that he dared be himself, he would go after the romance of which Maida had so long been the living embodiment.

And he would win her! He had cleared her mother—they



feeling I never had toward—toward Arnoldo—even though I had been brought up to believe him my father."

"But—but," put in the bewildered Peter, "that makes you—that makes you—"

"Illegitimate, yes. I've got used to that idea these last few days, have thought a lot about it. Don't you see that it means vastly more to me—in my soul, I mean—to be the natural daughter of a father who loves me and who loved and honored my mother and fought for her—than to be the legitimate daughter of a father who hated my mother, and

put false scandal upon her, and then murdered her!"

"But—but the public—"

"Now that Arnoldo's dead, there's no one who knows I'm your daughter except the five of us here, is there?"

"No one," agreed Peter.

"Then the public need never know! It will be enough for me if, in my own heart, I know the truth. Let the public keep on believing me Arnoldo Dodge's daughter. I'm not trying to avoid scandal for myself—for my part, I'd like to have the truth known. But I'm thinking of mother. She is going to have her name cleared of one great scandal. I wouldn't like to have what the world would consider a new scandal fastened on her memory—when it's not necessary. You understand, father?"

"Yes," the dazed Peter answered huskily. "Then you don't mind keeping it a secret? All of you—just among us five? I know Larry will agree, for awhile ago out on the terrace I told him the truth about who my father was."

She looked questioningly at Beatrice and Doctor Grayson. They remained silent and looked at Peter and waited; the answer to her question, to her amazing but happy misconception of the truth and to her proposal, belonged to Peter. He blinked dizzily at her; the world he thought he had so nearly won, he felt fantastically slipping away from under him.

"We'll—we'll keep the secret," Peter promised in a whisper; and his heart told him that with those words he was saying good-by to his dream of romance.

Beatrice and Dr. Grayson added their promises. "Oh, I'm so happy, father!" Maida kissed him again, and gazed with brimming eyes deep into his eyes. "Father . . . a real father . . . it's so wonderful!" And then a bit shyly: "But of course I can't call you father in public. What shall I call you? What I used to call you—Uncle Peter?"

"Make it Uncle Peter," he agreed. She turned to the strained and pallid Beatrice and put her arms about her neck. "I know I've been terrible to you, Beatrice. But then I didn't guess that the strange and hard things you did were because you were trying to solve the mystery—the same as father. I hope we're going to like each other better in the future."

"I've always liked you, dear," whispered Beatrice, "and I'll do my best to keep you my dearest friend—always—always!" The two women clung to each other in a tight kiss. Dr. Grayson had noted the strain Peter was under, and that of Beatrice; and he sought to relieve the tension with his brusque autocratic affection.

"It's high time two young people such as Maida and Larry Kane were investigating the moon. Out with you!"

Larry Kane held out a hand to Peter, which Peter accepted. "I'm hoping that some day I'm going to have the right to call you Uncle Peter," he said with blushing boldness, "and that when I do you'll know what I'm really calling you."

had worked together for that—yes, he would win her now! Maida was before him now, very, very pale, looking up at him with her great wide eyes that were still filled with an amazement almost beyond her mind's comprehension.

"So—you are really—really Peter Buchanan!" she said in her slow awed whisper.

"Yes, Maida," he whispered. "Then—then I understand something—something you said—that—that has puzzled me ever since the day you said it."

"What, Maida?" "Remember that day in the library? You said you loved me!"

"I do love you, Maida—I do love you!" "I know now that you do—and I know now just how you meant it that day!"

Suddenly the semi-paralysis of her amazement fell from her, and in the hysterical abandon of relief and joy she flung her arms about his neck.

"And I love you—I love you!" she cried. "I'm so happy—oh, I'm so happy!"

"Maida—dearest Maida!" he breathed. He had hoped to win her, but had never dreamed of such swift success as this! "I'm so happy!" she repeated, and clung to him more closely. "Oh, father—dear father—dear father!"

He stiffened galvanically, and his arms fell away from her, but she was too absorbed in her own great happiness to note this change in him. Not till this second did Peter remember that Arnoldo's lie about her paternity, to her made so convincing by seemingly authentic old love letters and confessions, had as yet been given no word of denial.

"I understand now why I always liked you so!" Maida sobbed happily on. "It was the instinctive feeling of a daughter for her father—though I never guessed what it was! It's a warm

"Out with you—both of you!" ordered Dr. Grayson gruffly. Together they went out into the night; and Peter, eyes on Maida, had the sense that with her love was walking out of his life.

As the young pair passed out of the room Dr. Grayson laid a hand on Peter's shoulder.

"So you've really given Maida up, Peter?" he asked searchingly.

"What else could I do?" Peter returned.

"You could have exploded that lie Maida believes."

"And have had her shudder with horror at her father all during her life! No, since she believed the lie, the lie had to stand—since that way meant happiness for her."

"And that—that's your final attitude?" quaveringly asked Beatrice.

"I'm her father—yes."

"Peter—I think—I think you're magnificent!" Beatrice choked out.

Peter regarded her dully, still numbed by this last of the unexpected issues of the night. "Why?"

"Because — because — I really wanted you to have her, Peter!" she cried. "After what you've been through you deserve all the love of a woman you can get. And I'm sure Maida would have had you, if she had been told the truth—if only out of gratitude for what you've done for her mother!"

She had spoken with deep feeling, sincere feeling. Peter was coming slowly out of his stupor, and was now steadily regarding her. Of a certainty this emotional Beatrice he had been seeing these last few minutes was not at all like the Beatrice who had been moving coldly and calculatingly through his mind these last three years.

"It's not been gratitude I've wanted, Beatrice—it's been love," was Peter's response.

His eyes had remained fixed upon Beatrice, and he was slowly beginning to realize, now that other surprises were over, that for him she was the most mysterious element of the whole mystery. Arnoldo he had understood and been right about from the start; his only problem regarding Arnoldo had been how to open his lips. But about Beatrice he had been all wrong; to him she was still unsolved mystery.

"Do you mind telling me your part in all this affair, Beatrice?" he finally asked her. "The little you said before Arnoldo was only enough to astound me—was not enough to make me understand."

"I can tell you everything—now." Her dark eyes held directly into his, there were tears in them, and there was a suppressed tremble in her voice. "Peter—I'm not going to try to tell you how—terribly I think I've treated you. I'll just say this much: that I was still rather young when we were married—was very proud and conceited—I wanted a lot of social life, a lot of attention—and I expected my husband to play the courtier. I was all wrong; I was a failure; I see that now."

"But then here's another point, Peter: somehow I never seemed able to get close to the real Peter Buchanan—the person who lived inside my husband. Peter, I've seen more of your social cleverness, your charm, your grace, your graciousness, in the little while you've been Mr. Delacroix than during all the period of our marriage."

"I'm not saying this now, Peter, to alibi myself for my failure as a wife, but to help you better understand what comes later. Arnoldo seemed to me everything that you were not; I suppose that's why I married him—you see I am being very frank. I had been married to him almost two years—this brings us up to about a year ago—when I began to suspect that Arnoldo was not so fine as he seemed, and that you were ever so much finer—that, perhaps, a very great wrong had been done you. I had nothing at that time to go on but suspicion—there seemed nothing I could do—but I saw Dr. Grayson and told him—"

"Wait!" interrupted Peter. "Dr. Grayson, have you—"

"Sure, Peter," Dr. Grayson grinned genially at him. "I've been double-dealing, double-crossing, playing both ends against the middle, right straight along. I began to plan with Beatrice a year ago at just about the time I began to plan with you."

"And you never told me!" exclaimed Peter. "To have told you all I knew, Peter, would have spoiled your plan—and also Beatrice's plan. And also it might have spoiled a third plan—my own."

"A third plan! You also have had a plan, doctor?"

"Of course!" grinned Dr. Grayson. "Any good neurologist or psychiatrist is a sort of detective. Has to be able to trail down all sorts of secrets about his clients' natures—things they consciously hide, or things about themselves they themselves do not even know—has to solve and straighten out all sorts of complicated human mysteries. So do you think, Peter, I could have been satisfied to have played along with you for a year on nothing more important than a plan to solve such an ordinary mystery as who killed whom? No, sir—all along I've had a plan of my own!"

"And that plan, doctor?" eagerly asked Peter.

"I'll tell my story last. Get along, Beatrice."

"As for myself, Peter," her tremulous voice went on, "I really had no definite plan. When you called that first time at Sound Crest, I knew you of course. Dr. Grayson had told me; but I'm sure I would have known you anyhow. When a woman has lived with a man as his wife, she notices little things about him which he forgets to hide and which other persons will overlook. But I had no idea of action for myself, not until you made those remarks about Hamlet."

"Yes, I remember. And you quoted that bit about the play's the thing!"

"Yes, the play's the thing. I knew that your plan was another version of Hamlet's plan. I decided to act a part in your play, without your knowing I [Continued on page 90]

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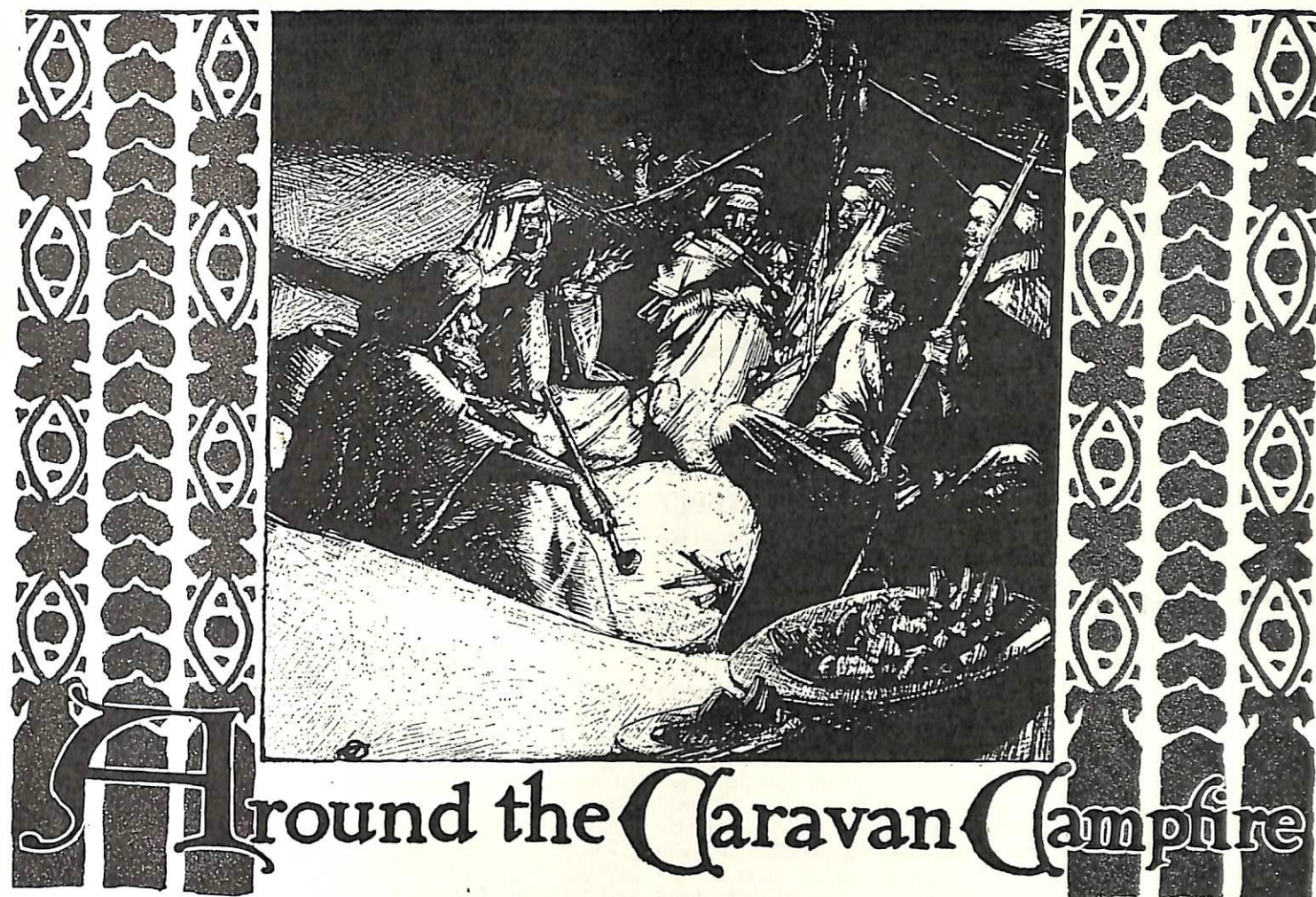
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By Roe Fulkerson

AN OLD bald-headed chap bought a toupee. To make it look natural he sprinkled salt on his shoulders to imitate dandruff. I am almost as bald and childish as that! When I get a bit older and more childish I am going to join the Boy Scouts.

I was a particularly lucky boy, because I was born in a small town. All summer long I went barefooted. I learned to drop my two garments on the creek bank by a single jerk and be first in the water. I fished, picked blackberries and chiggers, gathered birds' nests and poison ivy. In winter I trapped muskrats along the creek from frost fall till crocus blooming time! With the money from the muskrat skins I bought an old musket. It was much larger than the boy who carried it across the field in search of rabbits. It made a noise like the set brakes on a freight car and it always knocked me over when fired, but as it occasionally knocked over a rabbit also I was proud of both of us.

All old times were good times. I went back home this summer to visit the old spots. I wandered up the creek, which had dwindled to a very small stream indeed! I walked through the garden where I used to hoe a few onions and dig many angle worms. I stood in the room where I was born.

On the frame of the kitchen door in my old home are a series of deep scratches, of no interest to those now living in the house, but of much to me. They are well nigh filled with the several coats of paint which have been put on since my boyhood days, but they still show through. The right side of the door was mine. The scratches begin at about the height of my belt buckle. In our family a very solemn rite was performed on birthdays, when my father stood me with my back to the door jam and with his knife scratched a notch there to see how much I had grown in the last year, to determine, so he told me, how much he was getting in growth from the food he had stuffed in me in the last year.

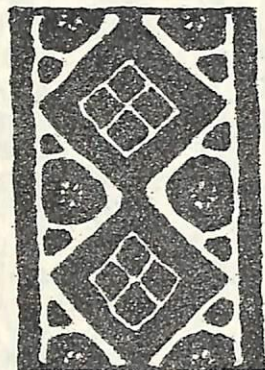
Inch by inch, like the divisions on a ruler, those scratches rose up the door jam till they reached over six feet. On the opposite jam is another series, which represent the growth of a brother, two years older. I recall with what pride I viewed the annual scratch which showed that I had passed him in height. A lump rose in my throat when I saw where the notches representing his growth stopped; I recalled as yesterday the tears and sorrow represented by their sudden end.

The frowsy kid who stood under the knife which made my notches is bald now. The six feet two inches which could once have been marked on that door jam have dwindled to six feet one and a half, showing the settling of age. As I remember the high hopes and ideals of the lad who once stood so proudly against that door jam, I wondered how nearly I had lived up to his aims. I wondered how well I had fulfilled the hopes of the proud father who made those notches with a hand long since stilled. The Black Camel has knelt at the doors of two of that group of four which once gathered around that kitchen door to record the growth of those gangling youths.

The highest notch on that door represented the limit of my physical growth. But there are two other kinds of growth. I rubbed my fingers wonderingly against those notches, asking myself if I had also finished my mental and spiritual growth.

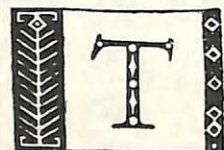
Wouldn't it be wonderful if Allah had provided us some way to record our mental and spiritual growth? Would it not be interesting if we could walk up each birthday to some other door jam on which notches showed whether we were more liberal, more charitable, more tolerant, more kindly, than the year before?

Two boys with whom I went to school, went into the ministry. One has grown into a big hearty glorious son of God who has labored for his Master with the same joy that he has worn his Shrine button. The other in his little village church has shrunk as narrow as his own [Continued on page 75]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

IN DECEMBER YOU WILL BE ADMONISHED TO LAUGH BY PRESS, PULPIT AND MOVIE



HAT mysterious Somebody who starts things has begun a movement to make December nineteen twenty-seven a laugh month. We will be admonished by press, pulpit and movie to open up the remote corners of our lungs with a good hearty laugh or two each day, being merry.

It is a good idea. The man who looks for something at which he may laugh will find it. This funny old world is filled with fat men in silk hats, ladies who look like they had been poured into their clothes and had forgotten to say "When!" flappers in goloshes and men smoking calabashes. Traffic cops now and then get hit by automobiles, dignified men slip and sit down on pavements, men pay ten dollar cover charges at night clubs, old men keep right on thinking that their young wives do not love them for their money and old ladies persist in having their faces lifted.

The world is full of things to laugh at. Not the least is the opportunity to laugh at oneself.

Things are tragedy or comedy according to whether we laugh at, or worry ourselves into sanatoriums about them.

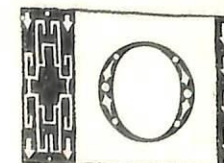
The Shrine has taught this gospel to its members for many years. The rest of the world is getting our philosophy. Who knows but what the movement in its maturity may offer prizes for the man who laughs most often during the month, the man who sees the thing most worth laughing at and the man who laughs the loudest?

It will be interesting to find out to which Temple each winner belongs. Some Noble will win all the prizes, because his years of experiences in looking for funny things and his tested lungs will respond more readily.

But would it be fair for a Shriner to accept such a prize? Can professional laughers compete in the same contest with rank amateurs with honor to themselves and to the fraternity? It is a matter for Imperial Council ruling.

Life offers few more pathetic sights than a young college graduate looking for some place to practise his profession of Bachelor of Arts.

A TEMPLE HAS ORGANIZED A COMMITTEE TO VISIT AND ENTERTAIN SICK AND BLIND



NE Temple of the Mystic Shrine which neither needs nor desires publicity started this year with an Allah-sent thought.

To the already too numerous standing committees which too often sit down is added one new one which will make its name blessed in the community in which it functions; the Institutional Entertainment Committee. In this particular case it is composed of the heads of each unit of the Temple.

Amplification or explanation of its functions are needless. The title speaks for itself so softly, sweetly and with real Shrine nobility.

In every city on this continent are homes for the aged, crippled children's hospitals, homes for the blind, retreats for the incurable, tuberculosis sanatoria and the like where humans are shut in. Many are without hope of relief, sitting tediously awaiting the call of the Grim Reaper. Their days are long and their nights filled with the black specter of despair.

Within the units of a Temple of the Mystic Shrine are hundreds of men who with music, singing, drills, fun making and ever ready Shrine smiles can lighten the burden of these afflicted.

These men need no urging. The visits would be so few that it would work a hardship on none. It would be a pleasure for them to do their bit. Nothing but practical supervision to make arrangements is needed.

Unselfish service is the room rent we pay for the space we occupy in this dandy old world. Nobles are never behind in their rent to the great Landlord. The idea is not copyrighted.

NOTHING SO ENCOURAGES A NOBLE'S INTEREST IN HIS LODGE AS REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS



AN is a creature of habit. He will put on his left sock first in the morning, he will kiss his wife on entering or leaving the house, he will carry an umbrella under his arm in such a way as to jab people in the midriff, he will grouch or laugh, depending on the habit he has formed on these weighty matters of every day life.

If he is deprived of his accustomed Saturday night game of quarter limit, he will grouch around the house, trying to make everyone else as miserable as he is.

That man accustomed to going to his lodge the first and third Wednesday soon becomes a regular attendant. He will miss Shrine meeting after Shrine meeting because he forgets the night.

Some Temples meet on call of the Potentate. Others have regular meeting nights. Attendance on Shrine meetings has never been one of its big problems because there are so many members that if they all came at once it would be difficult to find a hall large enough to hold them.

Attendance is desirable. No one thing so encourages it as a regular monthly meeting. Each meeting need not be a ceremonial, nor give the traditional banquet. It is not possible for out of town members to attend all such meetings. When ceremonial meetings come, the load of work and entertainment falls on the Nobles of the city in which the Temple is located. Regular monthly meetings tend to tie them in to Shrine work. Each additional water carrier makes more green the oasis and each added camel feeder adds to the fatness of all the beasts in the caravan.

A man marries a widow because he knows she has tried reforming one man. Realizing the uselessness of her work, she will let her second sin in peace.

A Man, A Vision and A Picture

Allen Ratterree's Inspirational Motion Picture—
An EQUAL CHANCE—which brings the Appeal of the
Crippled Child directly before the Shrine Nobility

IMAGINATION and sympathy: these are the qualities that conquer the world.

Eight years ago Noble Allen H. Ratterree arrived in Los Angeles with \$600. Today he is rated among the wealthy men of that astonishing metropolis. By the application of creative imagination he changed meadows and open fields into prosperous, thriving communities and amassed a fortune in the process. A common story in that land of miracles and sunshine. If he had merely "made money" he might have been recognized as a community builder, a good and desirable citizen and—another Babbitt.

But Allen Ratterree had a big heart.

Beginning life as a poor boy but possessed of an insatiable wanderlust and infinite resourcefulness, he started out to see the world. While he was in his teens he had toured the United States and the railroads were none the richer for his passage. He had camped—followed the American army into the jungles of the Philippines being too young for formal enlistment, in pursuit of the elusive and treacherous Moro. He had penetrated into the interior of China, on the heels of the Boxer Rebellion, leaving the coast penniless and returning with several thousand dollars legitimately acquired by shrewd merchandizing. He hobnobbed with British soldiers in India, bunked with Lascar sailors on the Red Sea, and wandered perfectly at home among the cathedrals and market places of Europe.

In his journeyings, he saw much but felt more. Naturally sensitive, and although as becomes a "go-getter" he would deny it, romantic and poetic, his heart was touched with the universal suffering, especially the crushing burden of agony imposed upon the heart of innocent childhood. So when fortune smiled upon him he builded a hospital for abandoned babies, and in Los Angeles the "Allen Jr. Home for Babies" is recognized as



(Above) An idle moment on the lot. Allen Ratterree, Joyce Coad, Philippe de Lacy.



(Above) Dorothy Cumming, who brilliantly portrays the part of the Mother.



(Above) The famous star, Philippe de Lacy, who plays the cripple.



(Above) A street scene in the Shrine Motion Picture.



(Left) A scene from the Shrine "Movie" "An Equal Chance", Dorothy Cumming as the mother, Philippe de Lacy, the crippled boy, and Frank Hagney as the father.



(Right) Nick Grinde directing the Shrine motion picture, "An Equal Chance."

one of the most beautiful and most effective philanthropies of the city. No one else is permitted to contribute a dollar toward its support. It is his philanthropy, a benevolent monopoly, and hundreds of pitiful little waifs have been taken in, nursed to health and strength and laughing babyhood, and placed in good homes.

When Allen Ratterree became a Shriner it was but natural that he should dedicate himself to the hospitals for Crippled Children. Here he found a philanthropy that touched his imagination, fired his enthusiasm. On the one hand he saw the armies of crippled children 300,000 of them, their twisted, tortured bodies crying piteously for help. He saw another army—600,000 laughing, singing, cheering men—successful men, who held in their hands limitless wealth and power. He saw too the effective work accomplished by the fifteen hospitals for crippled children maintained by this joyous, influential

fraternity. But while the work was splendid it was so tragically inadequate to the need.

If one could bring the appeal of the crippled children to this wonderful army of good fellows in a vivid and spectacular way, there could be no doubt of the spontaneity, and wholeheartedness of the response. Instead of a million dollars a year contribution, why not five millions? Instead of fifteen hospitals, why not thirty? Visualize the heart-break of the crippled child and these men, with hearts of boys, would pour out the largesse of their sympathy in a golden stream.

How could this be done? Obviously, by a moving picture.

So, hopping into his automobile, Allen Ratterree drove over to Culver City and put his problem before the powers that be in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. If a film was to be prepared for the detection of the Nobility of the Shrine, [Continued on page 63]

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE ROGERS HORNSBY
Moolah Temple
St. Louis, Mo.

Noble Rogers Hornsby scarcely needs introduction to the hall of fame. Is there anyone who does not know his record?

Here is a young man, born in 1896, who has climbed, since 1914, to the very pinnacle of baseball fame, where he and Babe Ruth sit enthroned. The St. Louis Cardinals bought him that year for \$500—try and figure out the profit on that investment!

He was made manager of the Cardinals in 1925, and the next year did what few other star players, appointed managers in the prime of their baseball lives, have ever done—won a pennant, and, on top of that, the world's championship. Now, in spite of his having brought St. Louis its first major league pennant, Hornsby is with the Giants, in New York. He holds the major league batting record with his superb average of .424, made in 1924, and in 1922 he set the National League home run record, with a total of 42.

Though he now plays ball in New York, Noble Hornsby still owes allegiance to Moolah, of St. Louis, in the Shrine.



NOBLE JAMES O. GULEKE
Khiva Temple
Amarillo, Texas

They deal in something besides oil and shorthorns in Texas. Noble James O. Guleke, Potentate of Khiva, Amarillo, Texas, shows that.

Jimmy Guleke decided, as a young man, that while chasing the trail of oil was all very well, and might lead to riches, there were other things a man could do—and one of them was to qualify himself to profit by that

basic trait of human nature that leads men to get into disputes. So he went to the University of Texas, worked his way through the college, and then went on until he had worked his way through law school, too.

He is known far beyond Amarillo now, though he is still a young man, and is one of the prominent lawyers of the Texas Panhandle. He is married, and always has time every day to play with his two little girls. Under him Khiva has prospered mightily, and he has had special success in putting snap into the work of the Uniformed Bodies.



NOBLE HENRY C. HEINZ
Yaarab Temple
Atlanta, Georgia

Everyone in Atlanta knows Noble Henry C. Heinz, Past Potentate (he had a two year term) of Yaarab Temple. No wonder. He is prominent as a banker, treasurer and working head of a leading cotton storage company, and a leading spirit in the Dinkler Hotels Company, operating a chain of hotels in the southeast, to say nothing of being treasurer of Kiwanis International.

Noble Heinz says his biggest job is "looking after the regular members of my household." That sounds as if it might mean more than appears on the surface. Is Noble Heinz taking a sly dig at the younger generation? Probably not, for he is a good-natured man, and without that sort of guile.



NOBLE L. A. CORNELIUS
Saladin Temple
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Once Noble Louis A. Cornelius, of Saladin Temple, Grand Rapids, Michigan, went on a hunting trip in the Canadian Rockies with Nobles Powers and Skinner. And Noble Powers—or Skinner, history doesn't now record which—got into serious trouble, when he lost the gold bead of his gunsight.

"Hold everything!" said Noble Cornelius. "Help is near!"

They looked at him in astonishment as he stood, mouth working. A finger went into it; in a moment, with a cry of triumph he held out something that gleamed and glistened in the sun. A gold filling! There was meat for supper.

Naturally, a man so resourceful has held high office in the Shrine. Noble Cornelius is a Past Potentate of Saladin, a Permanent Representative to the Imperial Council, and an honorary 33°.



NOBLE CHARLES E. LOCKE
Osman Temple
St. Paul, Minn.

Old sayings die hard, but here's one minister's son who shows no sign of coming to a bad end—Noble Charles Edward Locke, of Osman Temple, St. Paul, who is Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the St. Paul area, which includes in his diocese Minnesota, Wisconsin and South Dakota. Bishop Locke was born in Pittsburgh while his father occupied a pulpit in that city.

But if Bishop Locke's career deals a blow to one adage it supports another—the one that says that blood will tell. He is a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell and the first Lockes came to this country in 1623 in the Planter. In 1766, in the home of William Locke and Sarah Cromwell Locke in Maryland there was held the first Methodist meeting in America, a meeting antedating the opening of Lovely Lane Chapel, the first Methodist church in this country.

Bishop Locke is a 32nd degree Mason. He had served as pastor in the Western Reserve of Ohio, on the Pacific coast, in Brooklyn and in Buffalo before he became Bishop and was sent, at his own request, to the Philippines. While pastor in Buffalo he preached the funeral sermon of President McKinley. He also officiated at the funeral of Ira D. Sankey, the great gospel singer. Bishop Locke is a famous and much sought after speaker.

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE T. M. HOFMEISTER
Syria Temple
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Noble Theodore M. Hofmeister of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, has had as varied and picturesque a career as any member of the Shrine, to state the facts conservatively. He is a clergyman and a noted evangelist, but he has been almost everything.

He had to start making his living early, and began as a Pittsburgh newsboy. He was an ice-man. He worked at a soda fountain. He was a butcher's delivery boy, and a greaser in the street railway power house. He hit the sawdust trail early, and ever since has been interested in religion, especially as a revivalist.

But he is of the church militant—as becomes a great admirer of the Rev. Billy Sunday. They call him the fighting parson in Pittsburgh—and they ought to know. He has, to make good his views on reform, and show that he can act as well as talk, been a detective, a deputy sheriff, chief of police. He lives in Salem, Ohio, now, and has toured the Ohio prisons, with special credentials from Governor Donahey.



NOBLE FRANK S. LEAVITT
Mahi Temple
Miami, Florida

Noble Frank S. Leavitt, of Mahi Temple, is the biggest traffic officer in Miami. Noble H. Leslie Quigg, of the same Temple, is the biggest policeman in Miami—not in poundage or footage, but in importance. He's Chief. These are good things for Shriners who expect to attend the next session of the Imperial Council to remember, because it is to be held in Miami, May 1, 2, 3, 1928.

Chief Quigg gave Officer Leavitt a month's leave of absence not long ago, and Noble Leavitt came north. The change in designation isn't accidental, nor does it represent simply an effort to avoid repetition. It was Noble Leavitt who came north; Traffic Officer Leavitt was taking a real vacation.

And Noble Leavitt came as a self-appointed herald of the glories of Miami, an unpaid advance agent for the good times Miami is preparing for the visiting nobility. Crescent Temple, Trenton, heard the good news from Noble Leavitt first; then he attended the Golden Jubilee of Pyramid, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and extra cars will be needed next April, as a result of his eloquence, on that through train that runs from New England points to Florida.

Noble Leavitt is a poor man to argue with—he wouldn't hold his job as a traffic officer long if he weren't. He was in the army for eleven years; then he spent ten years among the pachyderms of the wrestling ring. A man who has tried falls with Stecher, Strangler Lewis, Londos, Stenke and Zybszko is ready to quell the argumentative spirit in anything short of a five-ton truck.



NOBLE H. M. TOWNER
Za-Ga-Zig Temple
Des Moines, Iowa

Noble Horace M. Towner, of Za-Ga-Zig Temple, Des Moines, seldom sees the waving cornfields of Iowa these days. He has given up his peaceful home in Corning, Iowa, and lives in exile. But he is Governor of Porto Rico, and lives in what would be called a palace in San Juan, were this not a democracy. Porto Rico is not as well known as some of the islands of the Caribbean, but to

know it is to love it, and it may be that the canefields make up to Noble Towner for those long miles of waving corn.

Noble Towner, a life long Republican, was for years a judge in Iowa, and served six terms in Congress, resigning to accept appointment as Governor of Porto Rico.

NOBLE OSCAR TSCHIRKY
Mecca Temple
New York City

Speak of Noble Oscar Tschirky, of Mecca Temple, New York, and most people will look a little puzzled, as if they were trying to recall where they had heard the name before. But say just Oscar and they'll know. Of course! Oscar of the Waldorf—the famous maitre d'hotel of the most famous of hotels. Even Who's Who in America surrenders—that dignified volume contains the name, properly filled out, in alphabetical place—but adds, in parentheses "Oscar of the Waldorf".

Naturally, being a great hotel man, Oscar was born in Switzerland, but he came to America in 1883, when he was 17, and was naturalized five years later. He has decorations from five European rulers, for whose comfort he has cared while they were visiting New York, and he probably knows more people, here and abroad, than any man in America. He has been with the Waldorf ever since it was opened in 1893, and, though he is a rich man, now, and needn't work at all, he is still at his post.



NOBLE A. M. FREE
Islam Temple
San Francisco, Cal.

Noble A. M. Free, of San Jose, California, and Islam Temple, is the father of two sets of twins. By way of compensation he is President of the Fathers of Twins Society of the Congress of the United States, for the Eighth California district sent him to Congress in 1920 and has kept him there ever since. Before he went to Congress he was district attorney of Santa Clara County, California.

He is a famous orator, and the Knights Templar and the Scottish Rite have often called upon him in that capacity. He is a member of San Jose Consistory No. 10 and was once Junior Warden of Fraternity Lodge No. 199.



ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE Goes to Canada

THE Imperial Potentate arrived at Bangor, Maine, on August 25th, and was met by a delegation from Anah Temple, headed by Potentate Carus T. Spear, Assistant Rabban Charles A. Potter and Past Potentates Wescott, Woodbury and Reynolds.

The ladies in the Imperial Party, Miss Margaret Dunbar and Mrs. Clifford H. Bradt, were entertained during the day at Bar Harbor under the direction of Mrs. Spear.

The Imperial Potentate was given a luncheon at the Temcelle Club, and was afterward escorted by Anah Temple's Patrol, Band and Drum Corps to the Maine State Fair.

After a dinner at the auditorium, a Ceremonial was held and thirteen Novices crossed the hot sands.

After the Imperial Potentate's address, Past Potentate George M. Hendee, of Melha Temple, Springfield, Mass., was introduced and spoke on the accomplishments of the Shriners Hospitals.

The Imperial Potentate's party left that night and was met at St. John, N. B., next morning by Potentate LeBaron Wilson and a delegation from Luxor Temple.

After a short stay, the party proceeded to Grand Lake as the guests of Dr. Tingley and Past Potentate William Tapp, and were taken next morning to Lake Gibraltar, forty miles away, where they remained and enjoyed a delightful rest until Monday, August 29th. Proceeding, they arrived at Halifax that evening and were met by a delegation from Philae Temple, headed by Potentate Fred S. Burns.

The Imperial Potentate officially opened the Masonic Fair



(Imperial Potentate Dunbar and Potentate Sam Blair of Bagdad dressed for a trip through a Butte copper mine.)

at the Armories, and was escorted from there by Potentate Burns and Past Grand Masters Davis and Winfield to the Masonic Temple where a banquet was served to the two hundred Nobles present. A Masonic Orchestra of thirty pieces furnished excellent music for the occasion.

The Imperial Potentate was introduced by Recorder M. McF. Hall, and spoke on Imperial Council matters.

Past Potentate George M. Hendee, of Melha Temple, was also introduced, and as he is Chairman of the Hospital Board at Springfield, Mass., he was in position to give authoritative information relative to the operation of a hospital.

After an automobile ride around the city, the Imperial Party left in the early afternoon for Kentville, which was a delightful ride through the Annapolis Valley—the land of Evangeline. At Kentville they were the guests of Noble A. E. H. Chesley.

The next morning the party drove to Digby and had lunch at the Pines Hotel, the guests of Noble Jones.

That afternoon they took the steamer "Empress" for St. John, N. B., where they were met in the early evening by Potentate Burns and a delegation, and a banquet was held at the Masonic Temple.

On September 1st the Imperial Party was taken for a ride up the Kennebecasis River to Belle-Isle where lunch was served at Wayside Inn, Hampton.

Returning, the party proceeded to Montreal where they arrived at eight o'clock next morning. They were met here by Potentate D. Fred Morgan, Recorder William Macklaier, Past Potentate Percy Clarkson, Noble Henry Elliott, and a delegation of Karnak Nobles.

After breakfast at the Windsor Hotel, the party visited the Shriners Hospital for Crippled [Continued on page 86]



(The Imperial Potentate and Albert J. Stephens, Potentate of El Zagal, Fargo, N. D.)



(Noble Dunbar and his host, Potentate W. H. A. Hill, Wa-Wa Temple, Regina, Canada.)



(At Winnipeg Unit the Imperial visitor made friends with all the little patients.)



(The head of all the Shriners and the Chief of the Cree Indians in Canada.)

NOVEMBER, 1927

49

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security



PROTECTION

Protection for those who go . . . protection for those who stay—is it fair to yourself and your loved ones to leave it entirely in the hands of others?

How few among us are immune, upon being left alone in isolated places, to an inward feeling of dread? Fearful, apprehensive thoughts, too, for the one who has departed on a journey which may take him, alone, to unprotected and dangerous places before he returns.

A revolver of the modern super-safety type made by Smith &

Wesson—in which accidental discharge by adult or child is absolutely impossible—can be as readily and expertly handled by a woman as by a man.

With its possession comes a tranquil feeling of satisfaction. The feeling that, while the chances are you will not be molested, the certainty is that you are at least prepared for very vigorous self-protection in the event of frightful need.

Somewhere, every day, the things are happening which go into the newspapers the next day.

1. The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.
 2. A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.
 3. To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.
 4. The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.
 5. A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.
 6. The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."
- That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has enabled us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to protect the individual.

Our Descriptive Booklet T may interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

The Largest Fraternal Band in the World

ALEPPO Temple's Drum Corps



The big Bass Drums have to be mounted on a carriage.



Lewis A. Harlow, Aleppo's Band Instructor and Concert Master.

Walter W. Morrison, founder of the Band when Potentate.

Louis Harlow, Leader, created the famous Band twelve years ago.

WHEN Noble Louis Harlow, of Aleppo Temple, Boston, was a boy his great ambition in life was to be a drummer. He became a good one, and learned to play the fife, too. Music appealed to him as a lad, anyway; he loved it. But business called him; the sober facts of life presented their demands; he turned from the muse and began to manufacture silverware and he still does.

But he never forgot his first love. In time he became the father of a son, named Lewis A. Harlow. The boy could play the piano when he was seven; his father encouraged him in every way. He wrote music at school and college; at Harvard he specialized in music, composed the music for the Pi Eta shows—and, rarest of feats for an undergraduate composer, orchestrated it himself.

Twelve years ago Walter W. Morrison was Potentate of Aleppo. He decided, one day, that Aleppo ought to have a fife and drum corps. He knew Louis Harlow's love for music. So he asked him if he could organize a drum corps—and, what was more, have it ready in time to play at the Imperial Council session in Buffalo just three weeks later. Harlow said he would try, and he did, and at Buffalo the famous Aleppo Drum Corps made its first public appearance, twenty-five strong—just drums and fifes.

Lewis Harlow was instructor, then, as he is today; his father was then, as now, leader. But how the Aleppo Drum Corps has grown! Now it has 226 members. Besides Louis Harlow, its leader, and Lewis Harlow, its concert master, it has a drum major and—and this is unique—a semaphore sergeant. Because the band is much too big to take its

leads, while it is on the march, from even the biggest and most efficient drum major who ever twirled a baton.

The semaphore sergeant carries a glass box at the end of a long pole. And it flashes electric signals, in color, for all the world like a traffic tower. Lights stop the band and start the drums to beating time. Then the number of the next piece is flashed; after eight measures, precisely, the whole band begins to play. And that is just one of the Harlow inventions.

It's a joke to call the Band Harlow leads now a drum corps, but that's what Aleppo's Band always has been called and always will be. It's the biggest fraternal band in the world; it is one of the best bands that ever played a march.

Harlow liked the little old fife and drum corps. But the fifes were pretty tinny, he thought. They cost \$1.57 a piece. So Louis Harlow experimented till he got a sort of fife-flute, with a fine, full tone. It costs \$80 and the Aleppo Drum Corps owns thirty of them out of a total of thirty-one known to exist—the odd one having been made, with Harlow's permission, for the collection of a Los Angeles man whose hobby it is to collect flutes.

SO IT has gone. Harlow didn't want a band; he wanted a symphony orchestra that could march. Now a man can't walk along playing a grand piano or a bass viol, but he could, Harlow decided, have a xylophone strapped to his waist, if it were built like a fan. Now he has seven such instruments. He worked the marimba into a marching instrument, too, in the same way. He carries a sarrusaphone and a contra bassoon—never thought of before for a marching band—he bought the contra bassoon when the Kansas City Orchestra was disbanded.

He welded a trombone and a trumpet into an instrument he calls a trombet—just to fool the cornet players he wanted to play third cornet parts. (Amateur players hate to play the third cornet; it's hard work and really calls for virtuoso playing. But you can't play anything but the third cornet part on a trombet, try as you will.) The bass drums of the Aleppo Band are so big that they have to be mounted, all four of them, on a rubber tired carriage Harlow designed, which is drawn by two men while the drummers walk behind.

The Band practises every Monday night; the rehearsals are broadcast by WBZ and WBZA. No one is paid. One member, William Gems, a wholesale millinery man, who has moved to New York, goes over every Monday night to play the bass tuba. He used to be with Sousa, and any band would be glad to have him.

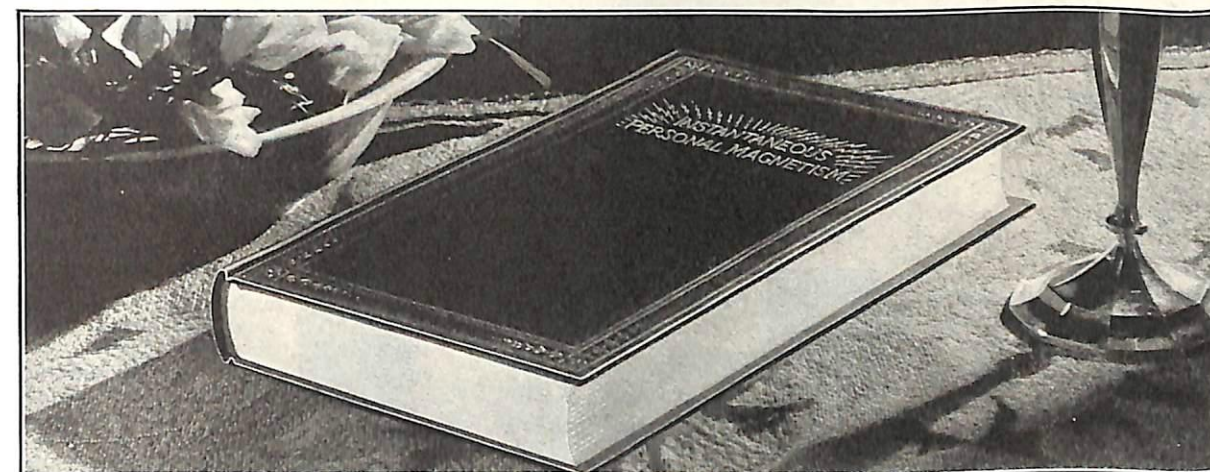
Louis Harlow does the scoring for the Band. It takes him twenty hours to make an orchestration. He scores for 42 drums, 11 trombets, 30 fife flutes, seven xylofons, two marimbaphans, sarrusaphone, contra bassoon and any number of saxophones that run the whole gamut of the scale. And—nine banjos! Actually! Louis Harlow wanted strings, and his son worked till he figured a way to tune those banjos into harmony with the woodwinds.

Not long ago the Aleppo Drum Corps had the distinction of being, so far as anyone has been able to learn, the first Masonic band that ever played at a Knights of Columbus affair. Valladolid Council of Lynn, K. of C., was getting up a barbecue to raise money for a free gymnasium for the boys and girls of Lynn, and asked Aleppo for help—which it got, with the Drum Corps doing its bit.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]

This Singular Book Wiends a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!



Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves.

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly*! It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously*!

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings*!

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay \$25 or \$50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all*! And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul become clear, beautiful, expressive—luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

What priceless benefits!—so profound!—so far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume, "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

Read This Book 5 Days Free

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit the Special Price of only \$3 in full payment. This volume was originally published to sell at \$5—but in order to reach as many readers as possible—it is being offered at this special reduced price. This offer may never appear again, so you are urged to act at once, before it is withdrawn. Remember—you do not pay us unless you decide to keep the book. You risk nothing—so clip and mail this coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 180-T, Meriden, Conn.

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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3 in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



This photograph gives an idea of the size of the great Aleppo Drum Corps. Because it is so large (it has 226 members) the Band has to have a semaphore sergeant who carries a glass box on a long pole which flashes the leads by electric signals.



Another Shrine for Twisted Bodies

Dedication of the Greenville Unit

By J. A. Daly of Oasis Temple

THE MYSTIC Shrine's humanitarianism attained further materialization at an impressive ceremony at Greenville, S. C., on September 26th, when the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children was dedicated by Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, of Providence, R. I., in the presence of an audience gathered from several states.

The occasion, one that is memorable particularly for the members of the Shrine in South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia, was given an added touch of the spectacular by the participation of the uniformed bodies of four Temples. A parade of these Bodies, led by their Bands, with hundreds of red-fezzed Nobles following in the long line, aroused to a high degree the keen interest of the residents of Greenville, a beautiful little educational and industrial center nestling in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The wholly modern hospital, frequently referred to by those taking part in its dedication as a shrine for children of warped and twisted bodies,



(Above) Some of the first patients admitted to the Greenville Unit, Shrine Hospital, with house staff and guests.



(Left) Mr. W. W. Burgess gave \$350,000 for the Shrine Hospital at Greenville. He is not a Mason.

walk away," was a statement privately made by Mr. Burgess as he referred to what is highly esteemed by Shriners of the Southeastern States as an act of generosity seldom equalled.

The hospital is situated three miles from Greenville on a trunk highway that extends from Canada to the Gulf. By the roadside stands a large sign informing those who speed by of the mission of the institution. Within the stone, brick and concrete walls of the structure are contained every modern convenience and necessity for the successful operation of a hospital of this kind. Many luxuries also are provided, representing the interest of individuals and organizations not affiliated with the Mystic Shrine or the Masonic fraternity. The whole people of Greenville and of the two Carolinas have shown in many substantial ways their desire to assist so commendable an undertaking.

Hejaz Temple, Greenville, and Omar Temple, Charleston, underwrote the deficit above \$350,000 and cooperated with Mr. Burgess in every way possible. Hejaz Temple also played nobly



(Noble J. M. Holmes, Chairman, (Noble M. L. Smith, Potentate, Hejaz, (Noble A. H. Mackey, Secretary.

The
BOARD
of
GOVERNORS



(Noble J. R. Johnson, Trustee, (Noble G. T. Bryan, Trustee, (Noble B. E. Geer, Trustee.



(Noble J. A. Piper, Trustee, (Noble L. C. Harris, Trustee.

represents in a material way the love of a man, who is not a member of the Masonic fraternity, for unfortunate childhood. W. W. Burgess, of Greenville, moderately wealthy business man and real estate dealer, contributed \$350,000 for the construction of the institution. The first eleven patients were received early in September and now the capacity for the present has been reached. When the waiting list includes the names of 100 crippled children, the Board of Governors hopes to obtain authority from the National Board of Trustees to increase the capacity from fifty to sixty patients.

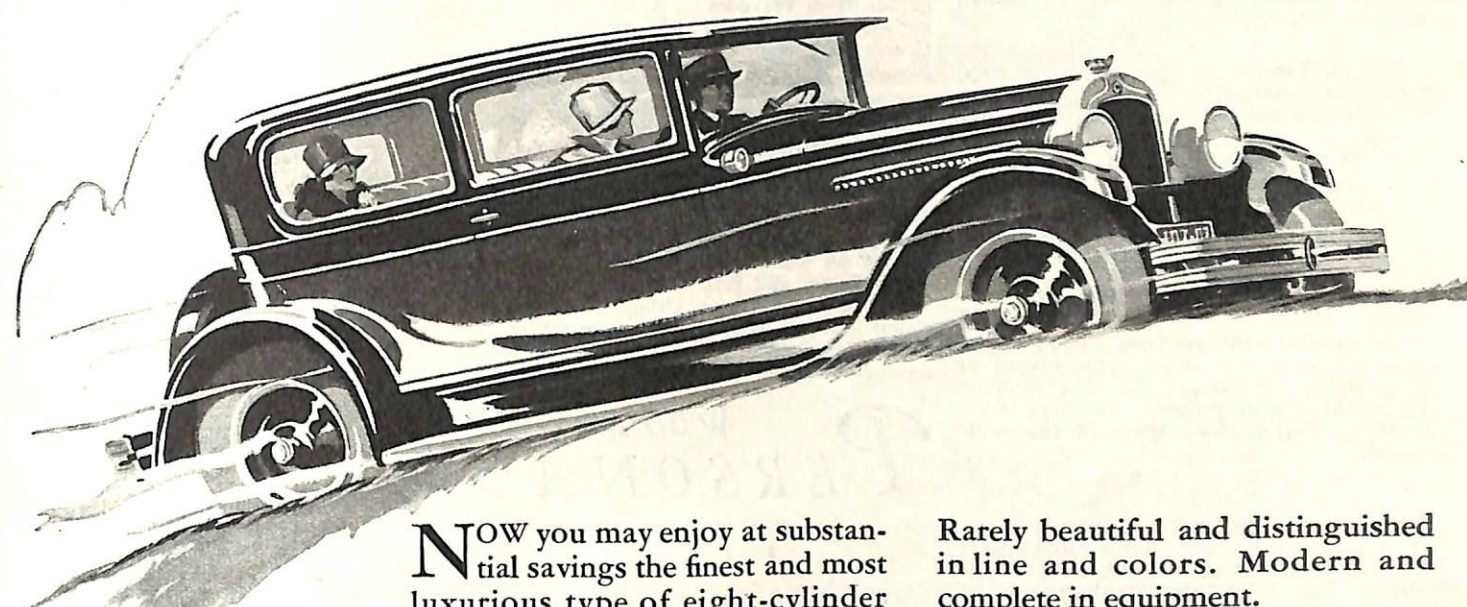
"I am putting my dollars where they can

the part of host to the members of the Imperial Divan and other distinguished members of the Shrine and the Divans and Nobility of Yaarab Temple, at Atlanta, Ga., Omar Temple, at Charleston, S. C., and Oasis Temple, at Charlotte, N. C., all of whom participated.

Special trains from Charlotte, Charleston and Atlanta brought Nobles and their ladies to the city for the dedication. The uniformed bodies of Hejaz Temple were assembled at the railway station, awaiting the simultaneous arrival of the special trains, and at the station the parade was formed in mid-morning. The hundreds of Nobles attending were. [Continued on page 71]

New Low Prices

for Supreme eight-cylinder luxury



NOW you may enjoy at substantial savings the finest and most luxurious type of eight-cylinder motoring.

Not a *small* eight, or a *little* eight, but the big, powerful Hupmobile Eight capable of transporting seven passengers at 70 miles per hour and more, with ease and spirit.

An Eight bearing the hallmark of Hupmobile reputation, which means sound engineering, precision manufacture, honest materials and workmanship.

A finer Hupmobile Eight today than ever before. Faster, smoother, more powerful due to *High-Compression*.

Rarely beautiful and distinguished in line and colors. Modern and complete in equipment.

Small wonder engineers and public alike pronounce Hupmobile Eight at its new low price, the dominant eight value in the present market.

View the latest series Hupmobile Eights today, if only to realize that the very utmost in eight performance is now available at far lower cost.

Fourteen distinguished body types. Standard line priced from \$1795 to \$2520 f. o. b. Detroit. Revenue tax to be added. Custom bodies designed and built by Dietrich.

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD
THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE Eight

Rest assured that the Distinguished Hupmobile Eight is thoroughly modern and complete in all features that increase comfort, dependability, long life and economy. Contributing to this end are such features as: double plate dry disc clutch, thermostatic and manifold heat control, cam-and-lever steering gear, vibration damper, oil filter, air and gasoline cleaners.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

Syrian, Cincinnati, held its picnic at the Zoo but owing to the fact that all of the Nobles wore red fezzes, none of them were detained in the monkey cage. A special program of fireworks was a feature of the outing. A life sized alligator worked his jaws as though devouring pickaninnies; Shriners Emblem in Fire; a gorgeous peacock in an array of colors all of which was followed by hundreds of bombs and other noise makers leading up to the grand finale which showed an Oriental Sunken garden, picturing amid trailing festoons and clinging vines flowers in delicate hues, changing to deeper tones and developing into gorgeous bouquets; while a rainbow cast its reflection over the garden, lightning flashes penetrated and comets flew through space.

The new Mosque of Acca, Richmond, represents an investment of approximately a million and a half. It was financed entirely by the nobility of Acca and is one of the finest buildings in Richmond. The Auditorium has a seating capacity of 5000 and the banquet hall will have ample accommodations for 2000 people. The building is equipped with pool rooms, swimming pools, bowling alleys and other club features. Dormitories have been provided for the convenience of the Nobles, and 42 rooms will be equipped for this purpose. The installation of one of the largest pipe organs in the South is contemplated. The building covers an acre of ground and there is almost an acre of floor space in the auditorium.

If you think that Mahi, Miami, Fla., isn't taking the convention proposition seriously you are mistaken. One of the latest things they have done is to incorporate the Convention Committee—the Mahi Temple of Miami 1928 Shrine Committee, Incorporated—of which H. R. Pridgen, Potentate, is head.

Sesostris, Lincoln, is soon to have a real country club, with golf links, tennis court, swimming pool and picnic grounds. The ground has been purchased and work has already commenced to get the grounds in order.

Mahi, Miami, is planning to make the visit of the Shriners next May the most resplendent welcome in her history. Thirty-two committees will do preliminary work for the convention. Promise of cooperation and assistance from many temples in the South are pouring in to Mahi Temple. Egypt Temple, Tampa, has offered the assistance of its membership, the city of Jacksonville has appropriated \$75,000 for Morocco Temple to spend on the entertainment of Shriners passing through the city; Zamora Temple, Birmingham, Ala., has promised full cooperation, and the cities of Lauderdale and West Palm Beach are to give every aid to their Shrine Clubs in the entertainment of visiting Nobles.

Aleppo Temple, Boston, held its Annual Summer Outing at Plymouth. The Nobles and families, headed by Potentate Francis H. Appleton, made the trip by boat to the "Rock" where the Pilgrims landed over 300 years ago. The famous Band and Drum Corps furnished music, and there was a parade from the docks. A series of sporting events was held at Stevens Field. Noble George L. Gooding was Chairman of the Plymouth Committee.

Ray S. Shoemaker, Potentate, Zembo Temple, Harrisburg, entertained the Zembo officers and Units at a picnic on his farm near Harrisburg. The members enjoyed baseball, quoit pitching, horseback riding, trap and target shooting, and other sports. A baseball game between teams of Cappy Hoy's Patrol and Charlie Stone's Band did not break up in riot although each side claims it won. The score was somewhere in three figures. The stewards saw to it that no one left hungry.

With a PERSONAL TINGE

When John B. Orr, seven times Potentate of Mahi, Miami, President of the Chamber of Commerce and officer of the Miami Rotary Club, returned from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, he was greeted by the Shrine Band and escorted to his car by the Shrine Patrol. High overhead circled a seaplane which released two aerial bombs over the station. Noble Orr is recovering from three major operations.

Col. Charles Lindbergh gave the patients of the Shrine Hospital for crippled children, Spokane Unit, the thrill of their lives September 13, as he was leaving the city on his way to Seattle. Just before leaving he ordered sent to the children all the flowers which had been presented to him while in Spokane. Right after taking the air on his western flight, he circled at low altitude over the hospital and waved to the children and nurses grouped on the porches. A dozen of the little patients in company with nurses sat on the platform from which Col. Lindbergh made his address to 20,000 school children and parents, September 12, at the Interstate Fair grounds.

Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia, the founder of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children and Past Imperial Potentate, stopped off in Seattle a day on his way to visit the hospitals in Portland and San Francisco on his recent western trip. While he was in Seattle, Douglas Ball, Acting Potentate of Nile Temple and Hugh Caldwell, Imperial Outer Guard were in charge of the entertainment. In Portland, Mayor Kendrick spent a day at the Tides in Seaside as a guest of Al Kader Temple. He was accompanied to the seashore by officers of Al Kader.

Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick observed his fifty-third birthday anniversary with a busy round of combined official duties, humanitarianism, sport and social recreation. After arriving at his office Mayor Kendrick disposed of his correspondence and other municipal work during the forenoon, so as to make a prompt start for the Masonic Orphanage, which institution he visits on each birthday. Later in the afternoon he went to the LuLu Country Club to play golf after which he took dinner with a party of friends at the clubhouse.

Harry R. Brown as Potentate, has given Salaam, Newark, one of its most active years. Noble Brown is a resident of Rutherford and was formerly the mayor of that city. In addition to being a prominent Mason he was Exalted Ruler of Rutherford Lodge of Elks and was also District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler.

Henry R. Pridgen, Potentate Mahi, Miami, had a minor throat operation performed at the Victoria hospital in that city. He will now be able to tell of the advantages of Florida without choking.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]



Seven League Boots

PROGRESS travels in seven league boots at Coral Gables. In six brief years it has grown from a fine citrus fruit grove to a prosperous city. From a wonderful adventure in creative development it has become a well balanced, splendidly matured residential community. Its high ideals of architecture and landscaping have been carefully preserved, and Coral Gables' greatest claim to distinction rests on the fact that its giant strides in progress and growth have been from the beginning evenly paced by its achievement in beauty.

Today Coral Gables—a unit of Greater Miami—copartner in all of the pleasures which Miami possesses—gives a new note and value to the seasonal invitation extended by all Florida cities to winter visitors. In successfully building a better suburban city for its twelve thousand residents, Coral Gables has mastered the art of caring for the requirements of welcome guests. Its six fine hotels, with the famous Miami-Biltmore as the leader, will rank favorably with the best in Florida.

Coral Gables offers the lure of ocean-bathing at Tahiti Beach, of pool-bathing at the beautiful Venetian Casino or Miami-Biltmore Country Club. Golf may be enjoyed on two 18-hole and one 9-hole courses.

Coral Gables has six fine hotels, with the magnificent Miami-Biltmore at the top of the list. Also eighty apartment houses, furnished with every appointment and convenience for immediate occupation, and hundreds of private homes which may be leased by visitors. For rates, booklets, and complete information regarding these, or for any other information, write today to the Chamber of Commerce. Or if desired, address the secretary of Kiwanis, Lions Club, City Club or American Legion.

Tennis calls from twenty courts; horseback riding, bowling, baseball and other sports—more enjoyable in winter here because you are denied them at home—heighten the pleasure of every hour of the sunshiny day. Evening dances under the palms round out the overflowing measure of the ideal vacation.

Florida at its most appealing and best is Coral Gables. Here tropical beauty and delightful climate beckon one to outdoor life. The charm of coconut and royal palms; of hibiscus, bignonia, oleander, and jasmine bloom in winter; of alluring vistas of Spanish plazas against backgrounds of azure skies.

The magnificent growth of Coral Gables has attracted country wide interest. Experts in city-planning come to study the remarkable results of unified scheme and design; master architects come to see the maturing of distinctive types and color effects; the landscape artist to learn new ideas in group planting and tropical coloring; the business man or the craftsman to seek opportunity.

But far greater in numbers, are the thousands of visitors who seek the ideal winter vacation or rest, and who come for the real enjoyment which Coral Gables affords in unstinted measure. Coral Gables welcomes all—its portals are wide open—the latchstring hangs outside.



① Miami's Municipal Golf Course, which, with five more of the finest golf courses in the country, will be open for the use of Shriners during the Convention next year.

Coral Gables  Miami, Florida



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

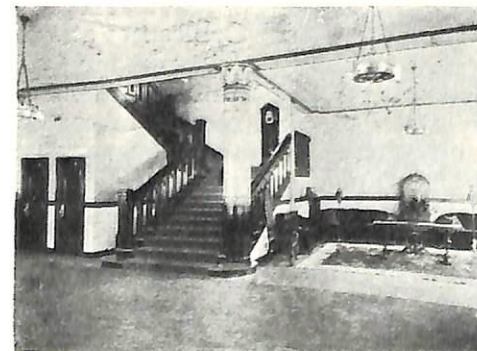
(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54])

Abba, Mobile, went to Demopolis and assisted in conducting a Ceremonial for the Demopolis Shrine Club. The caravan left in automobiles and a large number of Shriners from that part of the country were present. The Ceremonial was held at Demopolis this year instead of Selma, where Abba has been in the habit of going during past years. Shortly after the meeting at Demopolis, Abba put on a Ceremonial in the home Temple and inducted 10 candidates into the rites. The small class was due to the fact that Abba had another and larger Ceremonial just a short time before at the home Temple. Abba believes in keeping active all the time and they live up to their beliefs.

Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, honored the memory of sixty-one members who died during the past year in the annual Memorial Service held in the old Robinson's Opera House. Judge William H. Lueders, Past Potentate, presided over the services and there was a special program of music by the Syrian Temple Orchestra directed by Noble Charles Esberger and by a mixed choir directed by Noble David Davis.

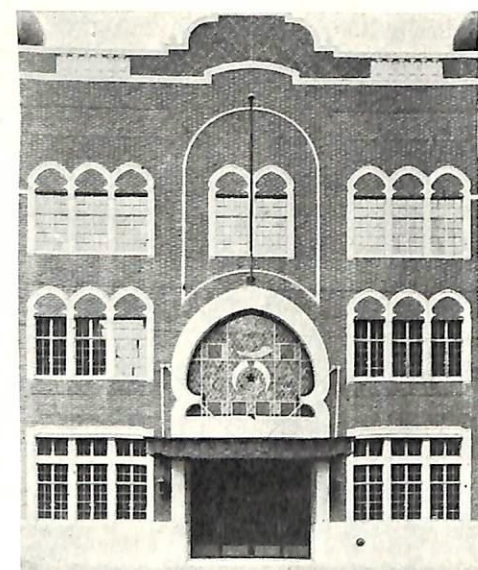
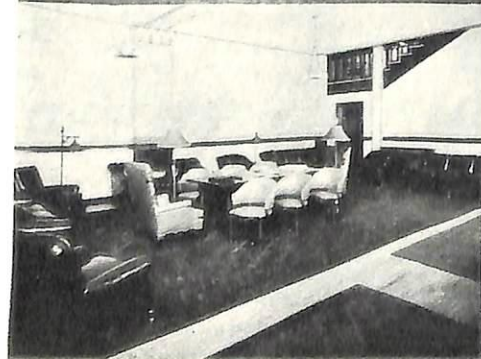
Thomas D. Law, Potentate, Yaarab, Atlanta, and several members of the Temple filed a petition in Superior Court asking for an injunction against E. Y. Clarke, the Rev. Dr. Caleb Ridley and others who, the petition alleged, plan to organize the "Supreme Kingdom Shrine". Petitioners charged that this will be an infringement on the name of the Mystic Shrine of North America. Judge Poperoy issued a restraining order.

Tigris, Syracuse, has installed playground equipment in the ground surrounding their new temple which was formerly the Onondaga Orphan's Home. This is one of the finest playgrounds in the city.



MIDIAN TEMPLE'S NEW HOME at WICHITA

On April 8th, 1927, Midian Temple opened the doors of its beautiful Mosque. For several years Midian has been considering the idea of a downtown club, so last summer, under the reign of Potentate I. W. Gill, the trustees purchased the old Elks Club and practically rebuilt it. As the photographs show it is one of the finest fraternity homes in the southwest. The main floor is mostly reception rooms, lounge and offices; the second floor is exclusively a club room, and the third is given over to the handsome ballroom of which Midian Temple is justly proud.



El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, has approved plans for a new home in which the Moslem style stands out boldly and which in some respects closely resembles the Alhambra of Spain. The building will be 140 feet by 166 feet and will be unusual in many respects. The ceiling of the Auditorium will be made to resemble a desert sky with stars twinkling in a blue background. The silhouetted interior walls will be a tropical caravan represented by statues of camels laden with supplies. A curtain will give a picture of the pyramids of Egypt. The estimated cost of the building is \$300,000.

Rameses, Toronto, under the guidance of Potentate U. E. Gillen, went to Haileybury and held a Ceremonial in which a class of 50 candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the Shrine. Stops were made along the way and Cobalt, New Liskeard and Haileybury were treated to parades and band concerts.

Moolah, St. Louis, has authorized the purchase of an art glass memorial window to the memory of Past Potentate Clarence A. Sinclair. The window is to be paid for by voluntary subscriptions and will be placed in the Masonic Temple.

Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor, Saladin, Grand Rapids, is the sole surviving charter member of that Temple.

After twenty years of faithful service, Noble Frank H. Forbes was made emeritus Recorder of Zuhrah Temple.

On January 17 next the steamship Megantic will sail for the Caribbean and the Spanish Main under the auspices of The Shrine Magazine. The entire ship has been chartered. Shriners and their families and their friends will fill it all. Imperial Potentate Dunbar and his daughter will be in the party and he will pay an official visit to Abou Saad Temple at Panama. The Megantic is famous both as a transatlantic liner and as a cruising ship. She is owned and operated by the White Star Line and on The Shrine Magazine cruise the same officers and crew will be in charge as on the regular transatlantic voyages. The cruise will be under the management of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., noted for their careful arrangements and attentive service in connection with cruises.

El Maida, El Paso, has advanced James Abbey Borders from the office of Chief Rabbab to that of Ill. Potentate to succeed the late Allen H. Rodes; Scott C. White was advanced from Assistant Rabbab to Chief Rabbab, and Breedlove Smith from High Priest and Prophet to Assistant Rabbab. El Maida will hold its fall Ceremonial on November 4th.

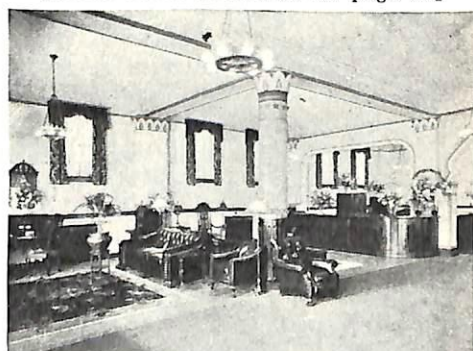
A parade with bands, floats and marchers in costume featured the spectacular Ceremonial given in Waterbury by Sphinx Temple of Hartford. Governor John H. Trumbull who is a Past Potentate of Sphinx Temple was present and another honored guest was Mayor Stevens of Hartford.

Al Sihah, Macon, and Alea, Savannah, are making joint plans to send 250 members to the next Imperial Council Session at Miami. The Nobles from the two cities are planning to join in Miami and make a boat trip to Cuba after the convention is over.

Boumi, Baltimore, has made arrangements for the Nobility of that Temple to travel to Miami, next May, by the boat Fairfax. Past Potentate Wm. G. Speed is Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

El Maida Temple, El Paso, and the Elks played a game of baseball for charity. The proceeds amounting to \$1650 were turned over to the Baby Milk fund.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]



Sore throat waits here also

In the
THROAT
and nose
more than
50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

watch your
throat!



Gargle when you get home

After long exposure to bad weather, after sudden changes of temperature, after mingling with crowds — gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, when you get home.

This pleasant precaution has nipped many a cold and sore throat in the bud, before they became serious.

Listerine, being antiseptic, immediately attacks the countless bacteria that lodge in the

mouth and throat where so many colds start.

It is important, however, that you use it early—and frequently.

Most of the fall and winter months are "sore throat months," and for your own protection use Listerine night and morning. It is a good habit to acquire. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOUNDS LOGICAL
The great success of
Listerine Tooth
Paste has proved
that the idea of a
scientific dentifrice
at 25c (for the large
tube) is a popular
one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

Theatrical people love to perform for the Shrine Club at Memphis, because they like an enthusiastic audience. As a result the Memphis Shrine Club always has extremely interesting and pleasing programs. On one program recently they had Art Gillham, widely known throughout the country because of his distinctive and peculiar talents as a pianist and singer; Paul Cunningham and his charming partner, Florence Bennett, internationally known in the Vaudeville world as song writers and interpreters of song, and Dolly Kay who has an individual method of offering syncopated songs.

Eighty-one Shriners and their wives were registered for the evening's entertainment when the Franklin, N. C., Shrine Club gave a party which started with a banquet at the Scott Griffin Hotel. Dr. S. H. Lyle was toastmaster and Mayor George B. Patton on behalf of the town of Franklin bid the guests a cordial welcome. The response was made by George Burns, of Asheville, who is master of ceremonies for the Asheville Club. Shrine Club members were present from Asheville, Greensboro, Sylva, Marble, Greenville, S. C.; Atlanta, Gainesville, and Toccoa, Ga.

The annual picnic of the Shrine Lunch Club of Damascus, Rochester, was held at Brighton Beach on Presque Isle Bay, Canada. The trip was made on the steamship Rapids King, which was chartered for the occasion. There was dancing on the boat and the club provided coffee, ice cream, soft drinks and lollypops.

The Al Araf Shrine Country Club and the Sumter Shrine Club combined in an outing held at the Country Club on the Garner's Ferry Road at Columbia, S. C. The privileges of the Al Araf Country Club have been opened to all Master Masons on the third Tuesday of each month. Incidentally, the privileges of the Country Club have been extended to any and all organizations of the city that desire outings.

The members of the Detroit Boulevard Shrine Club visited Rochester and were taken for a sight-seeing tour through the parks and residential sections, after which the Hotel Seneca provided busses to take them to the station.

The Palestine, Providence, R. I., Shrine Club occupies its own four-story clubhouse at Washington and Aborn streets. The restaurant is open daily, except Sunday, and there are fourteen sleeping rooms available to visiting Shriners.

The Shrine Club at Mansfield, O., was sponsor for the big Ceremonial which Al Koran of Cleveland put on in that city. This was the first Ceremonial ever held in Mansfield and it was one of the big events of the year.

They are still visiting around down in Florida. The latest visitation was when the Shrine Club of Coral Gables and Hollywood were guests of the Miami Beach Shrine Club at the Woman's Club Dance at the Roney Plaza Tea Gardens.



(Bloomington, Ill., Shrine Club Playground workers. They like action, such as building fences around hospitals, etc.)

The Bloomington, Illinois, Shrine Club gave an ice cream social. Ice cream and cake were sold and the proceeds were donated to aid the Shrine Playgrounds near the Consistory building. The Bloomington Shrine Club also formed an auto caravan for a trip to Chicago to visit the crippled children.

The Lancaster County Shrine Club at Lancaster, Pa., held its annual picnic at Rocky Springs Park. It was an old-fashioned family basket picnic and games of various kinds and other contests livened up the program. Free tickets for the various games and amusements at the park were handed out to the children.

Islam Shrine Club, San Francisco, gave a special luncheon for Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger on their return from Honolulu. Among the guests were several prominent army officers, and Hawaiian singers and dancers from a theatrical company playing at the Curran Theater. The music and entertainment was furnished by the theatrical people.

Members of Ziyara Temple, Utica, and villages in its jurisdiction attended a meeting of the Northern Lights Shrine Club at Troutbrook Inn. Past Potentate Arthur S. Evans spoke on the progress of the George Washington Memorial at Alexandria.

The recently organized Staunton Shrine Club held its first banquet with James H. Price, Potentate of Acca, Richmond, as the principal guest of honor and speaker. This active and growing club has a membership of 109.

The Caravan Club of Almas Temple, Washington, had a Ladies' and Children's Day and after the luncheon the women played bridge. Eddie Laughton and the Kentucky Colonels with the Hudson Male Quartette assisted in the entertainment.

The Paterson, New Jersey, Shrine Club held its annual Outing and Banquet at Masseroni's Pavilion, Alps Road. There was a baseball game between married and single men, and a field and track meet for which appropriate prizes were awarded. A dance finished off a glorious day.

Al Amin, Little Rock, formally opened their Shrine Country Club with a Golf tournament over the first nine holes which had been completed. The second nine is to be completed shortly. A water carnival together with a bathing beauty contest was also featured. More than 250 reservations were received for dinner in the Club House and a large number availed themselves of the picnic ground facilities. The diners were entertained with Band Concerts by Al Amin's 65-piece Band.

Governor Erickson was the principal speaker at the dedication of the monument erected in the Harlowton cemetery by the Wheatland County Shrine Club, Harlowton, Mont., in memory of the country's soldier dead. The monument cost \$1200.00, the money for it being raised by the club at last year's "Forty-Nine" celebration. A parchment bearing the names of the members of the Shrine Club was sealed in a tube and placed in the monument.

The band concerts given on the lawn of the Shrine Club by the Band of Antioch, Dayton, have been very successful during the past season. Frank Simon who is the Director of this Band is also Director of the Band of Armco at Middletown, O., and he has a national reputation through his connection for several years with Sousa's Band.

Norwegian stunts and music featured the meeting of the Duluth Shrine Boosters when Captain Berhart Folgero was the honored guest. Captain Folgero is the gentleman who, with three shipmates, crossed the Atlantic from Norway in a small boat, which was a replica of the boat in which Leif Erikson made his famous voyage.

The Mansfield, O., Shrine Club held its first dinner dance at the Westbrook Country Club and about 50 couples were present. The evening's entertainment began with a dinner at 6:30 and during the dinner vaudeville entertainers gave a pleasing program of songs and instrumental numbers.

The backyard of the Shrine Club at St. Petersburg, Florida, was a popular place when the Shrine Club held a watermelon feed. No use of muzzing up the clubhouse when you have a good backyard to eat watermelon in.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 60]

\$15,000.00 in cash prizes for a slogan about WOOD

Get the facts regarding the ever increasing uses for wood. You may win a first prize of \$5,000. Fifty-seven prizes in all. Read the following paragraphs carefully. Then mail attached coupon for free booklet. Contest closes December 15



In thinking about your slogan for wood, bear in mind that one-fourth of all the land in the United States is covered with forests!

These vast forests are continually growing; unlike other natural resources, wood constantly renews itself through the ages.

Thus you see that timber is a crop—a crop of boundless value to the entire nation. Failure to harvest it when ripe means waste, as in the case of any other crop of the soil.

Leaders of the lumber industry, manufacturers of American Standard Lumber, are producing from the mature timber clean, sound lumber. They are grading it according to new and stricter quality rules; thus it goes to the user as a standard product conforming exactly to his needs.

Wood ever in demand

Beautiful, durable, economical, and of amazing adaptability, wood is steadily extending its markets both for established uses and for new uses.

Famous historic mansions of early Colonial Days, still occupied and still in excellent condition, are of wood construction. So, too, are a majority of modern residences. In fact, three-fourths of all the homes in this country are built of wood.

For fine furniture, wood is of course the last word—both in craftsmanship and in beauty that endures. There are countless wood chairs, tables and desks still in active service which have passed the century mark!

The use of wood for window frames and sashes is advancing with giant strides. The largest and newest hotel in the world—The Stevens, Chicago—is so equipped.

And what flooring has ever equalled the comfort and beauty of wood? Today, wood flooring is standard construction in buildings of almost every type.

Wood for shuttles, spools and bobbins! Wood for millions of boxes, baskets,

crates and barrels! Wood for silos, granaries and mining timbers!

There is a wood for every use and a use for every wood. Wood is a material of primary importance in most of our great industries.

Keeping step with progress

Our modern ships require wood in scores of ways, from stem to stern. The railroads annually demand more than 110,000,000 wood cross ties, and huge quantities of lumber for box cars, refrigeration and hundreds of other needs. The automobile industry alone uses a billion and a half feet of lumber a year!

Wood has built thousands of derricks for our gushing oil wells, has helped to make moving pictures one of the world's leading industries, has played an important part in the development of the radio, and has sent the airplane winging over land and sea.

Lumber made immune to fire and decay by suitable fire-proofing and preservative treatments is increasingly available to modern markets, both in construction and in industry. Wood is destined to be America's most universally useful material, adaptable to the widest range of purse and purpose.

Manufacturers of American Standard Lumber in the National Lumber Manufacturers Association believe a better understanding of the industry and a greater appreciation of wood will be of advantage both to users and to the manufacturers. To obtain a slogan for its campaign of information, the Association is conducting a nationwide contest with liberal prizes. To qualify, send for free booklet, "The Story of Wood." Please use the attached coupon. Remember, the contest closes December 15.

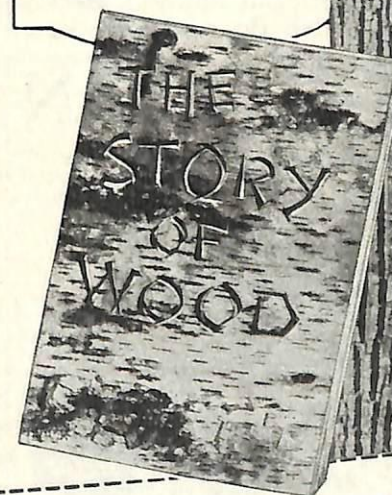
NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.
Manufacturers of American Standard Lumber

This free Booklet may mean \$5,000 to you Send today!

Mail coupon below or write for booklet which will be sent you postpaid. It contains the Official Blank On Which Your Slogan Should Be Submitted. This may mean \$5,000.00 added to your bank account. So mail your coupon right now.

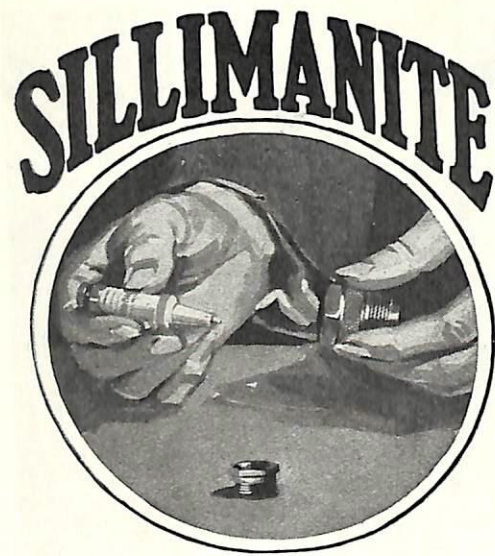
First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	2,000
Third Prize	1,000
Four Prizes (each)	500
Fifty Prizes (each)	100

(In case of tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.)
Contest closes December 15th



National Lumber Manufacturers Association
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen:—I want to enter your \$15,000 Prize Slogan Contest. Please send me free copy of your booklet, "The Story of Wood," so that I may qualify.

Name.....
Street.....
R. F. D., Town or City.....
State.....



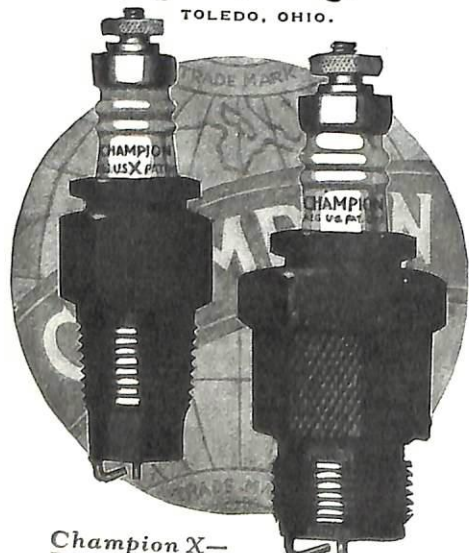
An Exclusive CHAMPION FEATURE

The Champion Sillimanite core is the finest insulator developed by ceramic science. Sillimanite is practically unbreakable, strongly resists carbon formation and is an absolute non-conductor of electrical current. Champion is also the better spark plug because of its gas-tight, two-piece construction which allows easy cleaning, and special analysis electrodes which do not corrode.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.



Champion X—Exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and tractors—packed in the Red Box

60¢

Champion—for trucks, tractors and cars other than Fords—and for all stationary engines—packed in the Blue Box

75¢

WITHIN THE SHRINE SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 58])

Nile Temple owns 152 acres on the shores of Lake Ballinger, 13 miles north of Seattle. A beautiful stand of virgin timber covers about ten acres on the east side of the lake. The Temple has just expended \$50,000 in developing these grounds for the benefit of its members and their families by building ovens and tables for picnickers, kiddies' wading pool and playfield, with full equipment, sports' field, horse-shoe pitching places, etc., and a beautiful Clubhouse. The Clubhouse and Country Club Grounds were formally dedicated Saturday evening, September 10 and turned over to the Nobility as their home by Potentate William A. Eastman. A dance followed. The Nobles and their ladies were all enthusiastic over their new home, which promises to become a popular resort. It is the intention, in the not distant future, to build a golf course.

The Bessemer Shrine Club, Bessemer, Ala., gave its Eighth Annual Picnic at Pineview Beach on August 18th, under the direction of a General Committee composed of A. R. Oxford, Jr., President; L. Y. Lipscomb, Vice-President; W. Frank Ball, Treasurer; Roy E. Ling, Secretary; Henry C. Ozley and John E. Golden. Over 1500 members and their families attended. An old-fashioned barbecue dinner was served at 6.30 P. M. Swimming, games and dancing were enjoyed until a late hour. The Divan of Zamora Temple attended in a body. The Bessemer Shrine Club was organized May 31st, 1926, under authority of Zamora Temple, and is the oldest and largest Club in the State.

Down in Terre Haute the members of the Zorah Shrine Club feel that everything is right with the world again. Doc Knoefel has returned from Rochester, Minnesota, where the Mayo Brothers did a very thorough and satisfactory job of refinishing and redecorating. Doc is the president of Zorah's Shrine Club.

The Springfield, Ohio, Shrine Club held its annual picnic at the V. S. Kelly farm. The program included baseball and other games and plenty to eat.

The Tripoli Motor Club, Milwaukee, headed by Joseph Rousselot, Chief Ambassador, motored to Green Bay and presented an art glass window to Noble Dr. D. Wesley Boag, pastor of the first M. E. Church.

A large crowd gathered when traffic became congested in front of the Chamber of Commerce Building in Seattle and a group of sightseeing busses and taxicabs and other vehicles were parked around the entrance. Imagine their surprise when a Kangaroo stepped out of a taxi. That's when a lot of the onlookers swore off on night life. It seems that Ringling Brothers circus was in town and Noble Bradna of Tigris, Syracuse, who is connected with the circus, put on the entertainment for the Nile Shrine Club that noon. The Band furnished the music and there were many old time circus stunts including a boxing kangaroo and his sparring partner that made the Nobles feel like kids again.

The Booster Session of Ismailia, Buffalo, during the week of the meeting of the American Bar Association, was attended by some highly representative men, among them being Chief Justice C. H. Marshall, Supreme Court of Ohio; Hon. George N. Napier, Attorney General of Georgia; Hon. Wm. L. Boatright, Attorney-General of Colorado; Hon. H. W. Applegate, Attorney-General Arkansas; and Hon. Clifford Hilton, Attorney-General Minnesota.

The Shrine Club at Viroqua, Wisconsin, presented a play entitled "The Womanless Wedding" which was pleasingly received by two large audiences recruited from Masons and their families from surrounding towns. The cast was composed entirely of men and was made up of 80 business and professional men of the city.

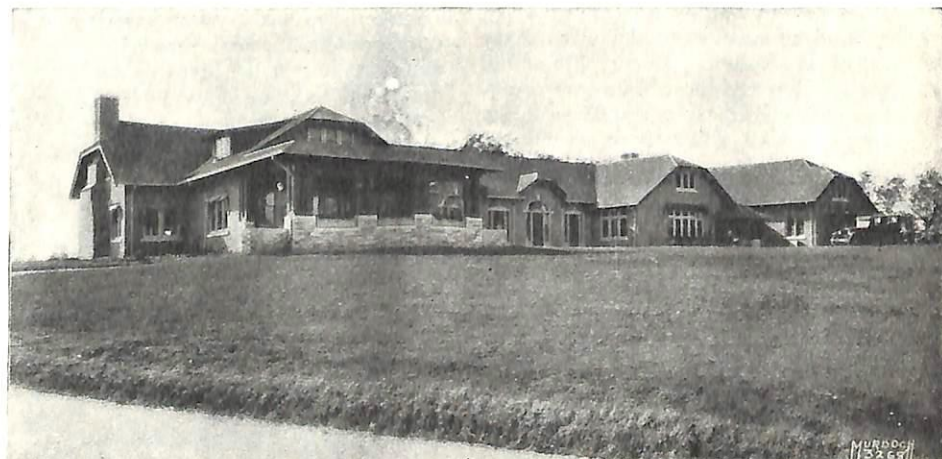
The Sphinx Club of Acca, Richmond, was entertained by an organization of Richmond singers sponsored by Noble Garland Hood who has gathered the singers together for the benefit of lovers of high class vocal selections.

The Shrine Lunch Club nine of Rochester, defeated the Rochester Athletic Club baseball team 3 to 2. It was an exciting game the Shriners coming up from behind and sewing up the game after it looked as if the Athletic Club had it in the bag.

Kambri Shrine Club, of Cambridge, Ohio, had its annual outing at the old Washington Fair Grounds. Dr. W. D. Murphy, Potentate of Aladdin Temple, and other dignitaries including Mayor Thomas of Columbus were among those present.

The Grand Island, Nebraska, Shrine Club has elected George Cowton, President and E. F. Anderson, Secretary.

[Shrine News Continued on page 61]



(The charming Country Club of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 60])

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.
Buffalo—Ismailia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
Cleveland—Al Koran, Fridays, Allerton Hotel.
Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.
Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.
Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior Street.
Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
Evansville—Hadi, Fridays, Shrine Club.
Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.
Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
Hollywood—Shrine Club, 1st and 3rd Friday nights, monthly, Hollywood News Bldg.
Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
Knoxville—Kerbela, Farragut Hotel, Wednesdays.
Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.
Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Bldg.
Mount Hope, W. Va.—Beni Kedem Shrine Club, 1st Thursdays monthly.
Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Thursdays, Multnomah Hotel, Assembly Hall.
Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.
Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh Street Christian Church Annex.
San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.
San Pedro—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.
St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, at Mosque.
Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club.
Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

[Shrine News Continued on page 62]



He Can Prevent This Hidden Danger

Many childhood ills as well as troubles that ravage health in the years of maturity can be traced to infection of first teeth. So, to protect health, to insure sound second teeth, begin taking your children to the dentist at an early age. This precautionary measure pays rich dividends.

Why 4 out of 5 are penalized

Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass on the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe—Pyorrhea.

At These Uneven Odds . . . Don't Gamble

What an insidious enemy it is! Its poison that forms at the base of teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Such troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anemia and facial disfigurement often follow.

But two simple preventive measures will protect health. Let your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, prevents Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course—if used regularly and in time. It firms gums; also it keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay!

You Can Be Sure Of This

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a tell-tale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.



So, to be on the safe side, start using Forhan's for the Gums, now. Teach your children this good habit.

Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, it contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is health insurance. All druggists, in tubes, 35c and 60c.

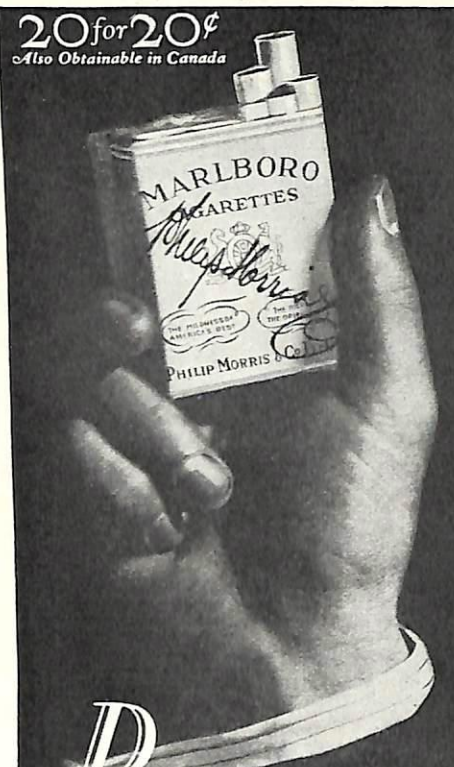
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

20 for 20¢
Also Obtainable in Canada



Record-Breaking Success

In less than two years Marlboros have broken two records.

1 Never before has a quality cigarette won the enthusiasm of so many real judges of good tobacco in such a short period of time.

2 Never has any cigarette convinced its first smokers so quickly. With MARLBOROS it requires, not a carton, not even a package, only a few puffs.

Marlboro Bridge Score
sent free upon request.

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Always fresh—
Wrapped in heavy foil

Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD., INC.
511 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 61])

A RECREATIONAL CENTER

On August 20th, opening a week of interesting activities, one of the most picturesque recreational centers idealized by any organization, was dedicated in the Laguna Mountains by Al Bahr Temple of San Diego. The rites commenced at daybreak with an impressive Sunrise Ceremonial, the main Section being held at 10 o'clock, followed by the dedication of the Clubhouse.

Illustrious Potentate Lane D. Webber was in charge of the dedication with Noble Joseph E. Elliot performing the flag raising. Other officers participating in the affair were H. B. Coffield, Chief Rabban; James H. Peak, Assistant Rabban; P. A. Whitacre, High Priest and Prophet; De Roy Saum, Oriental Guide; Claude Woolman, Treasurer; V. F. Safranek, Recorder. They were assisted by the Shrine Patrol and the Consolidated Band of Al Bahr and Al Malaikah Temples. A barbecue was served at noon and a dance in the new ballroom followed in the evening. Sunday morning was observed with appropriate services conducted by Noble James H. Peak, Assistant Rabban, the delivery of an address by Noble George Burnham, Grand Commander of Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of California, and music by the Orchestra. Among the most enjoyable activities of the week was a fancy dress ball, made colorful by the many attractive and comic costumes; a

classical program arranged and directed by Noble V. F. Safranek, Recorder; and a daily band concert given under the able leadership of Director Noble W. D. Deeble. Every convenience was prepared for all Shriners and their families, tents being furnished those without such equipment and meals served throughout the week.

El Prado tract comprises a large acreage of land for which Al Bahr Temple has obtained a permit from the Cleveland National Forest Reserve in San Diego County.

The Clubhouse and surrounding grounds occupy an area of fifteen acres, and some eighty half acre plots have been laid out for cabin sites. It is situated on the apex of the mountains at an altitude of 6000 feet.

The Clubhouse, constructed under the supervision of Noble Joseph E. Elliot, Forest Supervisor, is a masterpiece of rustic architecture and is fitted with all modern conveniences and furnished in appropriate detail.

Many of the cabin sites have already been leased and a number of artistic cottages recently erected, one of which is owned by Noble V. Wankowski, Past Potentate and now Trustee, who has been largely responsible for the development of this project.

Zem Zem, Erie, combined the annual picnic and ceremonial and dragged a hundred and thirty-two candidates across the hot sands out at Conneaut Lake Park. It was the first time that Zem Zem ever invited their wives and daughters and sisters to participate in one of their outings. A buffet dinner was served to over four thousand people. The Committee in charge of the work was assisted by forty ladies from the Women's Society of the First Methodist Church of Meadville, Pa.

[Shrine News Continued on page 64]



(Al Bahr Temple's (San Diego) clubhouse in Laguna Mountains of California.)



(Participants in the Dedication of Al Bahr's Clubhouse: Band Dir. W. D. Deeble; Supr. Cleveland Nat'l. Forest, J. E. Elliott; Past Potentates V. Wankowski and J. E. Byers; Potentate L. D. Webber; Past Potentate W. F. Ludington; Trustee E. E. Hubbell.)



(Noble George Burnham, Grand Commander of Grand Commandery, K. T., Calif., who took part in the Dedication.)

A MAN, A VISION AND A PICTURE [Cont'd from page 45]

the best was none too good. Harry Rapi, one of the managing directors of the institution, and himself a Shriner, saw the possibilities instantly and in the name of his firm, offered to produce a film at cost. Thus the picture, "An Equal Chance," was produced.

The film was ready in May and was presented at Islam, San Francisco, and Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, and at Osman Temple, St. Paul, on the occasion of the Imperial Visitation. At each Temple it was hailed as a great picture.

The showing of the picture was one of the outstanding features of the Imperial Council session at Atlantic City. Following the dramatic hour conducted by Noble Free-land W. Kendrick, at which he presented moving pictures of certain children when they entered the hospital at Philadelphia and then presented the children themselves, wholly cured or nearly so, the picture swept the Council off its feet.

The actors gave their services in the production of the picture. The crippled boy, who is cured in the Shrine Hospital, is played by Philippe de Lacy. Philippe is one of the best known boy stars in Los Angeles. He was Michael in "Peter Pan," Toto in "Without Benefit of Clergy," and more recently in "Don Juan." Philippe's own story is more dramatic than any part he might play. His father, a soldier in the French army, was killed at Verdun. His mother, scarcely seventeen years old, was killed in the bombardment of the village near Nancy, where he was born. The aged grandmother took charge of the fretful, sickly baby, until she too succumbed to the rigors of war. As she was dying, she was nursed by an American nurse, Edith de Lacy, who, at the grandmother's urgent wish, adopted the little baby boy and brought him home to the United States.

Dorothy Cumming, who portrays "the mother," was the Madonna in Cecil de Mille's production, "The King of Kings." Critics are unanimous in their praise of her work. For two years she played opposite Cyril Maude, and before that had appeared in David Belasco's "Tiger Tiger."

The Shriner is played by Chappell Dossett, an Englishman who was made a Mason in an English lodge, but has lived for years in Italy. While in that country engaged in a project to establish a moving picture company using the American technique, he took an active part in Scottish Rite activities and in appreciation of his services to Freemasonry the Supreme Council of Italy conferred upon him the coveted honor of the 33°. He served as Worshipful Master of Anglo-Saxon Lodge No. 204 at Home. He has played in pictures with Colleen Moore, Anna Q. Nilsson, Leatrice Joy and Jacquelin Logan; his most recent film success being in the rôle of "the shanghaied parson" in "The Blood Ship."

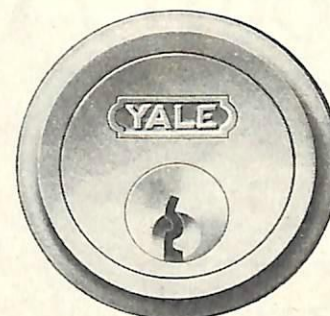
As an author he is also responsible for the well-known film stories "Charity Ann," "The Pagan," "Cards of Chance" and "Pilgrim Island." In "An Equal Chance," Brother Dossett is an ideal Shriner.

John D. McGilvray, who is chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shrine Hospital at San Francisco, and is one of the National Trustees of the Crippled Children's Hospitals, plays his part in the film like a veteran actor. Mrs. Gertrude R. Folendorf, who is the superintendent of nursing of the San Francisco Hospital, also has a conspicuous part.

Other well-known actors who gave their services are Frank Hagney, who plays the part of the father, Joyce Coad, who is Philippe's little sweetheart, DeWitt C. Jennings, very convincing as the doctor and Marc MacDermott, the architect.

The continuity [Continued on page 65]

TRADE **YALE** MARK



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THE WORLD OVER WHEREVER
MEN ENFORCE RESPECT FOR
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
MINE AND THINE**

*There is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys.
The mark Yale means the name of the maker.*

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Your Mistakes in English STAND OUT!

YOU can not hide your mistakes in English—they stand out sharply, giving others an unfortunate impression of you. You may not make such glaring errors as "He don't," "You was," "I ain't." But perhaps you may make other mistakes which offend the ears of cultured people, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

"Can't hardly"
"He don't"
"You was"
"I ain't"



No one will correct your mistakes in English. People are too polite. They fear you will feel insulted, and unconsciously you keep on making the same mistakes. And, though you may think your English is good, it may be dotted with errors which others notice, and which destroy many of your opportunities for advancement.

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For many years Sherwin Cody studied the problem of creating the habit of using good English. After countless experiments, he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Soon the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides, on the contrary, for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the mistakes you make—and then showing you the right way, so that correct English soon becomes "second nature." Already over 50,000 people have used this method with the most marked results.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

[Shrine News, Continued from page 62]

COMING EVENTS

- Nov. 4th—Tri-State Ceremonial, El Maida, El Paso
- Nov. 5th—Turkey sweepstakes, Golf, El Jebel, Denver
- Nov. 7th—Ceremonial, Zuhrah, Minneapolis
- Nov. 8th—Stag whist party, Islam, San Francisco
- Nov. 9th—Hamasa, Fall Ceremonial, Meridian, Miss.
- Nov. 9th-10th—Tangier, Minstrel Show, Omaha
- Nov. 10th—Imperial Potentate's visit and Ceremonial, Nile, Seattle
- Nov. 12th—Armistice Ball, Islam, San Francisco
- Nov. 14th—Ceremonial, Tripoli, Milwaukee
- Nov. 15th—Ceremonial, Crescent, Trenton
- Nov. 16th—Ceremonial, Mirza, Pittsburg, Kansas
- Nov. 17th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson
- Nov. 18th—Ceremonial, Moslah, Ft. Worth
- Nov. 18th—Ceremonial, Ben Hur, Austin
- Nov. 18th—Ladies' Night, Almas, Washington, D. C.
- Nov. 18th—Ceremonial, Hadi, Evansville
- Nov. 19th—Informal at Clubhouse, Nile, Seattle
- Nov. 23rd—Ceremonial and stag entertainment, Mahi, Miami
- Nov. 23rd—Ceremonial, Kosair, Louisville
- Nov. 23rd-24th—Ceremonial and Mammoth Thanksgiving Celebration, Maskat Temple, Wichita Falls, Tex.
- Nov. 24th—Thanksgiving Ball, Islam, San Francisco
- Nov. 24th—Open house and Potentate's Ball, Kosair, Louisville
- Nov. 28th—Circus, Tigris, Syracuse
- Nov. 29th—Ceremonial, Acca Temple, Richmond
- Nov. 30th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
- Dec. 8th—Potentate's Ball, Nile, Seattle
- Dec. 9th—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona
- Dec. 9th—Charity Ball, El Jebel, Denver
- Dec. 12th—Ladies' night, El Jebel, Denver
- Dec. 12th—Ceremonial, Moolah, St. Louis
- Dec. 14th—Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburg
- Dec. 14th—Business Session, Nile, Seattle
- Dec. 14th—Imperial Potentate's Visit and Ceremonial, Zorah, Terre Haute
- Dec. 15th—Ceremonial, Al Menah, Nashville
- Dec. 15th—Ceremonial, Murat, Indianapolis
- Dec. 16th—Kiddies' Christmas party, Crescent, Trenton
- Dec. 23rd—Christmas tree and entertainment, Nile, Seattle
- Dec. 26th—Christmas caravan, El Jebel
- Dec. 26th—Football game for Children's Hospital, Auspices Islam, San Francisco
- Dec. 28th—Potentate's Ball, Mahi, Miami
- Dec. 29th—Potentate's Ball, Tigris, Syracuse
- Dec. 31st—New Year Ball, El Jebel, Denver
- Dec. 31st—New Year's Eve Dance, Be-douin, Muskogee
- Jan. 2nd—Cabaret Party, Jaffa Mosque, Altoona, Pa.
- Jan. 4th—Annual Meeting, Syria, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Jan. 6th—Potentate's farewell dance, Moslah, Ft. Worth



John Quincy Adams who was Potentate of Aad Temple, Duluth, passed away suddenly at San Francisco, Aug. 20.

John Quincy Adams, Potentate of Aad Temple, Duluth, Minn., died suddenly from a heart attack on August 28th, in San Francisco. He was on his way home after attending the Annual Convention of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, of which he was president. Only two weeks before he had been host to the Imperial Potentate on the latter's visit to Aad Temple. (See photograph above.)

Ten thousand children and 5000 wives, mothers and sisters of the Nobles of Syria, Pittsburg, were present at the ninth annual carnival for Children of Syria's Nobles, held at Syria Mosque, Vaudeville, Punch and Judy shows, ventriloquists and musical entertainments were staged at two different places, and in the banquet hall there were dancing and other entertainment. Lytton Avenue was closed for the day, and a fence was erected around the vacant property adjoining the Mosque. There were booths for serving ice cream cones, hot dogs and waffles. On the grounds were playground slides, hobby horses and a large merry-go-round, with a pony track and pony carriages for the smaller children. The Syria Band entertained with concerts and the Oriental Band furnished music. It is estimated that 35,000 wieners were served, 2,000 gallons of ice cream, and 62,000 ice cream cones. The carnival was repeated on the following day for orphaned and crippled children.

Two hundred and eighty-five crippled children were the guests of Irem, Wilkes-Barre, at an outing and picnic. Mountains of ham, peanut butter and cheese sandwiches melted away at lunch time, in addition to potato chips, sweet pickles, chocolate milk, cakes with heaps of icing, and ice cream. Afterward, the youngsters were given lollipops and salt water taffy to help hold the lunch down. Balloons were handed out to every child and as fast as one was broken another was supplied, and to make sure that each child had one to take home, replacements were made all around just before they left the grounds. Each balloon bore the Shrine Emblem and the date of the outing. A vaudeville show including trained animals, folk dances and tumbling by a high school team was a feature. As the children left the grounds, many of them made their way as best they could to Potentate Henry W. Merritt and declared that it was the finest day that they had ever had.

Damascus Temple, Rochester, held its annual clam bake at Rifle Range. It was attended by a large crowd of Nobles who enjoyed the splendid bill of fare furnished by the Committee of which Past Potentate Herman Dossenbach was Chairman. Damascus Temple Band provided the music [Shrine News Continued on page 68]

A MAN, A VISION AND A PICTURE [Cont'd from page 63]

was written by Jack Cunningham, who prepared the continuity for "The Covered Wagon" and other film successes. Incidentally Jack is a 32° Mason and a regular attendant at the meetings of the Consistory at Los Angeles, where he plays a 'cello in the Scottish Rite orchestra.

Nick Grinde, who directed the picture, has been associated with Robert Z. Leonard, Monta Bell, Rupert Hughes and other famous directors. His sensational success in directing the production "An Equal Chance" has brought him measurably nearer the megaphone of a permanent director. William LeVanway edited the script and assisted in the direction.

The three reel picture occupies about twenty-five minutes, after which a brief explanatory talk is given by Noble Reynold E. Blight of Al Malaikah Temple. In this talk the purpose of the picture is driven home—to present the appeal of the crippled children, visualize the pathos of their condition, show what the Shrine hospitals are doing and then urge the Nobles to make personal contributions, especially emphasizing bequests in wills. No collections or subscriptions are taken up at the Ceremonials or other gatherings when the picture is shown.

As a speaker Noble Blight is well-known in Masonic circles. For two years he was editor of the New Age Magazine in Washington, the organ of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite, and he is at present editor of the Masonic Digest of Los Angeles. By profession he is a Certified Public Accountant; he is a Major in the Officer's Reserve Corps of the United States Army, and his work in Freemasonry has brought him the recognition of the 33°.

During the present year Noble Blight is showing the picture at Temples in the Eastern states. It is hoped that in time "An Equal Chance" may be presented at every temple in Shrinedom.

That the hospital film, as prepared and furnished by Noble Allen Ratterree, has touched a responsive chord is best shown by the fact that the film shows practically solid booking all through the winter months. The cities in which it will be put on are Victoria, Vancouver, Regina, Winnipeg, Montreal, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Montpelier, Concord, Trenton, closing at Tulsa on November 18th and reopening at Pittsburgh on February 22, 1928. The picture costs the Temples nothing, all expense being borne by Noble Ratterree, as his contribution to the furtherance of the hospital project. Noble Reynold E. Blight, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, accompanies the film and gives the explanatory lecture at the finish.

A FALLING MARKET FOR SPORTSMANSHIP

[Continued from page 23]

the spurious article tarnishes; but true Sportsmanship glows the brighter.

Long ago, I chose this motto for my Sunnybank collie kennels and for my kennel stationery:

"TO WIN WITHOUT BOASTING: TO LOSE WITHOUT EXCUSES."

And I find it harder to live up to than all the Ten Commandments put together. But to me, that motto represents fully 50% of the Sportsman's Creed. I would try to figure out a motto which should include the other 50% of it, if only I could spare time from my often-unsuccessful efforts to fulfill the first 50%.

Perhaps some better and cleaner Sportsman than I will help me out—and incidentally help out the rest of mankind—by trying to devise such a motto.

Old Briar TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



OLD BRIAR TOBACCO

THERE must be a world of satisfaction in each pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco to make men write such glowing words of praise as the above. Every day, from pipe smokers everywhere, letters come telling that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing them all of the genuine pleasure, solid comfort, contentment and cheer of pipe smoking.

Absolutely unsolicited, these true letters are convincing proof that you, too, will enjoy the superior quality of Old Briar as you've never enjoyed Tobacco before.

It has taken tobacco experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and it has taken generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste its sun ripened flavor and rich body. Enjoy it awhile. Then notice how extra smooth and cool Old Briar is.

Of all the pleasures man enjoys pipe smoking costs about the least



50c

25c

S. 11-27

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SPECIAL OFFER: On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....
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City and State.....
Dealer's Name.....
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If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

Looking Ahead to Christmas: The Most Perfect Gift You Can Send to a Pipe Smoker is a Sealed Box of Old Briar Tobacco—"the best pipe smoke ever made!"



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The Shoe that's Different

HERE is a modern shoe, smartly styled, which has the proper foundation to carry a man's weight in comfort and keep the hundreds of nerves and muscles of the human walking mechanism happy. All your weight is on the bottom of your feet. And when you walk you pound this weight against the unyielding surfaces of concrete, tile or cement, on which practically all walking today is done. You can walk all day in comfort, with none of the 5 o'clock tiredness so many men feel, by wearing Foot-Joy Shoes. Made in styles for all occasions, street, sport or evening wear. Write us and we will send you our catalogue in color showing smart styles in Foot-Joy. "The Shoe that's Different."

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

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Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!

For What Shall The American Housewife Be Thankful?

Dear Shrine Readers:

EVEN though the last Thursday in November is our official Thanksgiving Day, not all of us may pause a moment and see for what we should give thanks. But if we, American women and housewives, fail to realize the multitude of comforts, good things, and blessings which we are privileged to enjoy day after day, I think it is only because we do not see ourselves in comparison, or in perspective with women in other countries.

Why should we be truly thankful? First—thankful because we are keeping house in America, and not in some other country. Last year I spent four months in England, France and other lands where the conditions of homemaking are 20, yes, even 40 years behind us. Can you who unthinkingly accept running water, electricity, steam heat, and countless home comforts believe that only about 10% of all English homes have running water above the first floor, that not one house in a thousand has central heating even in winter, and that a dingy basement scullery is the substitute for our sparkling, sanitary kitchens? Can you, who at the touch of a button are able to "plug in" to a dozen electrical conveniences believe there are some 16 different voltages in the city of London alone? What this means may be more clearly grasped when I tell you that if you have an electric iron or a toaster and live on a certain street, when you move to a new section or even across the street, you have to buy an entirely new iron or toaster to fit?

Second—thankful because we have the varied, abundant and universally available pure food supply of America. Not until we travel in other countries do we appreciate what our packing and refrigerating interests have accomplished to provide our markets with staple and perishable foods, out-

of-season, and from localities thousands of miles distant. Only when abroad does the term "pure food" begin to take on significance. If any reader has stood, as I have done, and watched milk being delivered from a small rack under which the empty bottles were swinging within a foot of the dirty street, and seen it being poured from a grimy can into these same unsterilized bottles, she would certainly say a prayer of thanks every day that our children can rely on a pure milk supply at the back door. Milk! The chalky, "preserved" and boiled liquid, sold overseas as milk may well explain the deficient tooth and bony structure, the pasty faces and prevalent infant disease of those countries.

Third—thankful because we have state and national government truly interested in solving the multiple problems of the housewife. The free bulletins of our Department of Agriculture, of our state institutions, the work of our home demonstration agents—all these have helped immeasurably to raise the standards of housekeeping and dignify homemaking into a profession.

Fourth—thankful because we have manu-

[Continued on page 67]

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 66]

facturers and advertisers with vision and willingness to aid the consumer and home manager. The sums spent by these groups in scientific experiment, in informing us about new products, new cookery, new methods of housework, have brought about a revolution in housekeeping. I do not hesitate to say that the present wide-flung efficiency and mechanization of the home of which America can be justly proud, have been attained by the generous help and co-operation of the manufacturers both of food products and mechanical household appliances.

Fifth—thankful because we are American women, and not those of other countries. The freedom and ease with which any of us can take up a career, a profession, club activities or what you will, is almost unknown, and certainly unrealized abroad. There, just being a woman is a handicap, and added to that is the conservatism, the tradition, the lack of opportunity in every business field. Women, there, have to spend so much time in defending their position or their reasons for a certain course, that they have no energy or initiative left for the job itself—and just hopelessly give it up in the end.

Sixth—thankful for the American man and the American husband! In no other land is he so generous, so sympathetic, and so undemanding on his wife's time, obedience or individuality. It is he who has opened the pursestrings and made our homes so comfortable, convenient and labor-saving. If the homemaker wants a cabinet or a cooker to make her work easier his general attitude is, "Sure, let the wife have it if she wants it. I install the most up-to-date files and equipment and adding machines in the office, she's got a right to the best there is in the home." Not so "over there!" Over and over in my lectures I was faced with this remark by women across the seas: "Oh, that meal might be all right for the American husband, but no Englishman would be satisfied with it"; or, "Yes, but our men won't buy us these vacuum cleaners and other appliances we want for the home, they think we can just go right on in the old drudgery ways."

Now, American Housewife, haven't you something for which to be truly thankful, come Thanksgiving Day?

What is a budget? Where does the money go? How shall we plan for the new year? All of these questions become most timely right after the holiday season around January 1st, when all the bills come due! Then is the one season of the year to turn over a new leaf, financially as well as otherwise.

I am sure that after the holidays, everyone will be a little tired of cooking. And so, for a change, I decided that we would have a BETTER BUDGET CONTEST. Perhaps you have kept a budget during the past year; perhaps you have not tried one, but would like to begin in 1928. Perhaps you have interesting or unusual plans for handling your family finances. Do you believe in a separate allowance or not? Do you let the children share in the plans? What is your special aim or goal? Do you and your husband manage jointly? I want to hear all sides, and everything helpful on this vital problem which faces every family. So here are the exact rules:

BETTER BUDGET CONTEST

1. Submit a budget which you consider or have found to be ideal for a typical family of 2 adults and 2 children.

[Continued on page 69]



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When the banker informs you that you have overdrawn your checking account... be nonchalant... light a

MURAD CIGARETTE

MURAD

For those who feel entitled to life's better things

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Ring of pure live rubber fits between casing and tube. Doubles mileage. Tires wear down to last ply of fabric. Prevents blowouts. Nails, etc., never reach tube. Forget tire trouble. Cut tire cost in half. Yellow Cab, etc., report 20,000 to 30,000 miles without a puncture.

GET FREE SAMPLE Biggest auto specialty in history. Oliver made \$28 first day. Richardson earned \$57 in a few hours. Unlimited opportunity for quantity sales. Send name quick for free sample and wonderful money-making plan.

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\$1 MACOY'S 5 window PASS CASE \$1
Genuine Gold Corners Morocco Goatskin

Well made in every way. Edges turned and stitched; pocket for business cards; Shrine or Masonic Emblem FREE. Gold stamping, name and address, 35c per line extra.

5 Window Pass Case.....\$1.00
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PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
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PLAY BASEBALL THIS WINTER
Dan MacFayden Red Sox Pitcher has designed the last word in indoor baseball games—has everything. High grade, instructive, complete every way. Sold direct. Write today for free descriptive folder F—a postal will do.
National Games Co. Newtonville, Mass.



DURHAM-DUPLEX
The Blades Men Swear By—not At

EITHER SET ~
\$1.50
With Two 50¢ Pkgs of Blades

Interchangeable Blades 50¢ for package of 5

AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade—nothing else—that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—cutting your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries.

Special Offer 25c

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25c.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred.

Name

Address

Town or City and State

I prefer Long-handled Type..... Safety Type.....

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 64])

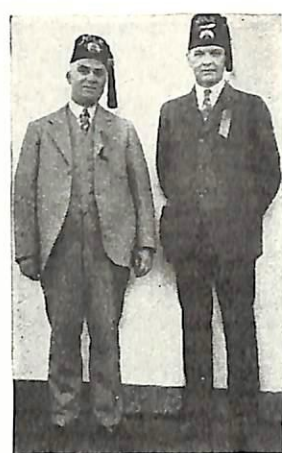
THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S THIRD TRIP

November and December

Leave Providence.....	Nov. 5	
Arrive Chicago.....	" 6	9:45 A. M.
Leave Chicago.....	" 6	6:30 P. M.
Arrive Minneapolis....	" 7	7:55 A. M.
Leave Minneapolis....	" 8	12:05 P. M.
Arrive Seattle.....	" 10	7:00 P. M.
Leave Seattle.....	" 11	9:00 A. M.
Arrive Tacoma.....	" 11	10:20 A. M.
Leave Tacoma.....	" 12	10:30 A. M.
Arrive Portland, Ore....	" 12	3:15 P. M.
Leave Portland, Ore....	" 13	1:00 A. M.
Arrive Ashland, Ore....	" 14	2:40 P. M.
Leave Ashland, Ore....	" 15	3:00 P. M.
Arrive Sacramento....	" 16	6:05 A. M.
Leave Sacramento....	" 17	10:45 A. M.
Arrive Reno.....	" 17	6:00 P. M.
Leave Reno.....	" 18	8:00 A. M.
Arrive Oakland.....	" 18	5:38 P. M.
Leave Oakland.....	" 19	Motor
Arrive San Francisco....	" 19	
Leave San Francisco....	" 20	6:00 P. M.
Arrive Los Angeles....	" 21	8:50 A. M.
Leave Los Angeles....	" 21	9:15 A. M.
Arrive San Diego.....	" 21	1:00 P. M.
Leave San Diego.....	" 23	9:00 A. M.
Arrive Los Angeles....	" 23	12:05 Noon
Leave Los Angeles....	" 26	11:00 A. M.
Arrive Salt Lake City..	" 27	12:30 P. M.
Leave Salt Lake City..	" 29	1:05 P. M.
Arrive Rawlins.....	" 30	12:15 Noon
Leave Rawlins.....	Dec. 1	7:40 A. M.
Arrive Cheyenne.....	" 2	12:50 P. M.
Leave Cheyenne.....	" 3	1:15 P. M.
Arrive Denver.....	" 3	4:45 P. M.
Leave Denver.....	" 6	1:40 A. M.
Arrive Pueblo.....	" 6	P. M.
Leave Pueblo.....	" 7	Night
Arrive St. Joseph.....	" 8	
Arrive Kansas City....	" 9	
Leave Kansas City....	" 11	P. M.
Arrive St. Louis.....	" 12	A. M.
Leave St. Louis.....	" 13	A. M.
Arrive E. St. Louis....	" 13	A. M.
Leave E. St. Louis....	" 13	P. M.
Arrive St. Louis.....	" 13	P. M.
Leave St. Louis.....	" 14	A. M.
Arrive Terre Haute....	" 14	P. M.
Leave Terre Haute....	" 15	A. M.
Arrive Indianapolis....	" 15	P. M.
Leave Indianapolis....	" 16	A. M.
Arrive Dayton.....	" 16	P. M.
Leave Dayton.....	" 17	A. M.
Arrive Columbus.....	" 17	P. M.

As all of Shrinedom knows, the Woodland Park Zoo at Seattle has for several years had two camels, Potentate and Nile. Recently the pair became the proud parents of a baby son, the first two-humped camel on the Pacific Coast. The new arrival was promptly named "Outer Guard" in honor of Hugh Caldwell, Imperial Outer Guard and Past Potentate of Nile, Seattle, who brought "Nile" to the park from Pekin, China, in 1922.

This business of going to Europe is getting to be a habit with the Shriners. Seventy-nine Shriners and their families, members of the first Mecca Temple pilgrimage, left for Queenstown and Liverpool on the Cedric, a White Star liner.



(William A. Eastman, Potentate, Nile Temple, Seattle, and Noble Geo. Parks, Governor of Alaska, and member El Jebel, Denver.)

Nile Temple, of Seattle, under the leadership of Potentate William A. Eastman, returned August 29th from it's Fourteenth Pilgrimage to Alaska. Full Ceremonials were staged at Fairbanks, Anchorage, Cordova and Juneau. It took four weeks to make the trip. While Alaska is open territory, Nile Temple has visited it so often that practically all of the Nobility there belong to Nile. Potentate Eastman says they are a splendid lot of gentlemen, and their hospitality, for sincerity and wholeheartedness, is in a class by itself. He was accompanied by Noble Van S. McKenny, High Priest and Prophet, Past Potentate Thos. M. Askren, Past Potentate and Recorder Frank B. Lazier, First Ceremonial Master Jos. H. Sayer, Noble Chas. M. Howe, and Noble George Parks, Governor of Alaska who is a member of El Jebel, Denver, was with him part of the time. A number of the Nobility from different parts of the country also accompanied him. This pilgrimage, with four to the Orient, makes over 100,000 miles that Nile Temple has traveled in carrying the message of the Shrine to outlying districts.

[See Hospital Notes page 78]

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS 1927-28

CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine	Imperial Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia	Imperial Deputy Potentate
LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah	Imperial Chief Rabban
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus	Imperial Assistant Rabban
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah	Imperial High Priest and Prophet
JAMES H. PRICE, Acca	Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria	Imperial Treasurer
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig	Imperial Oriental Guide
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed	Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive	Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kota	Imperial Marshal
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas	Imperial Captain of the Guard
HUGH M. CALDWELL, Nile	Imperial Outer Guard

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 67]

2. Arrange the material in the best form, giving percentages of the income spent for each of the six divisions of the budget (Shelter, Food, Clothing, Operating, Savings, Advancement).

3. Write a letter accompanying it, not to exceed 500 words in length, stating or explaining your ideas and points and why you consider a budget necessary.

4. Address BUDGET CONTEST EDITOR, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

5. Contributions must be received by December 15th.

What a time we had judging the Jelly and Jam Contest! Not only did we receive hundreds of entries on paper, but the editors were the recipients of actual samples of jelly and preserves in their mail basket! One afternoon when such a package of quivering red jelly was opened up and spread on crackers, the whole service staff was inclined to do no more work for the afternoon! Many were the marmalades of unusual ingredients and piquant flavor. Countless were the jellies or fruit butters using familiar ingredients with different spices.

We wish it were possible to publish many more of these excellent recipes. After sorting and sorting, our choice narrowed down to the following winners. We are sure that other readers will care to try these zestful and unusual preserves, marmalades, and jams:

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. G. GERSTMAN,
249 Oxford avenue,
Buffalo, N. Y.

West India Conserve: 1 lb. dried figs, 1 lb. raisins, 6 lbs. rhubarb, 2 lemons, 1 orange, 5 lbs. sugar. Chop the raisins and figs and let stand in water to cover overnight. Wash and chop the rhubarb and let stand overnight with the sugar. In the morning combine the two mixtures with the lemon and orange juices and cook slowly for three hours or until the mixture will hold its shape when a little is dropped on a plate.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. R. H. AYERS,
39 Day street,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Oriental Marmalade: 2 cups dried apricots, 1 cup dried figs, 1 cup of dates, 2 cups raisins, 4 cups cold water, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 lemons. Cut apricots, figs, dates and raisins in small pieces, cover with cold water and soak overnight. Then add sugar and juice from lemons. Cook slowly until thick, about forty minutes.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. R. FREEMAN,
635 West 170th street,
New York, N. Y.

Preserved Prunes: 2 dozen walnuts, 1 lb. prunes, ¼ lb. dried cherries, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Remove pits from prunes and cherries. Soak prunes overnight. Add sugar to the water in which prunes have soaked and boil for a moment and then skim. Add cherries, prunes and broken walnuts and simmer until prunes are soft and syrup thick. Add lemon juice after removing from fire.

\$2.00 WINNERS

MRS. EDWARD A. KROST,
149 N. East street,
Crown Point, Indiana.

Gooseberry Jam: 5 lbs. gooseberries, 2 lbs. raisins. Chop together very fine and add 4 lbs. sugar, 3 oranges, grate rind. Cook slowly one hour and then pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

MRS. HAL C. SIMPSON,
442 East Pasadena street,
Pomona, California.

Pepper Conserve: 1 dozen hot peppers (long green), 1 dozen sweet bell peppers, 1 dozen large

[Continued on page 70]

Friends Are Glad to Visit and Youngsters Remain at Home ..Where There's a Billiard Table

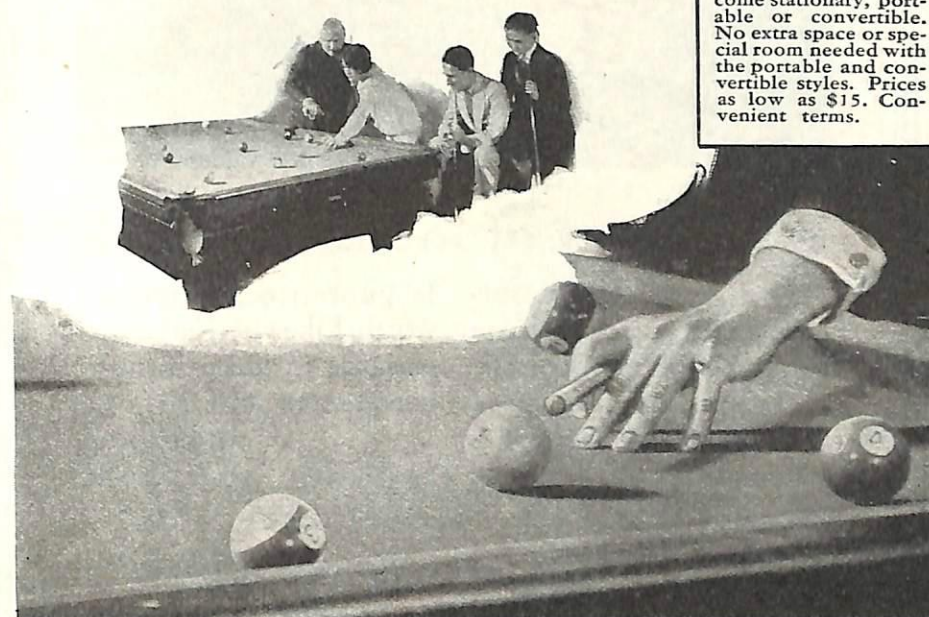
WHAT stronger magnet to draw to your home congenial friends—to keep the young people happy under their own roof-tree—than a billiard table? Dull evenings vanish. In their place a continuous round of fun and the absorbing interest of one of the greatest of all sports.

Enjoyable exercise as well.

You can have all this today—easily. As little as \$15 buys a portable Brunswick Pocket Billiard Table. No extra space needed. Other beautiful tables suitable for any home and any purse. Mail coupon today for full descriptions and prices.

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Home Billiard Tables
From \$15 Up

There's a beautiful Brunswick table for billiards or pocket billiards to fit any home and any means. They come stationary, portable or convertible. No extra space or special room needed with the portable and convertible styles. Prices as low as \$15. Convenient terms.



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Gentlemen: Please send me complete information about your Home Billiard Tables.

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City.....State.....

Give him a Masonic Gift \$1.00 YOUR CHOICE



[Actual Size]

A gift that will last. A genuine leather, 5-window pass case, with gold corners. Masonic or Shrine Emblem stamped on, in gold, free. Holds railroad passes, auto license, lodge cards, etc., \$1. Name or other stamping, 35c extra per line.

Heavy Gold Plated Charm

A most mysterious Masonic Watch Charm—a novelty he will enjoy. When it revolves it shows the square and compass. In an attractive box, \$1.



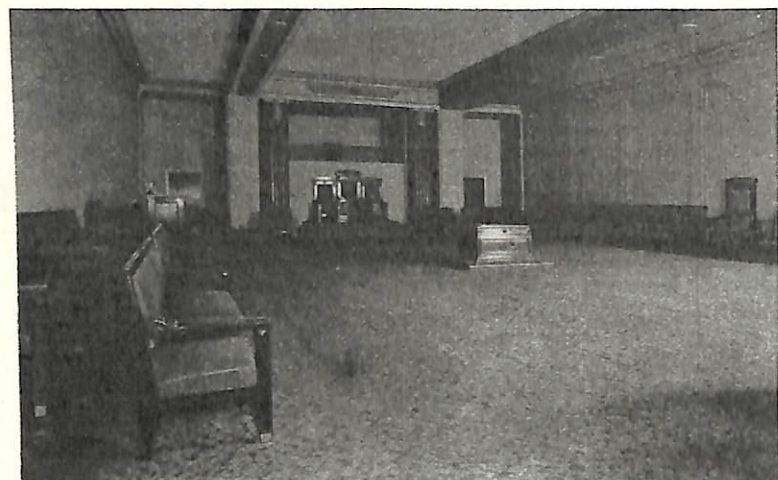
[Actual Size]

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**The
CROSSETT
Shoe**
MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY
TRADE MARK REG.

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 69]

onions. Put all through food grinder. Pour boiling water over it and let stand five minutes. Drain. Repeat this process. Add to the above ingredients 2 tablespoons salt, 3 cups sugar, 1 qt. vinegar. Let boil twenty minutes. Seal in jars. This is delicious to serve with cold or hot meat.

MRS. J. H. PRINCE,
34 Davis street,
Lewiston, Maine.

Cherry Butter: 2 quarts cherries, 1 cup water, 1 cup grated pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 cups sugar. Cook cherries, water and pineapple slowly until mixture thickens. Add lemon juice and sugar and cook slowly until mixture is syrupy. Pour into hot sterilized jars.

MRS. K. E. HITESLINE,
421 Argonne Drive,
Parnassus, Pa.

Grapefruit Jelly: Pulp of grapefruit, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Remove all the membrane from the grapefruit pulp, especially the white inner skin. Let the ½ cup sugar stand on the pulp to bring out the juice. Soak the gelatine in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Chill and when thoroughly cold add grapefruit and lemon juice, then put into a mold. This is delicious with cold meats of any kind.

MRS. L. E. MAYES,
Marion, Ky.

Red Pepper Jam: 12 large red sweet peppers, 1 pint vinegar, 3 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon salt. Remove the seeds from the peppers and put through the food chopper, using the medium knife. Sprinkle with salt and let stand three or four hours. Drain, put in a kettle and add the vinegar and sugar. Boil gently until of the consistency of jam—about one hour. Pour into sterilized jars or glasses and when cold cover with paraffin. This makes six glasses.

\$1.00 WINNERS

MRS. DAVID TARBELL,
68 East Maine street,
North East, Pa.

Mock Fig Preserves: 1 egg plant, 1½ cups sugar, small piece ginger root, the juice and grated rind of ½ lemon. Peel egg plant and cut in small pieces, add sugar, cover sparingly with water and cook until soft. Add ginger root, juice and grated rind of lemon and simmer till thick. Pour into glasses and cover at once with parowax.

MRS. ARTHUR B. LONG,
448 North Sherman Drive,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Little Yellow Tomato Marmalade: Scald tomatoes to remove skins, cut in half if they are small or quarter if they are large, and remove all the seeds. (The seeds left in make the marmalade bitter.) To 3 cups of tomatoes add 3 cups of sugar, the juice of 1 lemon and the grated rind of 1 orange. Cook altogether until thick and pour into sterilized jars and seal. These look very attractive in little glass jars.

MRS. H. R. FAULKNER,
1008—11th street,
Greeley, Colorado.

Cranberry Conserve: 1 quart cranberries, 2 cups cold water, 1 grapefruit, 1 cup raisins, 4 cups sugar, 1 cup chopped nut meats, 2½ cups boiling water. Run cranberries through food chopper, add cold water and cook until soft. Add juice and pulp of grapefruit, raisins chopped, sugar and boiling water and cook until thick. Add nuts and cook five minutes.

MRS. R. E. SQUIRES,
Sebastopol, California.

Cherry Pickles: To 1 quart cherries add 1 level tablespoon salt and 1 round tablespoon sugar. Wash the cherries, leaving the stems on. Pack into jars and fill jar half full of vinegar, then fill the rest with water. Add salt and sugar and seal. Add stick cinnamon or spice if you like; these require no cooking, the vinegar and water are cold and just screw on the lids of the jars. It will take a few weeks for them to be thoroughly seasoned, but will repay one for they are like olived cherries. The white cherries or Royal Ann cherries are the best.

(Mrs. Frederick has an article, "Planning Meals for the School Child," on page 6 of this issue.)

[Shrine Service Continued on page 74]

ANOTHER SHRINE FOR TWISTED BODIES

[Continued from page 52]

guests of Hejaz Temple at luncheon, served in sections at the leading hotels. At 2:30 P. M. the formal dedication took place.

At the luncheon for the Divans of the Imperial Council and of the four participating Temples, each Trustee was presented with four shirts, three suits of pajamas and three handkerchiefs, all manufactured at mills at Greenville and into which was woven the friendship of the community. The Imperial Potentate was presented a suit of clothing made to his measure secretly obtained from his own tailor at Providence. The Southern worsted of which this suit was made was woven in a mill near the hospital. The wife of each Trustee received a beautiful dress pattern woven in the mill of Noble Ben E. Geer at Greenville. An impressive incident of this luncheon was the presentation by the Imperial Potentate of a silver pitcher to Mr. and Mrs. Burgess.

Noble George T. Bryan presided at the dedication ceremonies. In his career within the Shrine he has served as Potentate of Omar Temple, first Potentate of Hejaz Temple and as Chief Rabbah of Oasis Temple. He now is Recorder of Hejaz Temple. The legal deed to the hospital property was presented by Mr. Burgess to Noble John M. Holmes, Chairman of the Board of Governors. Noble Holmes presented this document to Noble Sam P. Cochran, of Dallas, Texas, Chairman of the National Board of Trustees. Imperial Potentate Dunbar received the deed from the hands of Noble Cochran and then the Imperial Potentate led in the dedication, using the impressive ritualistic ceremony developed by the Shrine for occasions of this kind.

The four Temples' Bands, combined, and the Chanters of Yaarab Temple presented the musical program. Brief addresses were delivered by Imperial Potentate Dunbar, Noble Cochran and Mr. Burgess.

Miss Margaret Dunbar, daughter of the Imperial Potentate, and Mrs. Arthur W. Chapman, were chosen by Noble Henry J. Elliott, Chairman of the Hospital Board, Montreal Unit, to present to the Greenville Unit two flags—an American and a Canadian flag. In presenting the flags Miss Dunbar said:

"Imperial Potentate, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Illustrious Potentate, Ladies and Nobles:

I feel highly honored to have been chosen to present the flags of these United States and the Dominion of Canada given by Noble Henry J. Elliott, Chairman of the Hospital Board of Montreal.

It is his hope that these flags shall be hung over the inner portals of the hospital door so that when the children go from beneath them, reestablished in body and uplifted in mind, they will appreciate the fact that it was under these flags they received those added blessings in their lives; and that, as a consequence, they may go out with a firm resolution to maintain law and order under the two governments for which these flags stand.

That the immortal words of Lincoln may be ever realized—"That government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Mr. Elliott sends his best wishes to the Greenville Unit for every success in Shriners Hospital work, and asks that the real purpose of this presentation be made manifest, namely: the drawing into closer unity the two peoples of a race in whom we have a common interest—Canada and United States.

The large group of children, patients at the hospital, each suffering from some physical deformity, was a center of affectionate interest during the [Continued on page 72]

An Austrian Scientist An American Physician

Developed
this Tiny
Delicious Tablet

To correct
our commonest
physical problem

Chew it
for 3 minutes
at Bedtime tonight



A COOL, mint-flavored tablet . . . apparently just a bit of chewing gum . . . you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Your whole body refreshed, invigorated, purified within—for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone without shock to the system—without injury to the digestion, without any of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you.

That is Feen-a-mint—the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

THE "active principle" of Feen-a-mint is phenolphthalein—a compound whose remarkable laxative properties were discovered in Europe shortly before the World War.

Mild, pleasant, yet wonderfully effective—almost at once the scientific world adopted it.

Then, quite recently, an American physician made this new discovery still more effective by combining it with a delicious mint chewing-gum.

Not simply because this was a pleasant, easy way to take it—but because

this combination made possible the advantage which experts had long striven for: thorough mixing of a laxative with the saliva before it reaches the stomach. Feen-a-mint was the result.

TRY it tonight yourself—your favorite druggist has it. Simply chew one of the little mint-flavored tablets until the flavor is gone.

The chewing mixes the phenolphthalein with the mouth fluids which aid digestion. The result is easy, natural, complete laxative action in the morning. No unhealthy violent "flushing" of the system—yet complete elimination, such as the usual mild laxative so often fails to give.

And for children, especially, you will find Feen-a-mint invaluable—accepted as eagerly as candy!

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The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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King Band Instruments are known everywhere as the easiest to learn to play perfectly. Many of America's best Shrine Bands use King Instruments.

Though built like a jeweled watch, a King costs no more than other makes and can be purchased on easy monthly payments. Any instrument sent on ten-day free approval. A year's guarantee in writing. Send a postcard for further information.

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KING
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
French Horn
Baritone
Bass
Bugle

ANOTHER SHRINE FOR TWISTED BODIES

[Continued from page 71]

ceremony. At the conclusion of the formal exercises, the hospital was inspected by many visitors, who, in parties, were escorted about the building by Nobles of Hejaz Temple.

The day was brought to a close with a banquet, attended by perhaps 1500 members of the Mystic Shrine and a few invited guests, at the great Textile Hall. As at the dedication of the hospital, children constituted a feature of the banquet, for 600 boys and girls of families living in the villages near Greenville of the so-called Parker chain of cotton mills sang impressively several appropriate choral numbers.

Operation of the hospital is under the direction of the local Board of Governors, composed of Nobles Holmes, Chairman; A. H. Mackey, Secretary; Lee C. Harris; Ben E. Geer; James R. Johnson, of Charleston, S. C., Representative of Omar Temple; J. A. Piper; George T. Bryan; M. L. Smith of Laurens, S. C., Potentate of Hejaz Temple.

Potentates of Temples other than Hejaz participating in the day's ceremonies and festivities were: Tom C. Law, of Atlanta, Yaarab Temple; George Ricker, of Sumter, S. C., Omar Temple; and C. M. Vanstony, of Greensboro, N. C., Oasis Temple; F. B. Crowson, Sudan Temple; M. F. Flenniken, Kerbel Temple; H. R. Pridgen, Mahi Temple.

W. W. Burgiss.....	\$350,000.00
Belton Lodge No. 130, Belton, S. C.....	50.00
Aurora Lodge No. 33, Clio, S. C.....	100.00
Hammerton Lodge No. 332, North Charleston, S. C.....	25.00
Allendale Lodge No. 109, Allendale, S. C.....	10.00
Whitney Lodge No. 264, Whitney, S. C.....	20.00
Hejas Temple, Greenville, S. C.....	5,000.00
Duncan Lodge No. 256, Buffalo, S. C.....	10.00
John A. Fant Lodge No. 334, Monarch Mills, S. C.....	5.00
Florence Commandery No. 10, Florence, S. C.....	50.00
Potter Council No. 42, Gaffney, S. C.....	5.00
Pomaria Lodge No. 151, Peak, S. C.....	100.00
Judson Lodge No. 319, Judson Mills, Greenville, S. C.....	25.00
Gaffney Chapter No. 55, Gaffney, S. C.....	10.00
Central Lodge No. 229, Central, S. C.....	20.00
Oriental Council No. 17, Newberry, S. C.....	25.00
Signet Chapter No. 18, Newberry, S. C.....	25.00
Amity Lodge No. 87, Newberry, S. C.....	25.00
Recovery Lodge No. 31, Greenville, S. C.....	500.00
Berkeley Lodge No. 269, Moncks Corner, S. C.....	25.00
Tucapau Lodge No. 253, Tucapau, S. C.....	10.00
Harmony Lodge No. 17, Barnwell, S. C.....	10.00
Summerton Lodge No. 105, Summerton, S. C.....	10.00
Newberry Commandery No. 6, Newberry, S. C.....	25.00
Mr. S. Behrmann, Moncks Corner, S. C.....	10.00
Omar Temple, Charleston, S. C.....	4,000.00
Greenville Commandery, No. 4, Greenville, S. C.....	25.00
Alpha Council No. 10, Greenville, S. C.....	25.00
Cyrus Chapter No. 22, Greenville, S. C.....	25.00

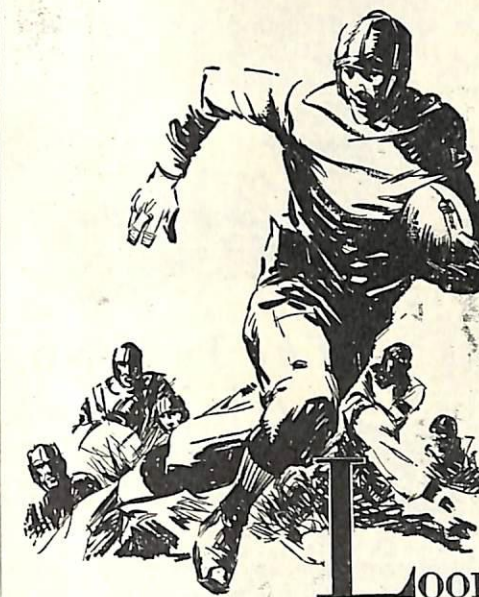
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[Continued from page 72]

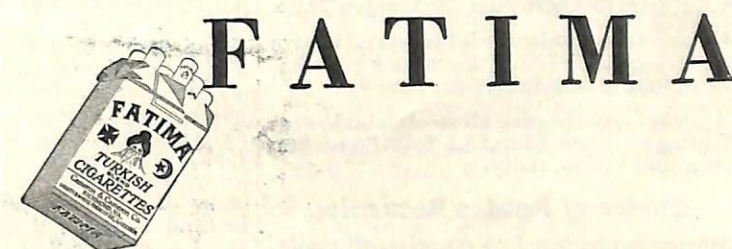
Greenwood Commandery No. 5, Greenwood, S. C.....	50.00
Scottish Rite Bodies of Charleston, S. C.....	400.00
Battery & Electric Co., Inc., Greenville, S. C.....	Complete Radio Equipment
Princeton Lodge No. 129, Princeton, S. C.....	5.00
Fort Lawn Lodge No. 291, Fort Lawn, S. C.....	10.00
St. David's Lodge No. 72, Darlington, S. C.....	25.00
Lafayette Chapter No. 10, Darlington, S. C.....	25.00
Darlington Council No. 46, Darlington, S. C.....	25.00
Mt. Hope Lodge No. 128, St. Stephens, S. C.....	15.00
Empire Lodge No. 213, Conestee Mills, Greenville, S. C.....	5.00
Ware Shoals Lodge No. 306, Ware Shoals, S. C.....	10.00
Cooper Lodge No. 282, Travelers' Rest, S. C.....	8.50
Starr Lodge No. 99, Graniteville, S. C.....	26.00
Cedar Lodge No. 184, Wagoner, S. C.....	10.00
Six Mile Lodge No. 339, Six Mile, S. C.....	5.00
American Lodge No. 98, Ridge-land, S. C.....	15.00
Gilbert Lodge No. 176, Gilbert, S. C.....	5.00
Mannville Lodge No. 232, Mannville, S. C.....	10.00
Tiger Lodge No. 190, Tigerville, S. C.....	25.00
Hoyt Lodge No. 322, Cheddar, S. C.....	5.00
Solomon's Lodge No. 1, Charleston, S. C.....	25.00
Pelzer Lodge No. 217, Pelzer, S. C.....	25.00
Greenville Rotary Club.....	100.00
Greenville Kiwanis Club.....	100.00
A few friends.....	1,500.00
Chester Commandery No. 7, Chester, S. C.....	25.00
Spartan Lodge No. 70, Spartanburg, S. C.....	10.00
Prosperity Lodge No. 115, Prosperity, S. C.....	5.00
Trough Shoals Lodge No. 228, Trough, S. C.....	25.00
Pendleton Lodge No. 34, Pendleton, S. C.....	25.00
Bailey Lodge No. 146, Greer, S. C.....	50.00
Duncan Lodge No. 309, Duncan, S. C.....	50.00
Monaghan Lodge No. 251, Monaghan Mills, Greenville, S. C.....	50.00
Palmetto Lodge No. 19, Laurens, S. C.....	25.00
Newberry Shrine Club, Newberry, S. C.....	100.00
Roseboro Lodge No. 195, Whitmire, S. C.....	100.00
Walden Lodge No. 274, Greenville, S. C.....	156.00
Hejaz Temple Degree Team, Greenville, S. C.....	50.00
Omar Temple Patrol, Charleston, S. C.....	1,000.00
Civitan Club of Greenville, S. C.....	Bird cages
Guy B. Foster, Captain, Hejaz Patrol.....	One car of cement
Eastern Star, Chapter No. 31, Greenville.....	Bird and bird cage
Knights of Columbus, Greenville, S. C.....	Bird cage stand and bird
Spartanburg Masonic Club.....	150.00

[Hospital News Continued on page 78]

WATCH THE YOUNGER CROWD PICK THE WINNERS!



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The Just-So of Cooking Cranberries

CRANBERRIES charm the eye because of their decorative shape and rich ruby color. But the housewife informed on food values knows that the acid "salts" and flavorful tang of the cranberry are exactly the needed contrast to rich meats, especially the holiday turkey, duck or goose. Their refreshing acid "cuts" the fats and makes them more assimilable and therefore digestible, not only the fat of meats but the shortening of pies, pastries or puddings. There is as much health value and vitamins in the lowly inexpensive cranberry as in more costly foods. Not only for holidays, but as a daily staple, cranberries are the ideal all-winter fruit.

The housewife who thinks of the cranberry only in terms of a festive jelly is missing its varied possibilities: it is delicious as a plain sauce; served as dessert, in the form of refreshing sherbet it is a most cooling and colorful course or accompaniment to meats; used in place of the more common apple, peach or prune, it contrasts excellently with tapioca, rice pudding and other dishes of a starchy nature; indeed, as one husband said, "cranberries raise the whole lot of nursery desserts into dishes a he-man can enjoy"; it may be developed into an economical and quickly made marmalade or spread for the sandwiches of the winter lunchbox; and as a pudding sauce or a pie fruit, it compares most favorably with lemon, chocolate, etc.

As in any cooking there is a "right" and better way to prepare this berry to bring it to the full perfection of flavor, and appearance. The old method of setting the berries to cook with sugar is not desirable because this toughened the skins and increased danger of scorching and coarse flavor. A basic recipe for cranberries as a delicious sauce, useful for many purposes is as follows: for 4 cups or 1 quart of berries allow 2 cups sugar and 2 cups water. Wash and drain berries in colander, discarding all imperfect fruit; bring sugar and water to a boil in an enamel pan and cook 5-10 minutes or until a medium-thin syrup is formed; to this boiling syrup add the drained berries, cover, and simmer very gently until each berry is tender and translucent. Do not have the fire rapid or the berries will burst; do not overcook as this brings out the bitter taste of the seeds. Use a shallow broad utensil so that each berry will have plenty of space. Rightly done, the cranberries will float, each in perfect shape, on a ruby syrup of zesty flavor.

For those who prefer the typical stiff mold, a clear, quivering jelly is made in this manner: place 4 cups washed and sorted berries in enamel saucepan with 1 cup

boiling water and boil 10 minutes or until very soft. Remove from fire and mash pulp and strain. Return well-strained pulp with 2 cups sugar to fire, and allow to come to boil, stirring constantly so sugar will rapidly dissolve. Turn at once into wetted china or glass molds. Long cooking after sugar is added will result in the jelly's failure to "set." It is also well to remember that cranberry jelly rapidly liquefies owing to the large amount of acid it contains. Therefore it should not be made more than a day previous to the day it is used.

Refreshing cranberry sherbet is easily made by boiling down 4 cups berries with 2 cups water and mashing to a pulp; strain, add 2 cups sugar and the juice of 1 lemon, cook up once, then cool and freeze. It should be the consistency of a water ice. For variation, the strained pulp may be combined with whipped cream, packed into a fancy mold and buried in ice and salt (or snow) for several hours. It is then a mousse or frozen fruit-cream mixture of greater richness and delicacy, and may well serve as the dessert of even a guest meal.

Cranberries may also be used as the basis of many delicious drinks, for, because of color and richness, they seem the most appropriate holiday fruit. This is a Thanksgiving Punch of refreshing piquancy: cover 1 quart picked berries with water and simmer until soft; strain. To 1 quart of this strained pulp add 1 or more cups of sugar to taste and let cook up to dissolve sugar. When cool add 2 cups crushed canned pineapple and syrup; flavor with 1/8 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/16 teaspoon ground cloves. Pour over cracked ice, fill up with charged water or vichy and garnish glasses with whole candied cranberries and spray of laurel leaves. (Speaking of garnish there is nothing more decorative with which to tip the ends of chop bones, the standing ribs of a crown meat roast, or even the turkey sides, than cranberries, raw or carefully cooked whole.)

Mock Cherry Pie Supreme: 2 cups cranberries cut in halves, 1/2 cup water, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 tablespoon almond extract, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup sifted crumbs, flaky pastry. Line pie plate with flaky pastry and sprinkle the bottom with crumbs to absorb excess juice. Into saucepan pour water, sugar and orange juice and bring to boil. Then add cut berries and raisins and simmer, stirring frequently for 10 minutes. Add butter, then the flour which has been mixed to a paste with cold water, and continue cooking a few moments longer. Remove from fire, add [Continued on page 75]

almond and vanilla extract, and fill into pastry shell. Finish top with criss-cross strips of pastry and bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. A meringue may be used instead of strips and the mixture baked in tarts instead of a single pie.

Spiced Cranberries: 4 cups cranberries, 1 cup cold water, 12 cloves, 12 allspice, 2 sticks cinnamon, 2 blades mace, 2 cups sugar. Simmer slowly according to best method for sauce preparation.

Cranberry Fruit-butter: 3 quarts cranberries, 2 cups water, 2 lbs. sugar. Cook berries in water until tender and soft, then sieve. Return pulp to fire, add sugar and stir another half hour over simmering fire until quite thick. When cool turn into sterilized jars and seal. A blend of cinnamon, clove and grated nutmeg may be used for seasoning.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 43]

creed. His mouth is turned down sadly as he serves a hard unforgiving God in a sinful and hell-bent world.

A miserly mortgage-foreclosing father in our town believed that Gold was God and Muzuma was his "profit." He was hard on his children; his boy was the only one of my schoolmates who went bad frittering away the money his father worked so cruelly to save.

The rest of my playmates are far flung across this continent, solving the bread and butter problem in various ways, all fathers of families. In that kitchen door I ticked them off on my fingers to see if I could tell those who had continued to grow and those who had not. As I turned them over in my mind I found one interesting thing.

Those who remember their own boyhood are tolerant with their own boys and with the world. Their boys come whooping down the walk when Father comes home; they have made a success in life. Those who have forgotten they were once kids who swam, smoked behind the barn, stole water-melons and lied about going in swimming, are the narrow fellows who ceased to grow spiritually and mentally when they stopped growing physically.

I am of the Shrine. I am in the Shrine. I am for the Shrine. I say it as many ways as I can to show that I feel myself a part of a movement which is keeping alive the boyishness which makes true men, loving and beloved.

The world today is better than since the beginning of time. Life offers more to that joyous boyish man who catches it as it flies than ever before; who can relax and forget money grubbing while he laughs with and at himself and his fellow man; who is so in love with the world that he gives of his well begotten dollars that little crippled children may also work and love and laugh.

How old is old? When does a man stop growing? What is success? The answer to all these questions is in the mind which asks it. Boyhood lasts while we remember to be boyish. A man who takes himself seriously should think seriously about himself, for he is in a serious condition.

I am not in a serious condition! I believe I am still growing. If I have in me more toleration, more love of my fellow man, more of the spirit which was in the tow-headed youngster who backed against that door, it is because I have rubbed elbows with a lot of fellows who are full of the divine insanity which permeates the Shrine, from its absurd initiations to its hospitals for crippled children.

Serious things, my masters, serious things! Serious things and serious men should be laughed at, including me and this serious attempt to make you, too, wonder about your own growth!



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DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



((Above)) A lightweight, portable electric sewing machine using only one spool, no bobbins.

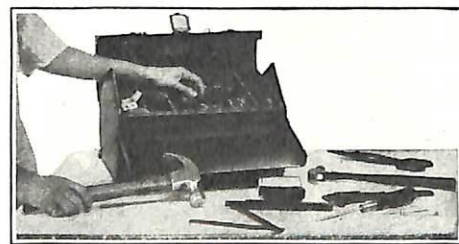
((Right)) A Shrine novelty electric cigar and cigarette lighter. Contact button is in back and lighting unit in top of fezz.



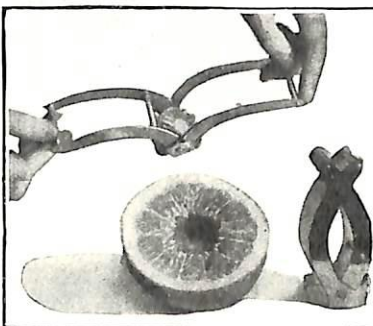
((Right)) An assortment of attractive molds for steaming brown bread, the many cold-weather puddings, or shaping cranberry sauce for holiday festivities.



((Left)) A handy knife-sharpener which easily screws to a table and sharpens any blade drawn between its revolving rolls.



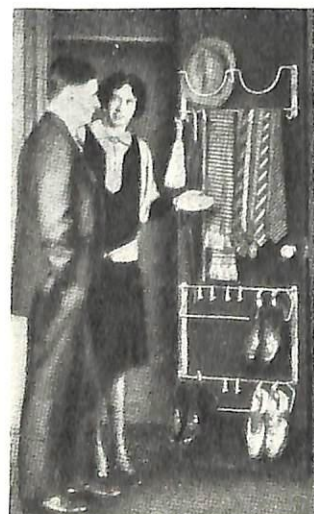
((Above)) A strong-locked metal tool kit with lower compartment for large tools and tray for nails.



((Above)) A corer which brings grapefruit to the table with a symmetrical and attractive center.



((Left)) An easily attached garment rack which increases closet space.



(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be out-fitted with 32-volt motors.



JENNY

(Continued from page 27)

most of the raveled threads in the rose tissue dress back into place before she went to hang it up where it belonged, between the green beaded dress and the silver brocade coat. But—there was no green beaded evening dress. Jenny ran her hand down the long line of clothes. No—it wasn't hung in the wrong place. The green and silver coat with the white fox fur was gone, too. Dear Heaven—where could they be?

Jenny felt sick all over. She searched again, all over the dressing-room, and then she looked all over the showroom and even in Miss Rose's private office. Not a trace of them.

"I know," she said to herself. "They've fallen down behind the rack."

And back she flew to the dressing-room. Down on her hands and knees, behind the coats and dresses. There was nothing there but some tissue paper and a square box. What were they doing there, anyway? Jenny pulled them out from underneath the folds of silk and lace.

A florist's box, and a very expensive florist's box, too, with a little envelope tied to it with "Miss Melisande" written on it. So that was what the girls had been joking Melisande about all afternoon.

What was she to do? She couldn't bear to think of the way Miss Rose would look in the morning when she had to be told. Especially following right on the heels of the rose tissue dress being frayed out. Tom would have told her what to do, if he hadn't gone out of her life. She often used to ask his advice in the old days when he was still at the counter in Dorn's. He always said the same thing.

"Now, Miss Jenny, you just keep a stiff upper lip. Nobody can get you if you ain't done anything wrong."

But Tom was lost to her. A terrible thought struck her. Supposing it was Tom that had sent those flowers to Melisande? He couldn't afford, even with his commissions, to send flowers from such an expensive place. Oh, was that awful girl leading him to ruin financially as well as spiritually? She started to tear up the little white envelope, wishing it were Melisande's white throat, when her fingers stopped. There was a card in it. A fine, engraved card that read: "Mr. W. Harvey Wickes."

Mr. W. Harvey Wickes! And Mrs. W. Harvey Wickes was one of Miss McCready's best customers! Melisande had better look out if that was the game she was playing, for no mannequin was so indispensable that Miss McCready put her above a good customer. Besides, Miss McCready was awfully strict about anybody that worked for her. Oh, what a mess everything was! Melisande and Tom and Mr. W. Harvey Wickes, and the green coat and dress gone, goodness knew where!

Well, there was nothing to be done about it now, so she'd better go home and weather the storm tomorrow as best she could. All the lights were out except a low one on the landing, it was so late. As she tiptoed softly down the long stairs to the side door, for Jenny was not one who liked going down dark stairways, she was sure she saw someone come out of the little side show-room, across the hall and go down the front stairs. Maybe it was the night watchman. It didn't look like the night watchman, though, and, besides, he didn't come on until nine o'clock. Still, it might have been, and Jenny hurried on down as fast as she could and out the side door. Just as she opened it she heard a taxi door slam and a taxi hurried off from in front of the house. It was all very queer, and Jenny had a feeling she ought to do something about it.

(Continued on page 79)

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HOSPITAL NEWS

LEXINGTON UNIT DEDICATED

Noted Shriners from all parts of this country and Canada, including officers of the Imperial Council, gathered in Lexington, Ky., on September 24th for the dedication of the new Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at Maxwell street and Harrison avenue.

Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar received the lease of the twenty-four bed hospital from Samuel P. Cochran, Chairman of the General Hospital Board of Trustees, who had received it from John G. Cramer, Chairman of the Local Board of Governors. Other members of the local board are: Gus L. Heyman, formerly of Lexington, but now of Clarksburg, W. Va.; Harvey M. Hubbard, Vice-Chairman; Theodore L. Jones, Secretary; William H. Courtney, Treasurer; Charles A. Knight; Malcolm D. Royce; William E. Nichols; L. L. Roberts and Potentate Ben S. Bartlett.

The ceremonies were held at ten o'clock in the morning with Potentate Bartlett of Oleika and the Temple Band and Patrol participating. In the afternoon the visiting Nobles were guests of Chairman Cochran and The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association at the Grand Circuit Races. In the evening there was a dinner dance at the Phoenix Hotel.

The Lexington Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children was erected by Oleika Temple at a cost of more than one hundred thousand dollars and put into service on November 1st, 1926. It has been operated to capacity ever since, there being more than forty children now on the waiting list. The Unit is thoroughly equipped to care for the most complicated cases and a number of unusual rehabilitations have been accomplished since the hospital opened.

Among the prominent Shriners who visited Lexington for the ceremonies were: Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate, and daughter; Frank C. Jones, Imperial Deputy Potentate; Samuel P. Cochran, Chairman, Hospital Committee; John D. McGilvray, Trustee, and Mrs. McGilvray, San Francisco; James R. Watt, General Secretary, and Mrs. Watt, Albany; Dr. Oscar M. Lanstrum, Trustee, and Mrs. Lanstrum, Helena, Montana; Arthur M. Chapman, Trustee, Mrs. Chapman and their daughter, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Esten A. Fletcher, trustee, and Mrs. Fletcher, Rochester; Judge E. C. Day, Sovereign Grand Inspector A.A.S.R. Montana; W. S. Andrews, Chief Rabbah of Oasis Temple, Charlotte, N. C.; R. E. Simpson, Charlotte, N. C.; B. G. Fallis, St. Louis; Harry F. Cary, Washington, Past Potentate Almas Temple; John Robinson, Cincinnati, Chief Rabbah Syrian Temple; John L. Meeks, Past Potentate Alhambra Temple, Chattanooga; T. B. Martin of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, and J. C. Volz, Cleveland.

Ainad, East St. Louis, Ill., will perform escort duty at the St. Louis Hospital for the three months ending November 1st. This Temple alternates with Moolah, St. Louis, in this work for three months at a time. The work consists of escorting the visitors through the hospital on Sunday afternoon from 2 to 4.

Seventeen crippled children from the Shrine Ward of the St. Lukes Hospital in Spokane were taken out to Liberty Lake and shown the time of their lives. They were given a launch ride around the lake, drank pop, tossed bright balloons, danced, sang songs and did most everything else that American youngsters would do. A big luncheon was served under the trees near the lake shore.

O, Mr. Dunbar, you're a wonder,
And when you are old and grey,
We will all say: "yes, by thunder,
You were some boy in your day."

Imperial Potentate Dunbar was "stopped" by the twenty-one patients in the Spokane Unit of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children when he visited there late last month. As he entered the ward to visit the children, they greeted him with the above song. "It was one of the thrills of my life," said the Imperial Potentate in speaking about the incident at the banquet of Shriners that night.

When Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia heard that Joseph Rosenblatt, the famous cantor was in the city, he immediately got in touch with him and made arrangements for a concert at the Shrine Hospital on Roosevelt Boulevard. Cantor Rosenblatt was on his way to New York City from California where he had been making vitaphone records for Warner Brothers. Eighty-eight happy, smiling children enjoyed every selection of the concert and Frankie Graham, a seven year old boy who is being treated for club foot amused the guests by standing on his head for several seconds. The tenor voice of the world-famous cantor which has thrilled unnumbered thousands never rose to any greater heights than it did for the children. His reward was the laughing eyes and eager calls of approval given to him by the little unfortunates.

The latest report of the Hospital at St. Louis, mentions the fact that this hospital is not only devoted to the cure of cases of deformity where it is humanly possible but also the research work designed to find causes and preventives. This great supplemental work is being conducted by Dr. J. Albert Key, who came to the hospital nearly three years ago from the Johns Hopkins Medical School, at Baltimore, where he obtained eminent rank in that line. Dr. Leroy C. Abbot, chief surgeon in the St. Louis Institution, has also added greatly to the advance of orthopaedic surgery by development of a vastly improved method of lengthening bones and thus making easier and surer the correction of a widely prevalent lameness.

The Twin Cities Unit is going to have a swimming pool as an addition to its physiotherapy department. Noble H. H. Bigelow, of Brown & Bigelow, St. Paul, a member of Osman, who visited the hospital recently, was so well pleased that he asked: "Is there anything that the hospital particularly needs at this time?" He was informed that a proposal to install a swimming pool at a cost of \$5000 had been discussed at the last meeting of the Board of Governors. Noble Bigelow volunteered at once to pay for the pool provided it bore a tablet that it was donated by Osman Temple. Although this could not be done, Noble Bigelow agreed to give the pool anyway and contracts have been let.

The Chicago Unit, under the law of the state, must render first aid to any cases brought to it for treatment. There are several factories right in the neighborhood and whenever an accident occurs, the Shriners Unit is called upon to render necessary assistance. No record of these cases is made nor are they credited to the work performed by that Unit.

[Shrine News Continued on page 83]

JENNY

[Continued from page 77]

But what? It couldn't have been a thief, because there never was any money left there at night. The materials and furs were all kept in a burglar proof closet, and there hadn't been any racket. Anyway, it had been a terrible day, and the best thing for her to do was to go home and save her strength for tomorrow.

It was only by saying over and over again the words that Tom Clancy would have said if he had been there to say them that Jenny managed to make herself go to work at all the next day.

Jenny flew up the side stairs and into the dressing-room, already filled with girls. All out of breath, she started to say: "Did anyone leave the—" She stopped. Imogene turned from powdering her nose, and Imogene had on the green beaded dress and over Imogene's chair was thrown the green and silver coat with the white fox fur.

"Did anyone leave what? You'll be leaving if you get in here this hour of the morning many times more! Miss Rose has been looking all over for you." Imogene picked up the coat and disappeared through the grey velvet curtains into the showroom. Jenny stood like one struck by the hand of Jehovah until Melisande drawled out:

"Come, come, child. Don't stand there like that. You've seen Imogene in that dress before, and I want a drink of water. Get it for me, like a darling."

All day long Melisande was like that. Sweet and drawing and making so much fuss over Jenny that she decided, about three o'clock that Melisande must have something special up her sleeve, some bit of dirty work she wanted done. At five o'clock Jenny found out she was right.

"Jenny, darling," said Melisande, "if you're not in any hurry to get home early, would you mind doing something for me?" "No. What do you want, Myrtle?" Melisande frowned at this unprecedented use of her given name within the walls of Miss McCready's.

"Well, you see, sweetie, that Clancy boy is going to wait for me at half-past six, downstairs." Jenny began to hang up the dresses very fast. "And I was wondering," went on Melisande, in honeyed tones, "if you'd mind waiting and telling him I have to go home early. My—my father's sick."

"And then, I suppose, you want me to stop on the way home and tell your mother Imogene's sick and you've gone home with her?"

Jenny muttered this from somewhere behind the muslin curtain that covered up the dresses.

"Oh, Jenny darling, aren't you cute to think of that?"

To this Jenny could give no answer, so she just stayed back of the curtain until Melisande had gone. And after that she found plenty of odd jobs to keep her busy. Once, to her surprise, for she thought she had departed for the day, she ran into Melisande going into Miss Rose's office, in her usual mysterious way. But Jenny didn't say anything more to her. She was too busy rehearsing a formal and not too sweet speech to Mr. Clancy. It was going to go like this:

"How do you do, Mr. Clancy? Yes, thank you, I'm very well. No, you haven't seen me lately. Too bad. I've been very busy. Myrtle O'Toole asked me to tell you that she won't be able to accompany you this evening. Good-by. Oh, don't you know who Myrtle O'Toole is? How funny! Why, Myrtle O'Toole is that thin yellow haired girl we call Melisande when she is modeling. No, no, thank you, Mr. Clancy. I really couldn't walk as far as the subway with you. I have [Continued on page 81]



NO matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely free* a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

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smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

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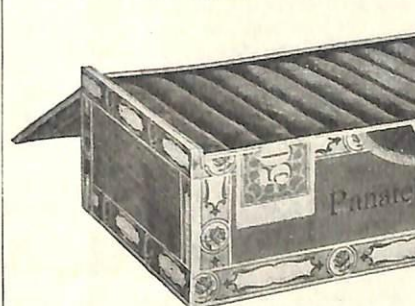
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Order to-day—enjoy the cigars right away

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The Great Southwest

By Anne C. Granbeck

EVER since, over four hundred years ago, the Spanish conquistadores arduously traveled across the wide and arid deserts to the north of Mexico, through the deep passes of the canyons and up the high reaches of the Rio Grande, the great Southwest has lured many people to its strange, impressive regions.

But the disappointed seekers of gold in the old days are now displaced by the thrilled and satisfied seekers after color, charm and beauty. The Spanish explorers found sheer desert space, vast canyons and strange stone houses, not the golden cities of their dreams of conquest. The explorers of this day know in advance the things they will find and are not doomed to disappointment.

Such glories of nature as may be the modern travelers' could never be imagined. The Grand Canyon and the gorgeous Yosemite Valley linger in memory long after other things have faded. These are not mere byways of beauty—but akin to the seven wonders of the world. This is to say nothing of expeditions into the southwest to the Zuñi and Hopi country, the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forests.

From New Orleans going westward there are the vast stretches of Texas. There is nothing which gives such an impression of breath-taking vastness as Texas. Moreover, Houston, Galveston and Corpus Christi are famous winter resort cities on the Gulf Coast and have justly been called the "Texas Riviera." The thermometer rarely sinks to the freezing point here and the average winter temperature is 55.6 degrees. Early in the year Spring is all in evidence, with a wealth of semi-tropical blooms. Commercially Galveston is a splendid seaport. Here fisherman never come back from a venture empty handed. The waters are full of tarpon, the silver king and jew-fish and even sharks. Duck shooting on the west end of Galveston Island and the bays, inlets, bayous and lagoons along the Gulf Coast, makes a huntsman's paradise—with a good plenty of canvas-back, mallard, blue and green-winged teal, red-heads, pin tails and black duck. El Paso is an important gateway into Old Mexico, and half way to El Paso is that most interesting city—San Antonio, which has become a winter resort.

In southeastern New Mexico are the richly patterned, monumental and until recently not well known Carlsbad Caverns, a series of caves you will not soon forget; the only marvels indeed that may compare to the Grand Canyon.

Farther north in New Mexico is Santa Fe, the old Spanish capital, the inhabited pueblos of Tesuque, Santa Clara and Isleta, as well as the huge communal ruins of Puyé—a cliff pueblo twenty centuries old.

Another treat for the traveler is in the Apache trail trip of Arizona. The Apache trail lies between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona, a section dotted with prehistoric monuments of a civilization which flourished long before Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea.

An Apache still has the status of a prisoner of war; but as he has a vote and pays no taxes, he doesn't mind much. He

is a good worker and has been used in building the Roosevelt, Mormon Flat and Horse Mesa dams.

The treat of treats, however, will come when you see the Grand Canyon. There is only one Grand Canyon and there is no other natural arch known with the giant setting, the same sweeping majesty of proportion, of "Nonnezoshe" Bridge of the Rainbow.

Westward by way of the Imperial Valley (once a desert and now, due to irrigation, a land of milk and honey) and the Carriso Gorge you arrive at San Diego the southernmost city and the birthplace of California. Situated on San Diego Bay it is backed by the mountains on the east and protected on the west by the promontory of Point Loma and the peninsula of Coronado.

At Los Angeles, on the Coastal plain at the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains, is a city of almost one million inhabitants. Its climate is famous, and its lovely flower-bowered bungalows and mansions, many of Spanish Colonial architecture are charming. There are, too, the motion picture studios of Hollywood to give you a thrill. Round about Los Angeles are over 50 towns and cities with their own special attractions. Pasadena is known for its wealth and beautiful winter hotels; along the coast to the west and south are bathing beaches of Venice, Ocean Park, Long Beach, Santa Monica, notable for wonderful surf bathing. The island of Santa Catalina and its marvelous marine gardens are a pleasant and unforgettable excursion. San Gabriel Valley and neighboring areas of vast fertility constitute the "orange empire," with a delicious fragrance of the aroma of orange blossoms.

Of course the "Golden Gate"—San Francisco must not be missed.

The city's dwellings are upon a hundred hills, and the lofty business structures extend from the bay-shore into the heart of the city. It is a fine, cosmopolitan city, with a distinctive atmosphere of energy all its own. Some of the attractions there are Chinatown and its glittering bazaars, Golden Gate Park, the Presidio and the Ocean Beach, and the new Civic Center.

And all this belongs to a tour of the southwest. Is there any wonder that it is an immensely popular tourist route?

Miss Anne C. Granbeck of the Travel Bureau will be glad to answer all questions on Travel both here and abroad. She will do your travel shopping for you (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, opera, concert, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

[Continued from page 79]

an engagement waiting at the corner." And then she would smile.

She said it over and over to herself, so she would be sure to remember it all, especially that part about the engagement waiting at the corner, and then, before she knew it, it was half-past six, and she didn't have all the dresses hung up. There! They were all done now. No, they weren't, either. Where was that rose tissue dress she had been mending the night before? She looked again. No. It wasn't there, and neither was the rose coat that went with it. Merciful Heaven—were these clothes bewitched? She could have sworn she had hung both of them up long before Melisande began talking to her about meeting Tom.

And now he was waiting downstairs and she was using up the precious minutes looking for things she knew she had put carefully away not more than an hour ago! Let them all go! Let everything go! She was going to see her Tom just as soon as she could get downstairs and what did anything else matter? Down she flew. She opened the door. There Tom was, just as lovely to look at as ever, and when he saw her he came right up the steps to meet her.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Jenny! Where have you been keeping yourself these weeks?"

"Oh, oh, thank you. I'm all right." "You're looking fine!" Tom took both her hands and shook them hard.

"Oh, Mr. Clancy, Myr—Melisande asked me to tell you that her father's very sick and she had to go right home. Good-by."

But, somehow, Jenny didn't think it would be polite to take both her hands away at once, so she took the right one, leaving the left still firmly held in Mr. Clancy's beautiful right one.

"Well, is that so? Is that so? Her father sick again. Poor man, he's been failing a lot, lately," said Mr. Clancy. "Well, that being the case, may I walk as far as the subway with you?"

"Oh, Mr. Clancy, that would be very nice." They turned and walked down the street, very far apart, too, so that conversation was almost impossible. When they reached the corner they had to come closer together, for Mr. Clancy had to take her arm to assist her across Fifth avenue. Right in the center of the traffic Mr. Clancy had a thought.

"Say, it's a shame to waste those tickets just because she fell down on me. Why don't you come and have something to eat with me, and then we'll go to the show. What do you say?"

"Why, I—I think that would be lovely," said Jenny.

So they went to supper at a very nice place near Broadway that had two palms and a lobster in the window. Jenny ordered chicken salad. That was the correct thing when out with a gentleman, so she'd read in a magazine. It was all too wonderful, and she was even going to stop worrying about where that rose coat and dress had gone to.

Tom was very jolly as he walked up Broadway, guiding Jenny in and out of the crowds. Jolly, that is, until something unexpected happened. They were waiting for the tide of taxis and motors to pass so that they could cross a side street and suddenly Tom's hand on Jenny's arm stiffened. He made a queer sort of sound and then took off his hat, bowing low, and at the time Jenny thought how grandly, to someone in a very elegant car. Jenny caught a flash of an expanse of white shirt front and beside it a blonde head and the shadow of fur and gleaming cloth. [Continued on page 82]

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

It Will Give You Renewed Life, Health and Vigor

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M. D.

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to duplicate this experience now.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Perhaps you have an idea that an internal bath is an enema. Or, by a stretch of the imagination, a new-fangled laxative. This is wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water treated by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleans it the entire length.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and

highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free those poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing.

Immediate Benefits

Taken before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of 900,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Try one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health!

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It is entirely FREE. After reading, you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. It is entitled "Why We Should Bathe Internally." There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below.

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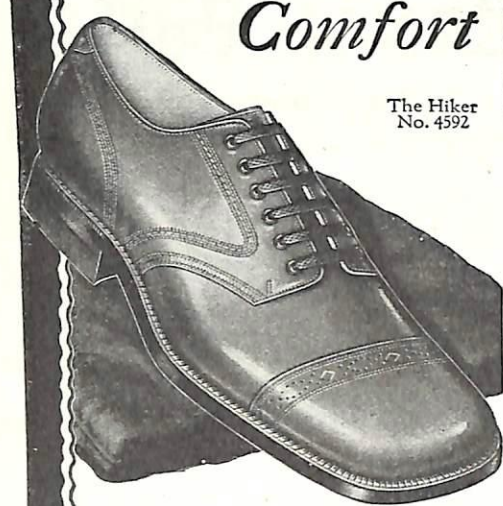
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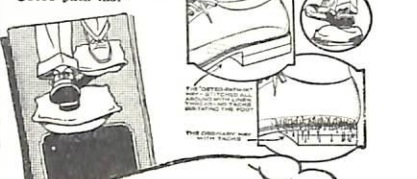
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JENNY [Continued from page 81]

That was all, for Tom in defiance of traffic rules and common-sense made for the opposite side of the street, still holding Jenny's arm, and with an odd, set look on his face. They were halfway up the block before Jenny caught breath enough to speak.

"What a lovely car! My, it would be nice to be rich and ride around swell like that of an evening."

"Yes, money has its uses," said Tom. "It—it's all some people seem to care about."

Jenny looked at Tom out of the corner of one eye. He did seem upset. She didn't want to be interfering in his private affairs, but something in Tom's look made her realize that that chance glimpse of the occupants of that car had been an awful blow to him.

The play was like a musical comedy, but not exactly, because it didn't seem to have any story, but there was a lot of singing and dancing. Tom sat very silent and still. However, when the funny man said anything he laughed, and so Jenny laughed, too, to be polite, for she certainly didn't want Tom to think it was over her head. When the leading man came out in a smock and a velvet Tam o' Shanter and sang about being an artist, and love was like a moonbeam, with all the lights very low, Tom held Jenny's hand. When the lights went up he let it go, and they both pretended they hadn't noticed it.

Tom never mentioned Melisande, not once, and Jenny forgot all about her. She forgot all about telephoning to her mother, too, until just before she said good night to Tom, which may or may not have been the reason she barely hesitated on the top step before she opened the front door, though it was clear that Mr. Clancy was in no hurry to leave. Her mother was all for being very disagreeable, but when Jenny explained about it being that sweet Mr. Clancy who was so nice to her when she first got her job, her mind went off on another track.

Jenny got to the shop long before eight, such a great effort she made, because she was determined to clear up the mystery of the vanishing and returning clothes. As she started to go in the side door she noticed something huddled on the steps just inside the great glass doors of the front entrance. She peered in through the iron grille and saw it was a human figure, a woman, apparently asleep. It was Melisande! Melisande, asleep on Miss McCready's front steps at half-past seven in the morning without any hat on! Jenny pulled open the heavy doors and tiptoed over to the crouched up figure. Rose velvet! It was the rose velvet coat and from underneath it showed the rippling hem of the rose tissue dress!

"Melisande! Melisande!" Jenny shook her by the shoulder. "Myrtle O'Toole, wake up this minute! You'll be murdered if Miss Rose finds you. Wake up!"

"Oh, dear—where—what—" Melisande sat up with a jerk. "Jenn—it's you! For God's sake, what time is it?"

"Half-past seven, and you'd better get upstairs and out of them clothes if you want to keep your job!"

Now that she knew Melisande was alive and all right Jenny was furious at her for daring to do such a mad thing.

"Oh, Jenny, I feel terrible!" Melisande began to whimper.

"Well, I don't care how you feel!" Jenny gave her another shake. "You get upstairs this minute and then you can cry all you want to. The idea, worrying me half to death all night like this! And I suppose that's where the green beaded and the white

fox was the night before! Wait till your mother hears about such goings on Myrtle!"

"Oh, Jenny, please don't tell my mother! I'm never going to do it again, and if you won't say anything about it I'll get Miss Rose to give you a raise!"

"So it's hush money you're after trying to quiet me with! I suppose it's Mr. W. Harvey Wickes you've been carrying on with, my lady! Here!" Jenny leaned Melisande, whom she had half carried up the stairs, against the table. "Here, stand still while I get these clothes off you before anybody comes in."

"Well, you needn't be so fierce about it. He seemed like a nice man, and I couldn't see any harm in having dinner with him." Melisande's defense was almost lost in the folds of the rose tissue dress that Jenny was pulling off over her head with none too friendly a hand.

"A dinner with a man like that can sometimes start a lot of trouble," said Jenny, with a wise shake of her head.

"Well, it was more than dinner. You see, we went somewhere to dance, and then he wanted to go for a drive in Bronx Park."

"That's where you made your mistake. Here, change your shoes and stockings, and you'd better go wash your face."

"Yes," said Melisande, reaching for the cold cream jar, "that's where I made my mistake. I didn't realize how long it takes to get to Bronx Park in an automobile when you've only been there in the subway before. Anyway, it was four o'clock before I knew it, so I told him I live here with Miss McCready. I was afraid to go home to Ma in these clothes. When I have been out like this before I always got him to leave me at the corner, and I had a standing understanding with the watchman to let me in, and then I got my other clothes and went home as if I'd been to the movies with Imogene. You see, I've always refused to move a step farther than dinner before."

"Well, I hope you're cured this time! You might have got into an awful lot of trouble and disgrace with a man like that, and his wife one of our best customers, too!"

"Oh, dear!" Melisande began to cry again. "I'm so tired of never going anywhere exciting, and when you do it gets you into trouble. I thought that maybe if I could go around with men like him I'd get a chance at a job in a revue or something. I'm so sick of just going home to that old flat or going to a show with some boob like Clancy."

Jenny turned around from hanging up the rose dress. Melisande was looking for a towel. "But then," she said, "he's better than nothing, and so I guess I'll take him and get it done with."

"Don't you dare mention Tom Clancy in the same breath with W. Harvey Wickes!" Jenny said, her voice rising strong and proudly. Melisande looked at her as if she were seeing her for the first time in her life. "Tom Clancy," Jenny went on, "is far too good for the likes of you, anyway. He's the grandest man in the world!"

"Here, here, what is going on? Jenny, don't storm around like that! I never heard such a racket!" It was Miss Rose. Wouldn't you know she'd come in early for the first time in her life at such a crisis? Melisande stopped looking at Jenny, and went back to slowly wiping the cold cream off her face. Jenny stood stock still, with the rose tissue dress, on its hanger, in her hand.

"My God!" Miss Rose screamed. Even Jenny had never heard her reach such a peak before. "My [Continued on page 84]"

UNIFORMED BODIES

[SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 78]]

Outboard motor races were the features of an event staged by Alee's patrol at Savannah at their Thunderbolt Country Club, a form of entertainment in which seaboard towns have the advantage over others. The various dealers in motorboats competed vigorously for supremacy, resulting in unusual exhibitions of speed. The committee handling the events was composed of Wallace Sipple, H. S. Bounds, Raiford Falligant, C. E. Maeder and J. S. Cheu.

A mounted guard is being formed in Mecca Temple, New York City, under the personal direction of Past Potentate, Colonel Walter A. Delamater. The guardsmen will wear the uniform of Hussars. The membership has been limited to sixty. The guard's present place of activity is a National Guard artillery armory.

The Murat Patrol, Gun Squad and Drum and Bugle Corps, Indianapolis, sponsored a Shrine Outing for members of Murat Temple and their families at Broad Ripple Park Grove. All of the amusements and fun making devices were used by the Shriners in their frolics and the affair wound up with an old-fashioned basket supper.

Arabia Band, Houston, played a Sunday evening concert at the Baptist Temple, Houston Heights. The Pastor, Dr. E. P. West, is a member of Arabia and it has been his custom for several years to invite the Band to play at least one concert on the lawn of his church each season.

Abu Bekr Temple, Sioux City, has a Mounted Patrol which was organized in 1922 and is the only Shrine Patrol in the United States to boast white horses. To see these sheiks in their flowing white robes mounted on beautiful white steeds is one of the most inspiring sights in Shrinedom.

The Band of Alzafar, San Antonio, helped furnish the music for the Fourth of July celebration held in McAllen, Texas. Local ministers dismissed regular church services Sunday evening, July 3rd, and united in a special service held in co-operation with the Band.

The management of the Chautauqua program at Nevada, Iowa, put out an added attraction in the Za-Ga-Zig Chanters, Des Moines, who appeared in a free concert on Sunday evening. They have to be good when they can break into a Chautauqua Program.

They must be expecting a big time when the Kalurah Patrol turns out, as James R. Eldredge, its new captain, is chief of the Johnson City fire department.

Rollin O. Hott, who served in the First Division in the World War has been appointed captain of the new Patrol which Syrian, Cincinnati, is organizing.

Tangier, Omaha, Band has completed arrangements to go on the air through WOW. [Shrine News, Continued on page 94]



ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

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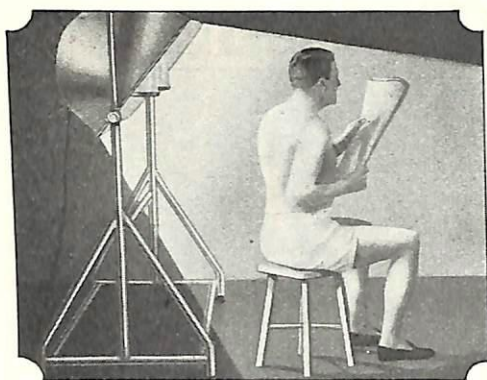
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JENNY

[Continued from page 82]

God, what have you done to that dress now, Jenny?"

Jenny looked at the dress. Her face went white. All down the front of that ill-fated rose tissue dress was a long, damp stain. The sort of stain that follows in the path of an overturned wine glass.

Jenny looked at the dress. Then she looked over her shoulder at Melisande. Melisande wasn't wiping the cold cream off her face any more. She was just sitting, staring at her own face in the glass as if she were seeing a whole procession of ghosts. And Jenny could see them too. Five little O'Tooles who always needed clothes, and Mr. O'Toole drunk every night, and Mrs. O'Toole, who was lazy and shrill, and probably Mr. W. Harvey Wickes had been anything but the gentleman on that long ride back from Bronx Park, for there was no doubt about it—girls who were as beautiful as Melisande had problems that other girls didn't know anything about.

Jenny caught a glimpse of herself standing back of Melisande and looking at the two of them in the glass. Little Jenny, with the funny nose and the funny little hat. But what Jenny didn't see in Melisande's face was the utter ruthlessness of a person who just realizes that something that was hers, even if not so highly prized, is in danger of being lost to someone who looks at it as pure gold. And so Jenny took a deep breath and made the plunge that, for all she knew, would lose her her job.

"Please, Miss Rose," she said, "I—I was careless again. I mean I spilled some—some of Imogene's liquid rouge on this dress, and I tried to take it out with water—and it made it worse—and, please, Miss Rose, I am very sorry, and if—if you'll forgive me just this once more I promise to turn over a new leaf and never be—careless again, please, Miss Rose."

"Dear me, Jenny, you are a trial! Well," she said, "just this once more. I'm only doing it for Melisande's sake, mind you, because she's asked me again and again to be patient with you. I hope you appreciate it. You'd better take that dress right up to the head designer's room and get one of her girls to work on that spot."

"Yes, Miss Rose, thank you very much." And Jenny walked out of the room.

By the time she was through helping the head designer's girl clean the spot out and had collected all her orders for the day from the workroom and got back to the model room to get her pocket-book before starting out on her errands, the other models were in, so she didn't have a chance for a word alone with Melisande. There she was, though, still sitting in front of the mirror, but now her hair was brushed shining against her head, and her face was all made up anew and she looked just as she did every morning.

"Where on earth have you been, Jenny?" she said. "I had to get Imogene to help me mend a rip in this slip, and Miss Rose is waiting to see me. Come, child, button this shoe and hurry up about it."

Imogene laughed.

"You certainly take the green tomato pickle for getting in wrong, don't you, Jenny?" she said. "Melisande's had us all in stitches about Miss Rose catching you trying to take liquid rouge out with water. I wish I'd been here. Ha-ha!"

"Oh, Jenny must be in love. And I think I know who with." Melisande stood up as Jenny finished buttoning her shoes. "Well, kid, try and get him away from me if you can. Imogene, remind me to telephone to Tom Clancy this morning."

Melisande's voice was lost in a whirlwind. A whirlwind that flew at her with all the weight of [Continued on page 85]



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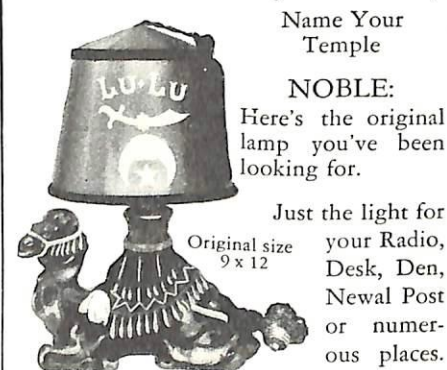
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years and years of bitterness behind it. "Jenny, for the love of God!" Imogene screamed. "You'll kill her! Lay off!" "She's a liar! Liar! Liar! That's what she is!" cried Jenny. Her breath came in deep, hoarse sobs as, with one tremendous burst of strength she took Melisande by the neck and threw her half way across the room. "She's been poisoning my life just like she poisoned the goldfish in the eighth grade. Well, she can't do it no more. I've got the goods on her just like I have the goods on all of you!"

As she was emerging from the washroom about fifteen minutes later, where she had gone for a good cry and a glass of water, Jenny heard her name called by the little girl from the bookkeeper's office.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Miss Jenny."

"Hello," she said, "who is it?"

"It's me, Tom Clancy."

"Oh," said Jenny, and felt weak all over.

"Would you be lunching with anyone today, Miss Jenny?"

Jenny looked at herself in the little French mirror on the side of the booth. She really must get a new hat.

"Well, let me see, Mr. Clancy, maybe I can arrange it. But I was thinking you might have an appointment with Myrtle O'Toole, she that we call Miss Melisande when she's modeling."

"Well, now, I tell you, Miss Jenny. It's this way—" Mr. Clancy's voice sort of hesitated. Jenny took the opportunity of smiling at herself in the little mirror. She wasn't so bad looking if you didn't mind funny looking noses, she decided. But Mr. Clancy was speaking. "I tell you, Miss O'Toole is one kind of girl and you're another, and it's you I'm after asking to lunch with me today and if you're doing nothing Sunday evening I'd like to see you then."

"Well, Mr. Clancy, I'd be pleased to lunch with you today anyway, and about Sunday evening—well, we'll see—"

And Jenny found herself wondering why she was laughing. She hadn't said anything funny, and neither had Mr. Clancy. Well, she guessed people always laughed when they were happy. And she came out of the telephone booth and started downtown in a great hurry because she'd promised the head designer to bring her a sample of all the black velvets in New York before noon.

A REG'LAR HORATIO ALGER HERO

[Continued from page 37]

of subdued colors. About the only thing to make him noticeable is a pleasant smile. Nobody seeing him about the hotel lobby would take him for the manager. He could easily pass for a small town merchant paying his first visit to the big city, pleased but somewhat bewildered with it all.

Being a worker, Nulle has become a student of minute details of hotel-keeping. He knows that guests from a distance will stay at the Waldorf longer, on the average, than those who live in nearby states and can come oftener. But the point is that he knows almost to the hour how much longer a Texas man will probably keep his room than will another guest who registers, at about the same time, from Pennsylvania.

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"Would you be a hotel man if you were doing it over again?" I asked Nulle.

"Well," he replied, with his smile, "two of my sons are going to learn the business with my full approval."

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THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE GOES TO CANADA

[Continued from page 48]

Children. The Imperial Party was joined at this place by Past Potentate James R. Watt of Cyprus Temple, and his wife, and Past Potentate Clifford H. Bradt of Kismet Temple.

That evening a delightful dinner was given to the Imperial Party by Noble Henry Elliott.

The party was delightfully entertained during their stay of three days, the ladies being taken care of by Mrs. D. Fred Morgan and ladies of the Karnak Temple Divan.

On the afternoon of September 5th, the Imperial Potentate was made an honorary member of the Boy Scouts of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at Montreal, Edward Francis, Scoutmaster.

The Imperial Potentate entertained children at the Hospital, as well as the visitors present, by playing a cornet solo. Tea was served by the nurses.

That evening the Potentate and Divan of Karnak Temple gave a dinner at the Windsor Hotel to the Imperial Potentate's party.

The party arrived at Poland Spring, Maine, the morning of September 6th, and was met by Noble Dana S. Williams, Imperial Marshal. The Imperial Party remained at Poland Spring for two days as the guests of Kora Temple.

On September 7th, the Imperial Party motored to Lewiston, Maine, and had lunch at the Hotel DeWitt with Potentate A. P. Leighton and Divan of Kora Temple, after which they were escorted to the Fair Grounds by the Kora Temple Patrol and Band.

A Ceremonial was held at the Temple in the evening. The Imperial Party here included Past Imperial Potentate J. Putnam Stevens of Kora Temple, Imperial Marshal Dana S. Williams, Past Potentate Charles Frazier, of Melha Temple, and Francis H. Appleton, Potentate of Aleppo Temple.

The Imperial Potentate left the evening of September 7th for his home at Providence.

MAKESHIFT

[Continued from page 19]

like to housekeep. You let me put you a case. You're here all soul alone, there's no telephone in the house, and he wakes up just blue with colic. He hasn't had it, but he might. What would you do then, Mr. Housekeeper?"

"It might be a pin."
"As if you could find it, if it was. Say it's not, say he just screeches, and can't get his breath back."

"Can't get it back? You're trying to make it hard. Why, Elly, nobody, outside Indians, ever killed themselves just by holding their breath."

"Don't you fool yourself, Mr. Tackett. Maybe it's true, as people say, that joy never kills, but these babies don't wake up in the middle of the night and scream for joy. Well, let's say he's stopped breathing."

"Well, if he stops breathing, slap him," Jasper said, suddenly inspired.

"Wherever did that come into your head from?" she wondered. "You know . . . it actually might . . ."

"Do for want of something better," Jasper said, mousing his pipe. "On the principle of hitting anybody on the head with a brick that has the hiccups."

"You just try that on a child of mine," Elly said dangerously. "No, the orthodox thing to do is just to toss them up to the ceiling."

"I could do that. . . ."
"You might not catch him when he came down, butterfingers." [Continued on page 87]

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Butterfingers. That word got under his skin.

He went back to the toy-factory, disgruntled. It was raining, coming on for a dark blowy night; and he found Derry Baker, with one or two of the road-builders, standing in the lee of one of the old fish-sheds outside the main building. Derry hadn't shaved for several days, he looked outcast, and evidently, by his cough, had a heavy cold.

"You'll get pretty wet going home," Jasper told him. "I've got a spare oilskin hanging up inside. Come on in."

Derry followed him into his office. Jasper gave him a cigar, and then noticing, when Derry struck a match, that the sole of his shoe was practically through, raked out from under the desk a pair of rubbers, slip-ons.

"Put those on. We can't have you down sick."

"Too big, I'm afraid."

They proved so.

"Take a scrap of paper and wedge it into the toe," Jasper suggested.
This was an old dodge of his own, when, as often happened, he had bought rubbers too big for him; and now Derry mechanically drew out of his pocket a letter, tore it in two, balled the two pieces up and jammed them into the toes of the two rubbers. He stamped them on, and went away mumbling his thanks.

In the morning, going past that leaky old horse trough a hundred yards from the factory, Jasper saw one of those rubbers peeping out of the mud. Derry had either walked out of it without knowing it, or in the dark and rain had been unable to find it. Jasper eased it out with a stick, picked it up, and the little ball of paper, not even wet, rolled down into his hand. He couldn't help seeing that the handwriting was Irma's.

What had she had to say to Derry then? Something more than just to pass the time of day. That fragment of her note burned in Jasper's hand like a little ball of fire; but he didn't smooth it out and read it. Instead, he put it, fist and all, into the pocket of his coat and stood thinking. Well, after all, he remembered, Irma was taking herself off the scene shortly. And sooner in fact than he supposed, he found that night, when he went to the wharf to superintend some upriver shipments. Irma in a brown traveling dress, with a new bag by her side, was sitting in the lee of the smoke-stack. She gave him her hand with that enigmatic light in her audacious eyes.

"I give you six months away," he said. "If I do come back at the expiration of that time, it'll be toes up," Irma said.

"Brave words."
"You'll see. So long, Atlas. Go on holding the world on your shoulders."

"Maybe I haven't got the legs for it," he confessed.

"You don't know what you've got legs for till you try. Better insure 'em, if there's any doubt. I'm insuring mine."

"Insuring yours?"

"My legs, yes. People do, you know, when they depend on dancing for a livelihood."

"You're going away to dance?"

"You didn't think it was to trim hats?"

There was a blast on the whistle valve over their heads; and it may have been the spray from that which blurred her eyes now very close to Jasper's.

"Remember what I told you at Morton's head," she whispered. "You keep an eye on your new tenants. Good luck. All ashore that's going ashore."

Jasper Tackett crouched in the bushes that ran along the stone wall to the east of the Tackett house. It was late, but how late he didn't know.

There was a light in the kitchen, but this, for certain reasons, [Continued on page 88]

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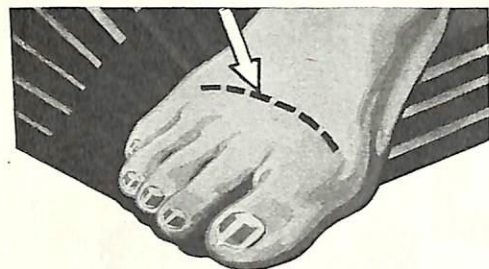
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Send C. O. D. plus postage 1 pr. ☐ Wonder Style, \$1. ☐ Miracle (extra wide for severe cases), \$1.50. Postage prepaid if cash.

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MAKESHIFT

(Continued from page 87)

was no more than he had expected. He got close up to the kitchen window, and stared in. He must see Elly, but considering the hour, it might be a little awkward to declare himself. If he went knocking on the door, he might frighten her.

But he was saved the trouble. Suddenly, in a low voice, from the back entry door, which was ajar, she spoke his name.

"Jasper."

"That you, Elly?"

"Yes."

"What you doing up this time of night?"

"I might ask you that question."

"Walking about," Jasper said. "I couldn't sleep. I thought it was no harm if I came and rubbed noses with the Tackett house."

"Oh."

"Where's Derry?" he asked.

"In bed and asleep of course."

He came closer and saw that she was fully dressed.

"It won't wash, Elly," he muttered. "It's natural, one way, for you to want to keep it dark, but you can't keep it dark. Not from me. He isn't in the house."

"Well, then he isn't," Elly whispered with a nervous shudder. "Maybe you can tell me where he is?"

"He's gone with Irma," Jasper Tackett said somberly.

Elly, standing tall and pale in the darkness of the entry, didn't stir for a second. Jasper went on.

"It's only by the merest chance that I got the chance to put two and two together. I've got part of a letter Irma wrote him. I took the liberty of reading it. A friend of hers, she says, can get him a job, get them a job together, dancing. They've gone out of town different ways."

"A letter . . . Let me see it," Elly said. They went into the kitchen together, and with a whispered explanation of how he came to be in possession of it, he put the crumpled sheet into her hand. She sank into a rocking chair to read it.

Jasper moistened his lips, the roof of his mouth had a dry fevered feel. He went over to the cast-iron pump, which perched like an old crow on the edge of the sink, and pumped himself half a dipperful of water.

Ah. No water like that anywhere. In fact, the Tackett kitchen entire was the one inevitable and perfectly normal place in the whole world. Everything else was in a manner outlying, inferential, and in the truest sense, makeshift; you would have to pace it off from here to satisfy yourself that it existed at all, except in people's imaginations. This was real; and looking down at the crown of Elly's head, he didn't need the help of any fancied touches to fortify his sense of its reality. That slimy rocker she was sitting in he had corded with log-line himself after the cane had ripped out of it.

"Well, then," he whispered. "Well, Elly."

"Why does it have to be you, of all people, to tell me this?" she cried softly. "Still, it's just as well. You have to look out for us all. No doubt I'd have had to come to you, like Annie Goggin, to get you to tell me how to bring my man home again. I can tell you this—a hundred dollars won't do it this time."

"Elly, do you want him back?"

"No."

She turned toward him; and Jasper had a rush of all his thoughts of her together. She was pale, a little thin; but that flower-like beauty burned as bright in her as ever; brighter; it was heightened by a slow flush, she took her breath in sharply. He knew of old that way she had of standing with her head a little down, the shadow of her chin on her breast, her hand resting on her hip.

[Continued on page 89]



How Folks Grow Thin

Folks do grow thin, as you know. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. But so many do it by abnormal exercise and diet.

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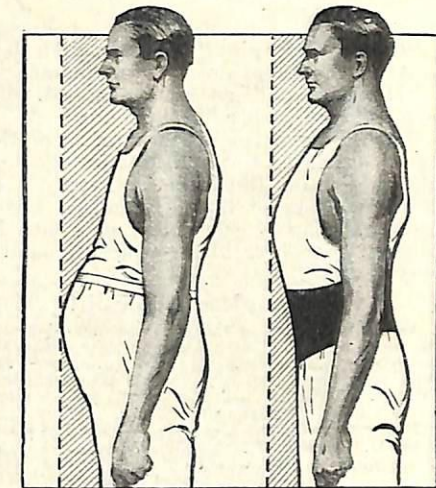
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The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys, because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

As shown below, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



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Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

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So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey "\$4000 profits in 2 months." Alexander of Penna. "\$3000 profits in four months." Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Iwata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pittsburgh says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers scattered all over town. It's good old world after all." Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



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They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur, as I sat down at the piano.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life."

Then I gave them the surprise of their lives. I started to play. Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. I played the first few bars of Liszt's immortal Liebestraume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spell-bound! I played on.

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebestraume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. Everybody was plying me with questions—"Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" "Where did you learn?" "Who was your teacher?"

Then I told them the whole story. It seems just a short while ago since I saw an ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! Without a teacher! And no laborious scales or exercises. I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. I sent for the course and found it as easy as A, B, C! Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I could play ballads or classic I num-



bers or jazz with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music!

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now learn music—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments by note. Just read the list of instruments in the ad, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest.

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Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. Mail coupon now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 4211 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. School of Music, 4211 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

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This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you over 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion. Shows total visible at all times. Perfectly accurate, lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

Get Your Machine FREE

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and knocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapiro out in California made \$475 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE VE-PO-AD given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

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MAKESHIFT

[Continued from page 89]

"My soul, he's awake. He's got to have his milk . . . Jasper, where will that be coming from tomorrow?"

"You see?" Jasper whispered, as if slipping a bolt in place behind her back. They crossed glances, Elly with a finger to her lip; and then she was all activity. She looked into the stove.

"We've let the fire die down," she reproached him. "The water isn't so much as lukewarm."

"We can remedy that," he said, "I guess I'd better turn the grate over."

"Look out," Elly warned him. "You have to give it just a certain quick twist or you dump it altogether. Only one half of the grate turns."

"As if you could tell me anything about this stove."

"Can't I? Now, look there. Jasper, you've dumped the whole body of the fire."

"Must be I'm out of practise," he mumbled. "I'll get back."

He peered into the fire-box and Elly's head hung close to his.

"You might as well dump it now and build on a new fire."

"No, Elly, wait a minute. There's half a dozen coals sitting on the grate still. Get me an old shingle or two, and I'll catch the old one."

He turned toward her; and then, by the light in those unguarded eyes reflected from those still glowing coals on their precarious perch, he knew that the Tackett principle was still alive . . .

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 42]

was one of the actors. I felt that for you to play your own part successfully and convincingly you had to believe me the hard and wicked woman I pretended to be."

There came a little silence. Marveling, choking, eyes beginning to swim with tears, he could only gaze in silence at Beatrice, who, very pale, her own eyes swimmingly bright, gazed steadily back into his eyes. He had thought of Beatrice as cold, remote—in his foiled bitterness and privately characterized her as "Iced Elegance." How mole-blind, how monstrously wrong he'd been! Why, the real Beatrice, as he was now seeing her, was warm, simple, direct, generous, tender!

For a long minute the two thus stared at each other in silence. Then Dr. Grayson sprang up noisily.

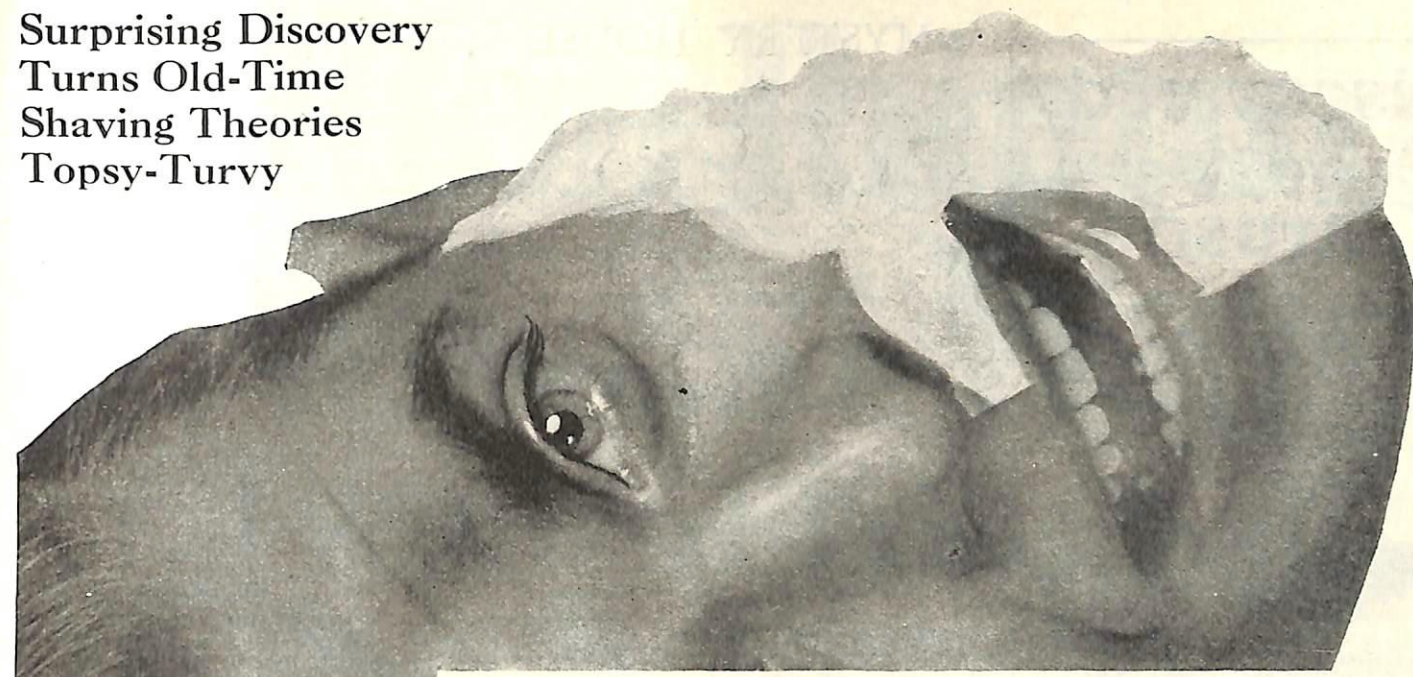
"Hell!" he blustered accusingly, but his bluster did not hide his own deep feeling. "Hell! Is that all you two have to say to each other!"

"I'm still so—so astounded at it all," stammered Peter—"that—that I don't know what I should say next."

"Then I suppose I've got to say it for you! Well, here goes then—try to get me. You had your mystery of Mystery House to solve, and I tried to help you solve it. But the direct aid I gave you was the smallest part of the thing I was most concerned in trying to do."

"Mystery House! One day you lightly remarked to Beatrice that we are all mystery houses, since we do not know what has really happened in us, or why it has happened, or who we really are—and I told you at the time that you spoke a great deal more truth than you probably were aware of. Now all this while, behind my putting with you, my real job as a soul detective has been to solve the mystery of that mystery house that is called Peter Buchanan. And to [Continued on page 92]

Surprising Discovery Turns Old-Time Shaving Theories Topsy-Turvy



Amazing Little Machine REVOLUTIONIZES SHAVING!

Unique Invention Makes Any Kind of Razor Blades Keener Than New . . . Indefinitely! Enables You To Get the Slickest and Coolest Shaves of Your Entire Career! Cuts Shaving Costs 83%! Designed To Fit Any Safety Razor Blade on the Market (except Durham)! Special Offer Now!

Makes One Blade Last 365 Days!

The keenness of the ordinary razor blade is extremely short-lived, as every shaver knows. Sometimes it lasts four or five days—sometimes only two or three. And very often a brand-new blade will "pull" and "drag" before you have even finished the first shave with it!

But now, through a surprising new mechanical discovery, you can prolong the life of any kind of razor blade for weeks and even months! And that isn't all. This remarkable device produces a keenness of edge that has been almost unknown until now—a keenness that guarantees you the slickest and coolest shaves your imagination can devise! Until you've tried it, you can't begin to realize what a real treat is in store for you!

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KRISS-KROSS has been called "almost a miracle"—and with good reason. This ingenious little machine deserves to be classed as much more than a *strop*. It would be fairer to call it a *blade-rejuvenator* or *super-strop*! Its action is absolutely unique. Duplicates the master barber's diagonal stroke with uncanny fidelity! Automatic, decreasing pressure, too. All you do is slip your old blade into a little slot

and turn the handle for 11 seconds. You'll be surprised to feel how the pressure commences strong, decreasing until an automatic jig flies up to notify you that your blade is ready with the keenest cutting edge steel can take!

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KRISS-KROSS is still comparatively new, but shavers in all parts of the country have already achieved astonishing records with it. These records cover experiences with all kinds of blades from Gem to Gillette, with the exception of Durham. For example, C. S. Stephenson (Oklahoma) writes us: "I have been using one blade for a year and 9 months and have no idea how much longer KRISS-KROSS will make it last . . . And M. T. Main of Kenosha, Wisconsin, states: "I have been using one of your KRISS-KROSS stropers for 5 years. So far, I am still on the same blade! By the looks of things, it will outlast me, as the blade is the same as when I started using it!"

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Why not let KRISS-KROSS serve you as it is serving over 1,000,000 delighted American shavers today? No need to hesitate, especially since by acting at once you can also get Free a new kind of razor that will surprise and delight you. Instantly adjustable to three shaving positions—straight, T-shape, or diagonal (new way). Cuts beard resistance 45%. Comes with five ultra-keen, hollow-ground blades that will last indefinitely. Get yours while this generous offer still holds good. The coupon brings illustrated description and full details of both strop and razor without obligation. Mail it today!

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Without obligating me in any way, please send complete illustrated description of KRISS-KROSS Strop and details of your introductory offer which gives me a 3-Way Razor Free.
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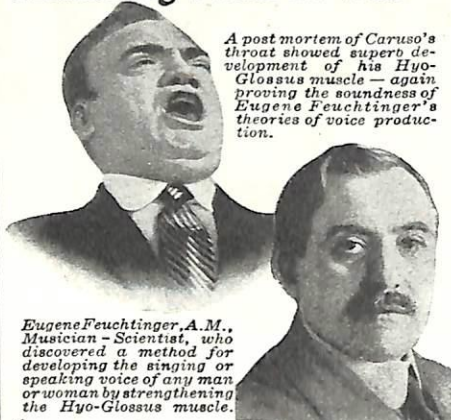
KRISS-KROSS offers astonishing rewards to men who become authorized agents under our new plan. Big commissions and generous bonuses make it easy to earn upwards from \$100 a week. Emil Ham of California made \$200 his first four days—H. King of Massachusetts cleared \$66 in a day! Jas. E. Tillotson of Nebraska paid for a 30-day motor trip vacation out of KRISS-KROSS orders taken enroute. In one day his profits amounted to \$114! Even spare time workers, office and factory men make \$8—\$12 a day extra just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow-workers. W. S. Benson made over \$50 in three evenings. Bradford \$40 on a Saturday afternoon. Get details of generous starting offer. Check bottom line of coupon at right and mail it now.

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Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 90]

solve the mystery of that mystery house that used to be called Beatrice Buchanan."

"Er—er—doctor—" "Shut up! I'm talking! As to whether I'm a good detective, Peter, one who can see straight to the truth of things, take this one item. Long ago I told you that what you thought was your love for Maida was a delusion, a self-hypnosis of the affections, was merely another instance of the instinct of maturity trying to hold on to its passing youth by securing youth as its partner. Now I ask you, Peter—was that real love you felt for Maida?"

"It was not," breathed Peter, his eyes on Beatrice.

"Peter," continued Dr. Grayson, "all your troubles are traceable directly to yourself. To that mysterious person who lived in your house, and whom none of us could get to know. You have been the victim since childhood of more inhibitions than any other individual I have ever known—the thing that these days is popularly tagged as inferiority complex. Except for your own nature Arnoldo could never have dominated and victimized you as he did. For years and years I've wondered how I could cure you. My chief reason, as a doctor, for entering into your scheme of making yourself over and passing as another man, was that I saw in that elaborate and sustained pretense a possible medium for your cure. On a grand scale I saw it as having as its consequences much the same thing that so commonly happens when shy persons go in masquerade to a party—the masquerade sets them free and for a few hours they are their natural selves.

"That's exactly what masquerading as Henry Delacroix has done for you, Peter. It has set you free.

"There's the big mystery I have solved! But that's not been all of my job. There's been the mystery of Beatrice. And there's been the mystery of your marriage that was a failure. Beatrice, Peter—perhaps there wasn't enough love between you, but I think the greater reason why you two didn't hit it off was that basically you are both shy, sensitive, emotional people who had never learned that emotions are natural and therefore had never learned how to express them.

"Say," he suddenly exploded at them, "are you two dear damned fools going to sit there dumb and let me do the love-making you should be doing for yourselves?"

He gave them no chance to reply, but went right on. "I guess I better finish what I started, if I want the quick action this job requires. Left alone you two might be held up for God knows how long by God knows what other inhibition—say, by the sentimental, conventional ideas regarding death in the house. To me as a doctor the dead have no rights that count as against the rights of the living. You are two fumbling at life who have been very sick and who are still very sick. You've got to be cured, and I've got to cure you quick! Beatrice, do you love this poor fumbling fool who was once your husband?"

"For—for over a year, doctor," she said in a bare whisper, "my marriage with Arnoldo has really been at an end—so—so—" "That's not answering my question! Don't address me; look at Peter. Now again: do you love Peter?"

Her great dark eyes held themselves full on Peter. "Peter," she said in a low thrilled voice, "I've been falling more and more in love with you ever since you came back as Mr. Delacroix."

"That's the real Peter that you love!" cried Dr. Grayson. "You never had a

chance to love the real Peter before, for you never before saw him! And you, Peter—do you love this poor fumbling fool who was once your wife?"

The feeling that chaotically had been surging up in Peter, and striving to shape its chaos into form, was now magically clarified into a truth that thrilled Peter with its simplicity and magnitude.

"It's been you, Beatrice," he breathed slowly, "it's been you . . . that I've really been wanting all this time . . . really been loving all this time."

"Glory to God—the most important part of this whole business is at last cleared up!" joyously shouted Dr. Grayson. "Stand up, you two!" He slipped an arm about each of them. "You are both very dear to me," he said gently—"you are two of the finest people in the world, and you deserve all the great happiness that I wish you. Good-by."

He kissed Beatrice, and quickly strode out. Peter's hands reached gropingly for Beatrice's and were met by her hands; and with tightly clinging hands they stood gazing into each other's eyes for a long moment. Gazing thus into those great, luminous, swimming, steadfast eyes, Peter was thrilled as in all his life he had never been thrilled with the richness, the tenderness, the maturity of mind and heart and soul—matured through mistake and suffering—that he read in their dark depths. She was his proper mate—his heart's home!

"You are willing . . . to try it again, Beatrice?" he whispered.

"Yes, Peter," she whispered back.

"Beatrice . . . When?"

"Whenever you think we should, I'll be ready."

"Then we'll make it soon. Dr. Grayson was right: we are the living, and our rights come first. As it is, we have lost too much of life—and too much of each other."

"Yes, Peter."

"And this time, Beatrice, I'll do my best to make a success of it!"

"And I'll do my best, Peter!"

And that seemed all in the world that there was to be said just then, and again they were silent. There was no kiss, no embrace—it was as if by instinct they both felt that these usual earthly expressions of love did not belong to this exalted moment of the spirit, when the spirit was still awed by the miracle of its escape from the bondage of agony and the miracle of the glory into which it had just entered.

Presently Beatrice unlaced her hands from his.

"Good-night, Peter," she whispered.

"Good-night, Beatrice," he whispered back.

She turned and went slowly up the broad stairway. At its top she paused, gave him a nod and again her luminous smile, and then passed out of sight. He stood transfixed in his place, staring at where her smiling presence had last been seen; and breathlessly he was seeing life stretching out before him, before them, as at last a complete thing, a beautiful thing, growing and ever growing in its beauty, colored and warmed with such romance as his dreams had never held; and the thrilling sum of this new life, came tumbling from his lips in one awed, ecstatic word, murmured endlessly:

"Beatrice! . . . Beatrice! . . . Oh, Beatrice! . . . Beatrice! . . ."

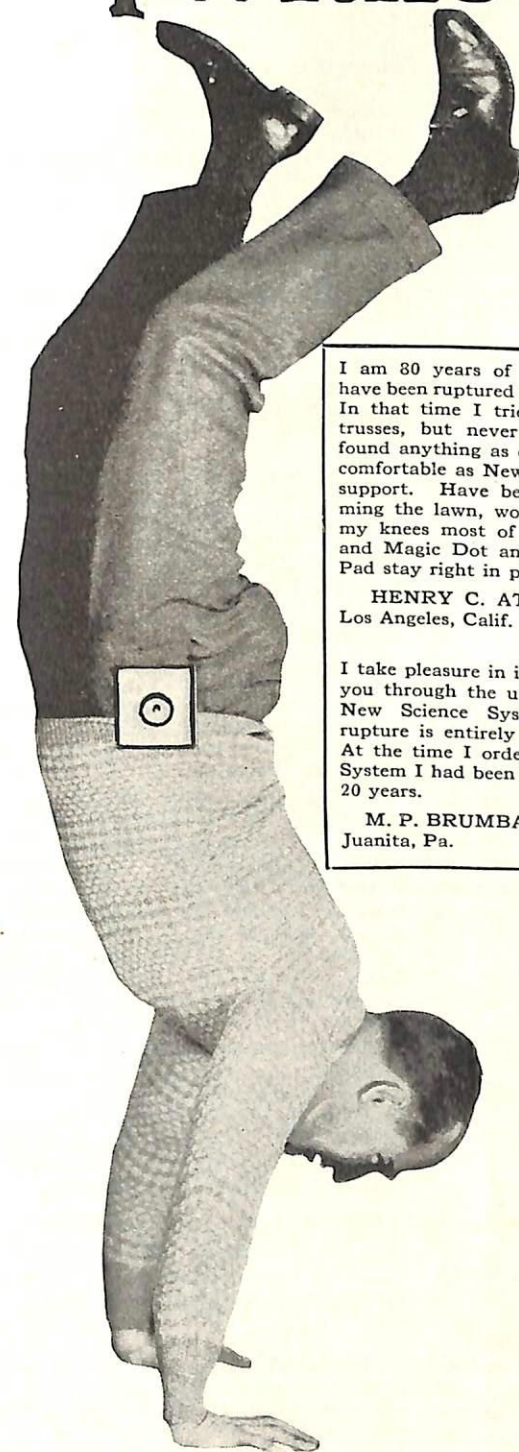
THE END

Our New Serial "Jazzland" by Samuel Merwin begins next month—a modern novel of youth and love in a speed-mad age, and the effect of "jazz" on the lives of young people in a small town.

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I am 80 years of age and have been ruptured 32 years. In that time I tried many trusses, but never have I found anything as easy and comfortable as New Science support. Have been trimming the lawn, working on my knees most of the day and Magic Dot and Airtex Pad stay right in place.

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With this 1-25th oz. device is a new kind of pad, air-porous and washable. It actually breathes air, and cannot slip off the rupture—a feature, you'll frankly admit, that is lacking in your present appliance. In fact, it is so superior and different that it is praised by physicians as "an entirely new departure." Users report they have forgotten they are wearing it. But don't buy it yet.

See It First

By a special arrangement you can now have it sent to your home without obligation to wear it. Don't send a penny or order it now. Just mail the coupon for full description of "Magic Dot" and details of this unusual offer. Act now for quick relief. Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it today!

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"How I Licked Wretched Old Age at 63"

"I Quit Getting up Nights—Banished Foot and Leg Pains . . . Got Rid of Rheumatic Pains and Constipation . . . Improved Embarrassing Health Faults . . . Found Renewed Vitality."

"At 61, I thought I was through. I blamed old age, but it never occurred to me to actually fight back. I was only half-living, getting up nights . . . embarrassed in my own home . . . constipated . . . constantly tormented by aches and pains. At 62 my condition became almost intolerable. I had about given up hope when a doctor recommended your treatment. Then at 63, it seemed that I shook off 20 years almost overnight."

Forty—The Danger Age

These are the facts, just as I learned them. In 65% of all men, the vital prostate gland slows up soon after 40. No pain is experienced, but as this distressing condition continues, sciatica, backache, severe bladder weakness, constipation, etc., often develop.

Prostate Trouble

These are frequently the signs of prostate trouble. Now thousands suffer these handicaps needlessly! For a prominent American Scientist after seven years of research, discovered a new, safe way to stimulate the prostate gland to normal health and activity in many cases. This new hygiene is worthy to be called a notable achievement of the age.

A National Institution for Men Past 40

Its success has been startling, its growth rapid. This new hygiene is rapidly gaining in national prominence. The institution in Steubenville has now reached large proportions. Scores and even hundreds of letters pour in every day, and in many cases reported results have been little short of amazing. In case after case, men have reported that they have felt ten years younger in six days. Now physicians in every part of the country are using and recommending this treatment.

Quick as is the response to this new hygiene, it is actually a pleasant, natural relaxation, involving no drugs, medicine, or electric rays whatever. The scientist explains this discovery and tells why many men are old at forty in a new book now sent free, in 24-page, illustrated form. Send for it. Every man past forty should know the true meaning of those frank facts. No cost or obligation is incurred. But act at once before this free edition is exhausted. Simply fill in your name below, tear off and mail.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a PERSONAL TINGE

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 83)]

When Hugh M. Caldwell, newly elected Imperial Outer Guard, returned to Seattle from Atlantic City, he was greeted at the station by the Nile Temple Patrol, Band, Chanters and Section Crew. He was hustled into an automobile decorated with Canterbury bells, sweet peas and vine maples and taken to the Olympic Hotel, where a banquet was held. "Potentate," the same camel that Caldwell went to the Orient to get, thereby beating by several thousand miles the record of the man in the cigarette ad, was on hand to greet his old college chums. Potentate did not attend the banquet at the hotel, but had one of his own at Woodland Park. After the banquet the members of Nile Temple presented the Imperial Outer Guard with a beautiful diamond ring as a token of appreciation of his service to the Temple and its personal regard for him.



(Noble Don H. Kimmel, Jaffa Temple, Altoona, Pa., Secretary, Shrine Musical Directors' Association.)

Noble Don H. Kimmel, Jaffa, Altoona, the Secretary of the Shrine Musical Directors' Association, has quite a record in musical circles. He has conducted the Berlin Concert Band, and has been Director of Jaffa's Band since 1919, conductor 110th Infantry Band, trombone and baritone player in the Oriental Commandery at Johnstown, Pa., trombone player for the Connellsville Military Band, a member of the 10th Pennsylvania Infantry Band and was band leader 110 U. S. Infantry Band, A. E. F., 1917-1919.

Rev. Samuel J. Dunham, retiring Chaplain of Palestine Temple, Providence, was honored by more than 125 fellow members at a testimonial dinner given at the Shrine Club. The Reverend gentleman was presented with a gold watch. He is leaving Providence for Wollaston, Mass., where he will assume the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church. The presentation was made by Illustrious Potentate Earle.

Members of the St. Louis Jewelers' Association gave a testimonial dinner to Past Potentate Herman Mauch, Moolah. Noble Mauch is a Past President of the Association. He is also Past President of the Missouri and National Jewelers' Associations and was for six years President of the St. Louis Board of Education.

The New York Times in a column headed "Political Gleanings", recently mentioned various congressional possibilities in each state and prominent among these was Bill Highfield, Potentate of LuLu, who was mentioned as a possible candidate for Delaware's "One Seat in Congress".

Jack Kemmerling, the rugged Ridgewood slugger won the golf championship of Al Koran, Cleveland, in the first annual tournament held at the Acadia Country Club. He was out in 39 and back in the same figure. Par on this course is 73 and the players found it mighty hard to conquer.

The rotogravure sections of newspapers throughout the United States recently carried a photograph of three well-known movie actors who had been initiated into the Beverly Hills, California, Shrine Club. The picture shows Kenneth Harlan, Monte Blue and Hoot Gibson in graceful poses.

Noble Clifford L. Hilton, Osman, St. Paul, Attorney-General for the state of Minnesota, has been selected as President of the International Association of Attorney Generals.

Aladdin, Columbus, has elected Burt M. Cutler, Director. For years Noble Cutler was with the Al G. Field Minstrel Band.

Joseph T. O'Neal, who was appointed Mayor of Louisville by Governor Fields, is a former Potentate of Kosair Temple.

FREE TRIAL GROWS HAIR



Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helplessness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own

baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-red Rays Reach the Roots!

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red

Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

-----FREE TRIAL OFFER-----

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Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

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Diamond of Fine Blue White
Brilliance. 2 synthetic Blue
Sapphires. 18 Kt. White Gold.
Shrine emblem or 32° Eagles.
Try to match at \$175.00.
(With Small Diamond, price
\$25.)

\$48

32° "3-Way" Charm. Fine
Steel white diamond, 1/4-3/8 Ct.
Solid Gold with white Gold
Eagles. With or without
K. T. Emblem. (Without dia-
mond, \$22.50.)



\$69.50

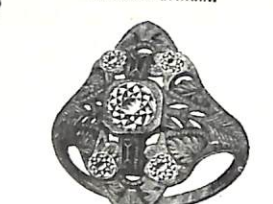
3/4-1/2 Ct.
Snappy Solitaire.
Try to Match at
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Show.
Try to Match at \$100.00

\$35 15 Jewel; 14 Kt.
Solid White Gold.
4 Diamonds, 4 Sapphires.
Set in Platinum.



\$137

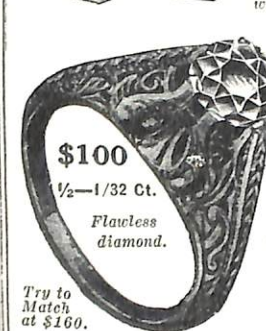
3/4 Ct. Even.
Showy Blue-White.
Try to Match at \$225.00.



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18 Kt.
White Gold.
5 Blue-White Diamonds.
2 Blue Syn. Sapphires.

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1/2-1/32 Ct.
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High grade jeweled 1000
Strap Watch. Also ELGIN,
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Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this—just send the coupon and your Halvorfold comes by return mail. No C.O.D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the Halvorfold carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10.00. (my price to you is only \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust Nobles as square-shooters, and I am so sure the Halvorfold is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance. Send coupon today!

Free In 23-K Gold, your name, address, emblem and lodge. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name.

Send the Coupon NOW!



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